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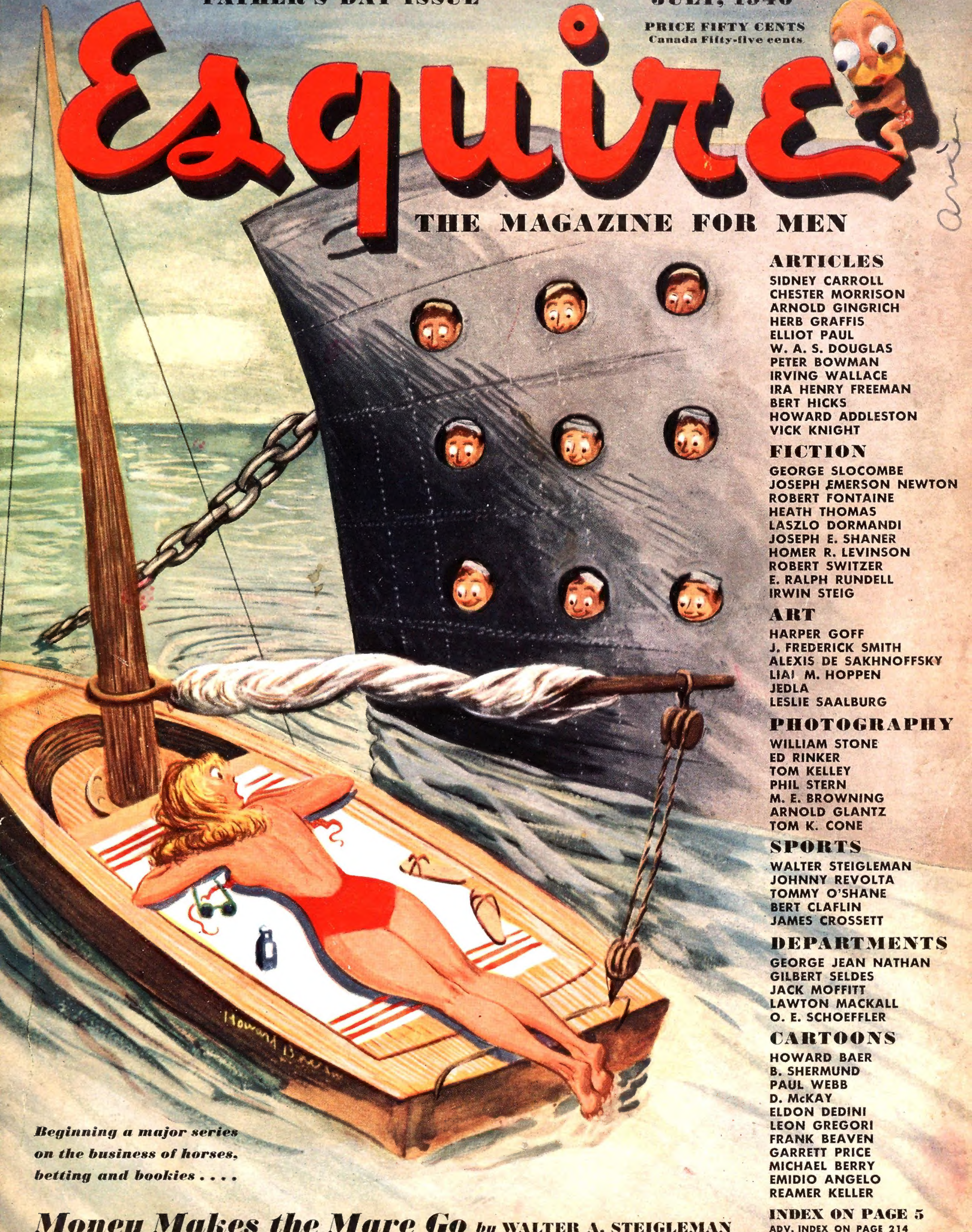
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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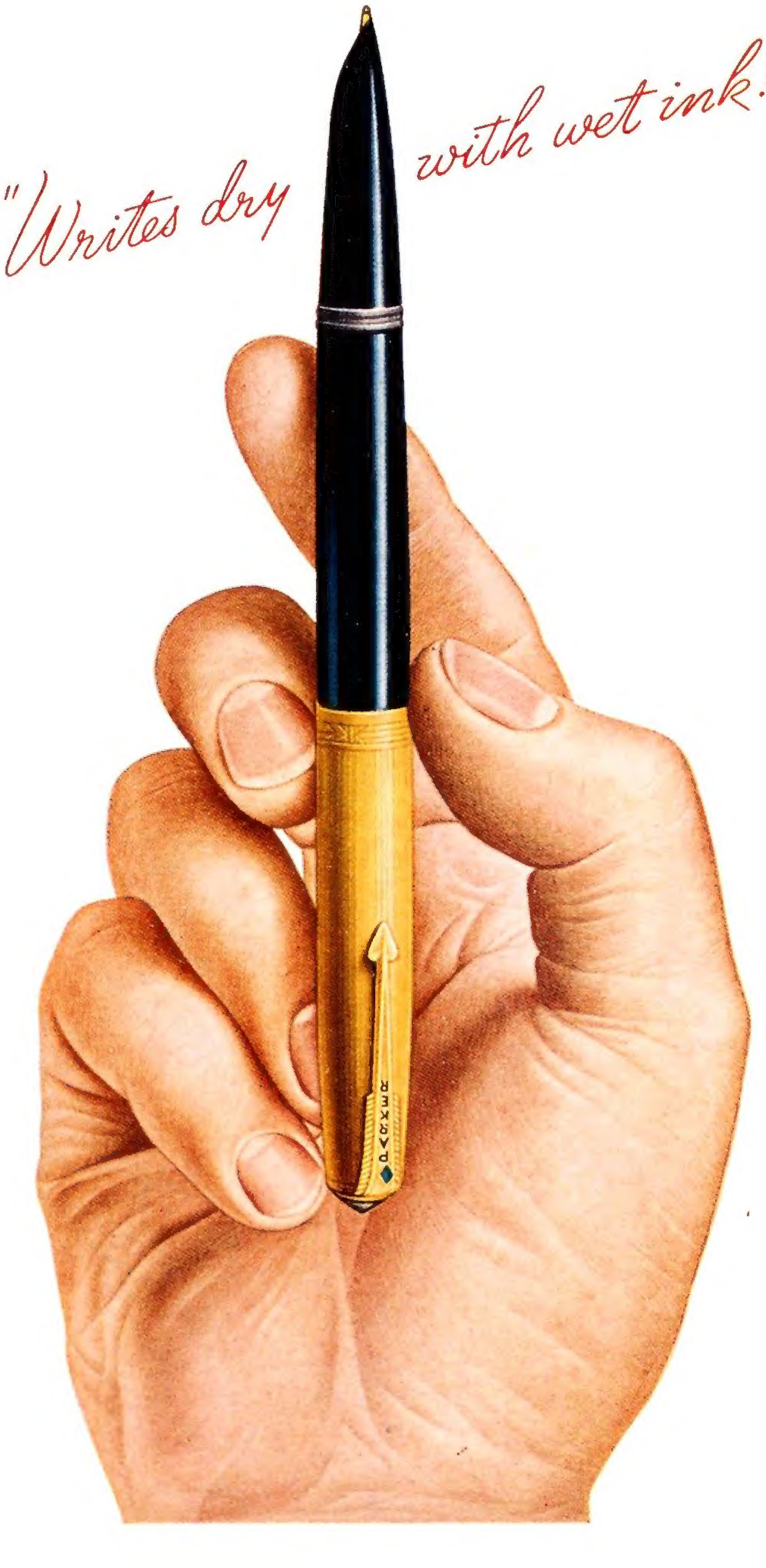
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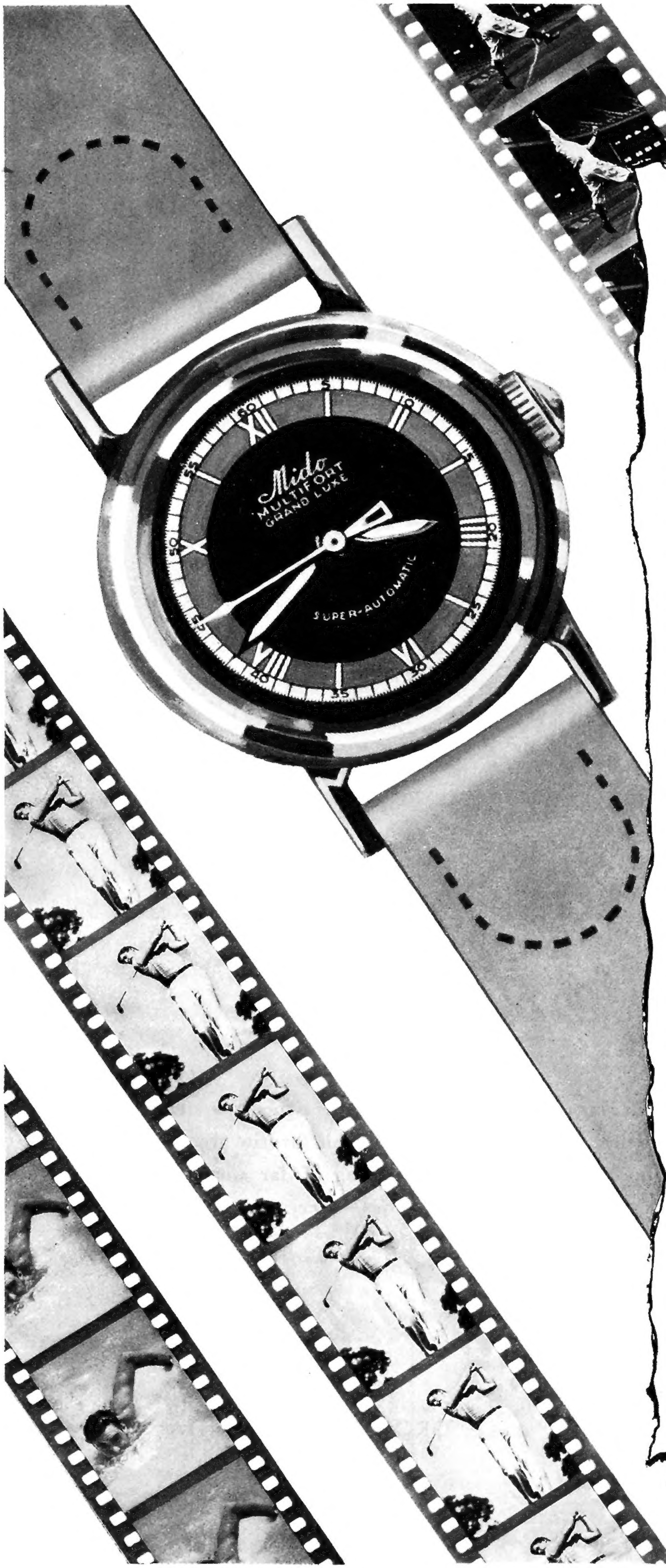

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Ad lib

As you know, Esquire readers have always insisted that our advertising is pretty good reading and looking, too. That leaves us bound editorially to some of our ads by more than the glue and the cloth on the back of the magazine.

One of our more literary minded advertisers even takes his readership seriously. We heard from this "associate editor" only the other day. Wrote this enterprising gentleman: "You may or may not be surprised to learn that one-fourth of our inquiries from Esquire are from women, which indicates that the ladies not only read this man's magazine but respond to the advertisements."

We take a rather perverse satisfaction in this, like a man who catches the wife he loves making with his razor blade on her shins to beat the nylon trade. She's sticking her tibia pretty far into his territory with these tactics, but it's still awfully nice to have her around the house, dull blades or no. Welcome, ladies. Read on.

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Esquire

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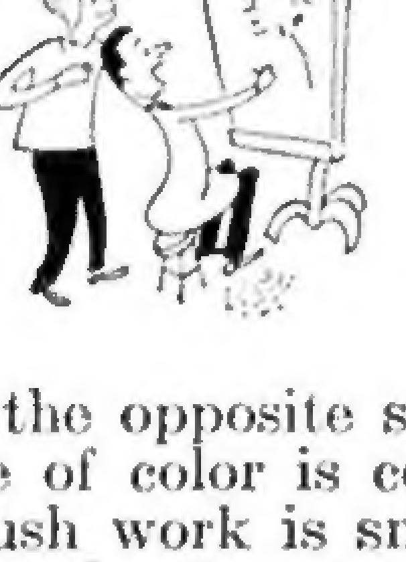
T M REG.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-Pres.; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-Pres. in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. and Circulation Director. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-Am. Union, and Canada $5.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $7.50. In changing subscription addresses both *old* and *new* addresses *must* be given 30 days before change is to take effect.

The Sound and the Fury

cuties in gouache

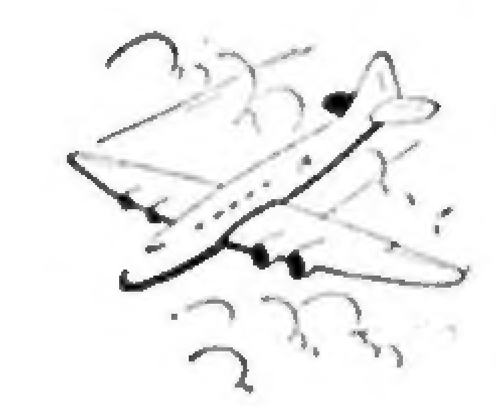
Orchids to you and the aesthete that latched onto the one and only J. Frederick Smith. The freshness and candor of Smith's subjects are something apart from the so-called and hackneyed pin-ups. They are as soothing to the eye as good Scotch is to the palate. We have long awaited the "discovery" of someone with a new and refreshing approach to the business of presenting those classic proportions of the American "females o' the opposite sex" on canvas. His use of color is commanding and his brush work is smooth. His medium, gouache, is new, in my memory, to Esky (that is, apart from the exhibition work of the long hairs). Don't ever lose J. Frederick Smith! You may convey to him our bravos, and tell him that we watch with eagerness for his future sets of lovelies in that wonderful, gay, disarming style.



Richard E. Hansen
1st Lt., Air Corps.
For the peashooter pilots of the 7th Squadron.
Tokyo, Honshu, Japan

remembering a flight from Leyte

Meant to write you sooner to thank you for being a morale booster for wounded G.I.s, but becoming a civilian has been a bit confusing. I'm an ex Army flight nurse (Pacific area with ATC and 7th AAF). I was fortunate to get a trip to the States in November, 1944, and got a *new* issue of Esquire which I tenderly brought back with me—and all the way to Leyte too, where I stood, flat on my feet in the "heavy precipitation" checking over my patient load lined up on the litters, under the wing so they would be shielded a little bit. Poor guys—some fresh from combat that very morning. After the paper work I started shooting the breeze till we were ready to load. Came to this one poor guy with a cast from waist to toes, still giving with the wisecracks. I asked him how he'd like to see the latest issue of Esquire and he replied I must be island-happy—all our magazine material was at least three to five months old.



That issue of Esquire probably has never before been so thoroughly read. It was an 8-hour flight (C-54) to Saipan and those wonderful guys took turns, when they could; pictures came first and reading material a close second.

Some months ago you printed an article of Paul Gallico's called *Pilot's Heaven*. Tried to get a copy when it came out but the darn war gummed up the works. Would it be possible to obtain a copy now? My kid brother was a B-24 pilot and he's in "Pilot's Heaven"... and those few paragraphs sure helped bring me out of the gloom for awhile. Sometimes life really stinks. By the way—what happened to Paul Gallico in this April issue? Tell Jack Moffitt that lots of us gals think Zachary Scott is the most gorgeous "heel" since George Sanders.

Can appreciate how many away-from-Stateside guys feel when they spot an Esky, no matter how ancient. Be more than glad to forward my copies to someone sitting on some God-forsaken hunk of Pacific coral.

And why not scout up some ex G.I. with overseas experience with movies? That's the true test—if you can sit on a palm log in the rain—even if you're bored to screaming with the alternative of reading or writing—and suffer through some of the greed and corruption Hollywood records on film—oh, brother, you'll have a humdinger of a critic. Old "Moff" is a "down to earth guy." At least he doesn't sound as if he's doing research for a time capsule.

Clear weather and more power to a magazine that's worth more than a 5-star movie.

Susan Harris

nothing sacred

Please, for the sake of Bergman lovers (and Ingrid too), take back that inept caricature of her pictured in the May issue!

You paid her a fine tribute—but in words only. The picture belongs to Martha Raye or any other actress of like disposition. Has Jedla been given a wrong assignment, or is he unaware of how most of us regard our newest first lady of the screen? All due respects to Jedla's creative talent, but let's not be extreme where extremity is inappropriate.

If this picture had been put with a critical satire on Miss Bergman, it would have fit perfectly, but so far we have not reached the stage of giving her that kind of coverage.

Now you'll probably tell me Ingrid has seen the picture and likes it. I still disapprove. It's an injustice!

David Carrigan
Lansdale, Pa.

fresh fields and pastures new

No doubt you will be so snowed under with letters concerning the Harris-vs-Husbands *Let Him Be Lord and Master* article (May Esquire) that you'll think Christmas has come to Chicago in May; for what woman will be able to resist the impulse to add her "two cents' worth" concerning what a prize (or surprise) she has "won." By the way, Mr. Harris should hurry and learn to throw things in order to fend off the army of females who will probably descend upon him. I know a horse who is forever opening the field gate or jumping fences to get into the garden—for the old saying is still true that the grass in the other pasture always looks greener—or is it because her stablemate always stands aside to let her eat first and never, never, nips at her and she is bored by all of it?

I cannot, for the life of me, imagine any self-respecting woman (or self-respecting horse for that matter) being able to enjoy the role of "Ben Bolt's Sweet Alice" and shaking with alarm at *his* frown—or whatever the words.

I'm old fashioned enough to believe it's not the trophy she captured, but the prize he won—and having attained it—why not preserve and care for it like rare Ming. The knights of old kept the gals pining for them even with all of their chivalry and they were masterful enough to suit me.

Heaven help the woman who enjoys being housekeeper, slave, baby washer and sparring partner. My temper, too, is violent when aroused, but I do not picture the aftermath, "the cowed and disheveled wife pleading" and so on—I picture myself right in there pitching or doing the door-slamming myself. I do not respect such loss of self control, therefore I should not respect a man who did so. I should politely tell him to step out to the truck drivers' union where he would feel more at home. (I imagine you'll have a lot of letters from truck drivers or truck drivers' wives.) However, as I have said, "the grass on the other side always looks greener."

Marjorie S. Lucas
Miamisburg, Ohio

it's more fun to be normal

With fire in my mind and swords in my eyes, for three days now I have been in a constant stew about Cynthia Harris' dissertation, *Let Him Be Lord and Master* in your May issue of Esquire. As I read your first article page—which usually contains an *important* piece of reading—my mouth opened wider and wider until it could open no more. My husband had read the page and a half of twisted thoughts and laughingly handed it to me and bade me read it. When I finished he burst into uproarious laughter at the look on my face and the various adjectives I conjured to describe a person who would write such an article.

So she doesn't like "the perfect husband" and thinks the wife of one is in a sad state indeed. Well, it seems if perhaps she would see fewer movies and quit sighing over Humphrey Bogart and his so-called "masterfulness" like a teen-age Sinatra fan, she *might* grow up after while and realize just how lucky she is. But apparently she does not know a good thing when it is right in the same house with her.

I have been married five years and still feel like a new bride, thanks to my husband. I could call him a "Perfect Husband" but I would not want him to think he was such. If I want to argue—he willingly argues back at me and if I do something that he disagrees with—he doesn't slap me or tumble me about (as Mrs. Harris seems to require) but makes me feel cowed and rebuked by either telling me what he thinks in words, or literally saying nothing and maintains a subdued silence, which is far worse than any pushing around or outburst of words can be.

If Mrs. Harris would like a knock-down drag-out fight once in a while, perhaps she should have married that truck driver who whistled at her—or the fellow who tends bar down at Joe's Tavern. They would doubtless have better suited her character. Most husbands like to dominate their homes and rightfully so—but they don't have to throw vases at their wives' curled heads or give them a semi-weekly beating to show their authority. My husband is certainly normal—but he's never taken a punch at me yet, and thankfully I admit I don't believe he ever will.

Mrs. Harris stated most women delight in being dominated and there she is correct—but that strong-arm caveman stuff went out with the dinosaurs.

My husband also brings me my favorite chocolate candy—which is very fattening—but I do not complain and say it will make me fat. Just a little effort put forth to restrain myself from gobbling it down keeps me from putting on those few added pounds women have such a horror of and keeps my husband from thinking his attentions are unwanted. But evidently Mrs. Harris has no self-control either.

I proudly say my husband also scrubs and waxes the kitchen and bathroom floors whenever I ask him to do it—but this pleases me very much rather than irritates me. Maybe I'm just vain enough not to want housemaid knees, or maybe I work hard enough at other tasks to appreciate the help that this one thing does to lighten my chores. After all, even if it does take him away from my immediate presence for a half-hour or more, I value those thirty or more minutes enough to finish a piece of mending or figure out a new way to fix my hair, so I can look nicer for him. You'll never hear a *busy* housewife complain of her husband helping a little around the house so she can be relieved for a few minutes. And I certainly do not feel that my responsibility is all taken away from me just because my husband puts the children to bed or scrubs the floors. That's what I call "teamwork" but apparently Mrs. Harris doesn't know about that.

She remarked that when she told her husband she would prefer to scrub and wax the floors his feelings were hurt and it only left her lonesome and made her drink too many cocktails before dinner. I sincerely hope the stalwart male readers of her article did not divine this particular sentence to apply to very many young married women.

As for her statement, "Perhaps he is too sophisticated for me," for the second time we agree. Evidently Mr. Harris is a very patient and remarkable man, but his affection and helpful nature are certainly wasted on a woman who complains of his not objecting to her spending an evening making "Whoopee" with a friend of his while he is away. Personally I don't believe a normal true wife has any desire to go out and "pitch a big one" with her husband's friends. Wouldn't this be a good night to stay home and catch up on those personal things she complained about having no free evenings to do?

I discussed this article very heatedly (on my part) with my husband, and he agreed with almost everything I said but was too disgusted with such tripe to warrant it the consideration of discussing it at any length. And he is definitely not a yes-man. He served four years in the U. S. Navy during the war and was among real men all that time. He knows the things men like, and especially the way they like their women.

Mrs. Harris seems to live in her imagination and compares herself to all the leading characters in a storybook and thereby becomes discontented because her husband isn't the type to use caveman tactics and drag her about by her hair. I've always heard that some people sleep their lives away in daydreams and always want the things they do not have—but I never thought men would be so gullible as to read and accept such an article for publication in an intelligent man's magazine.

The only way a woman wants her husband to be is just as he was when he was courting her. That's when she fell in love with him enough to marry him, so it is pure logic that she wants him to stay as he was then. So if he stays natural—gives a little—takes a little—and when the moonlight and roses feeling of romance starts to fade, remembers what older people say—that the happiness, contentment and understanding which replaces it is better than chills and thrills—then he can be known as a *good* husband.

Mrs. William H. Osterhage
Vincennes, Ind.

but Cynthia doesn't want candy

So, a female contributes to Esquire and emancipation comes to a man's magazine! It's a shame that Cynthia Harris, our first authoress who wrote *Let Him be Lord and Master,* is so obviously a case for psychiatry—assuming she has put her heart into her article.

If the writer will furnish proof of her ridiculous statement that knock-down, drag-out fights and the aftermath make for happy marriages in the great middle class, I will *walk* from Baltimore to her home (wherever it is) and present her with a five-pound box of chocolates.

John C. Neely
Baltimore, Maryland

P. S. This is the first time in seven years that an article has "needled" me into writing a letter to the editor, and I have been reading Esquire since my college days back in the early thirties.

Continued on page 10

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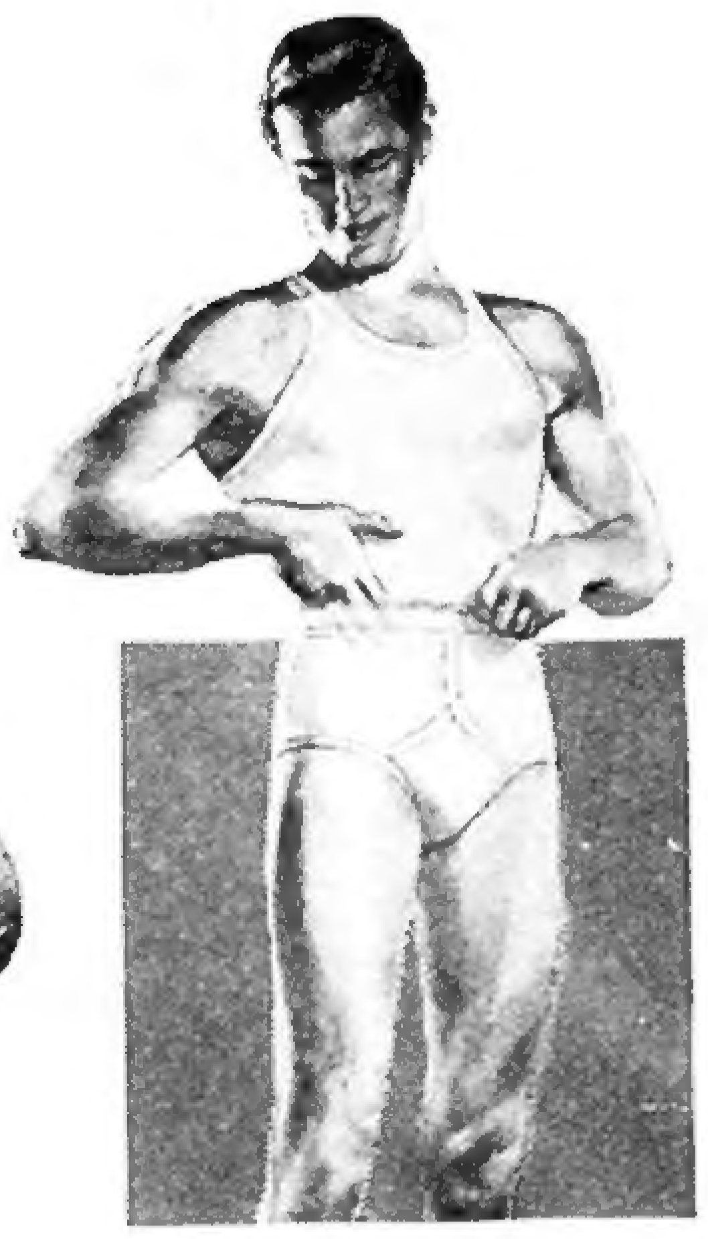
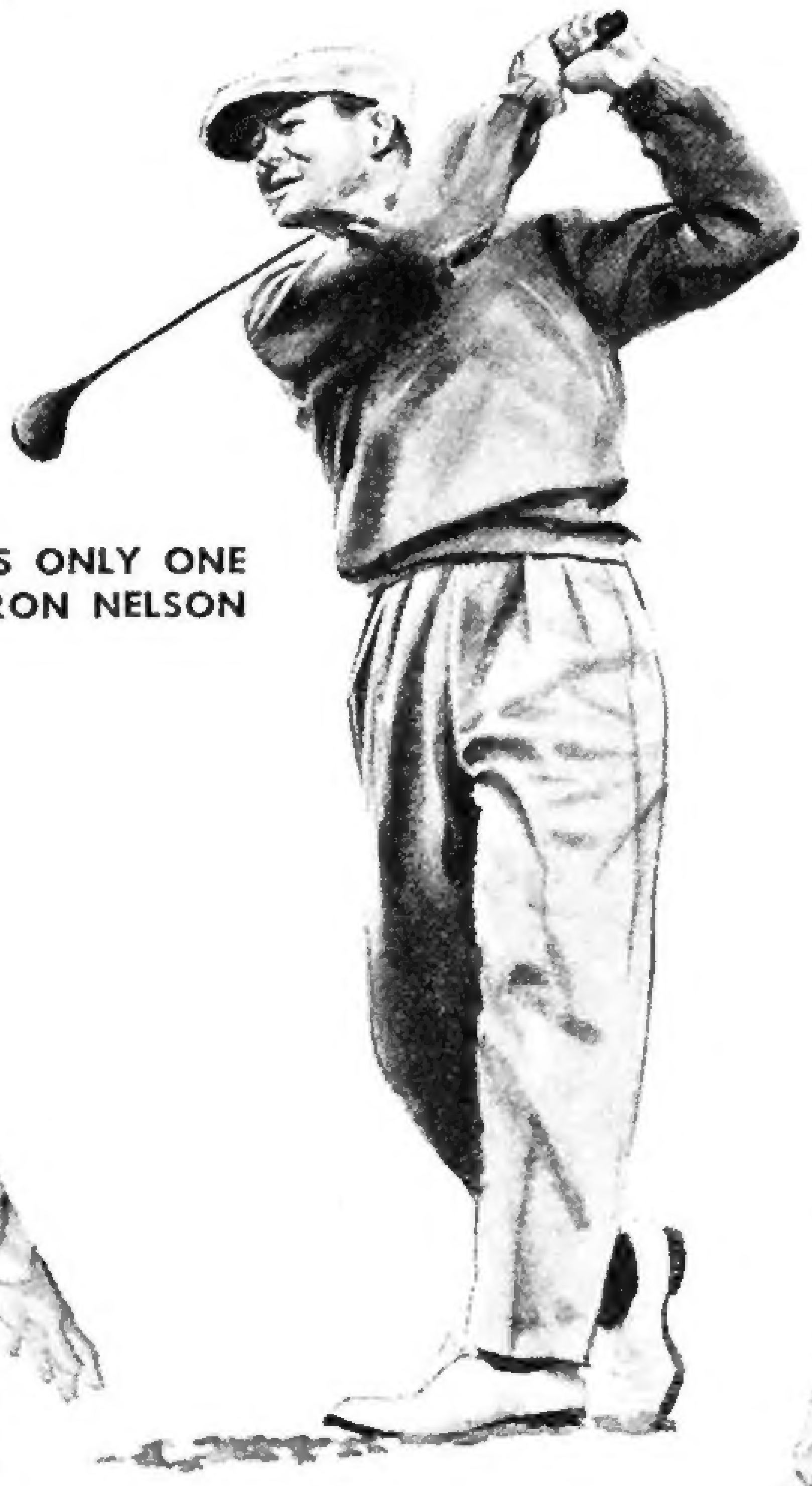


THERE IS ONLY ONE
BILL TILDEN

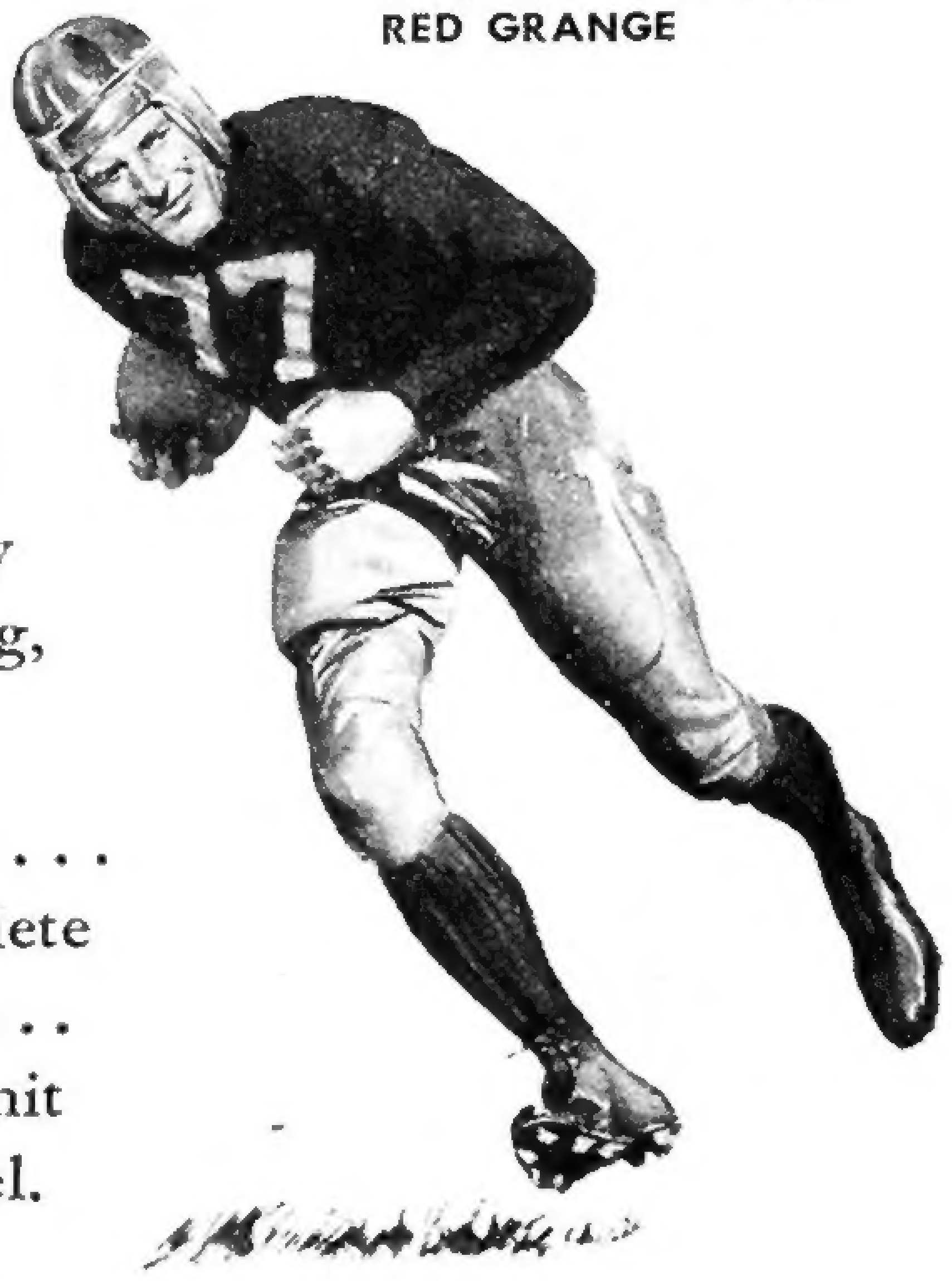


THERE IS ONLY ONE
BYRON NELSON

THERE IS ONLY ONE
DON HUTSON

THERE IS ONLY ONE
BABE RUTH

THERE IS ONLY ONE
NED DAY



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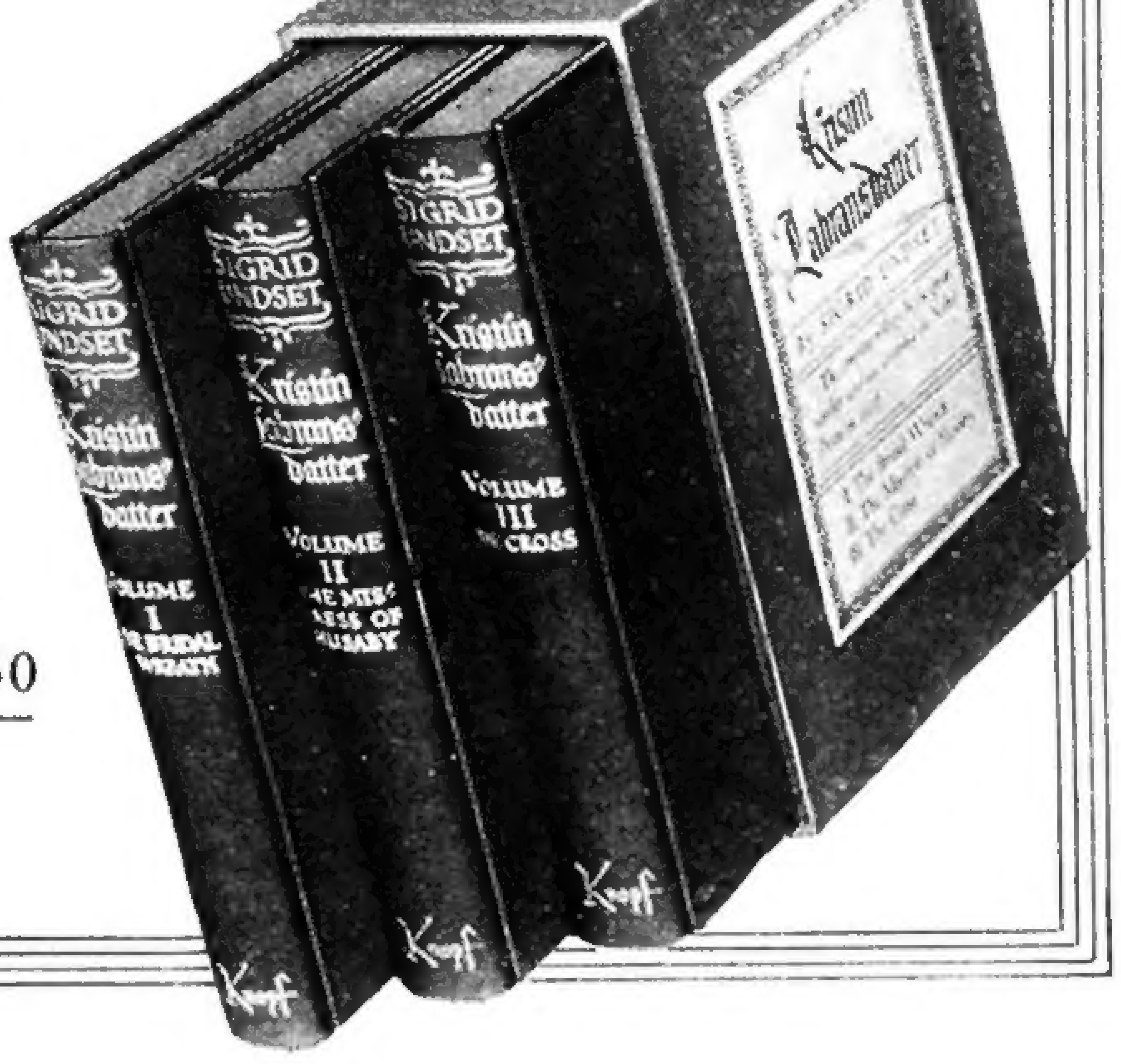

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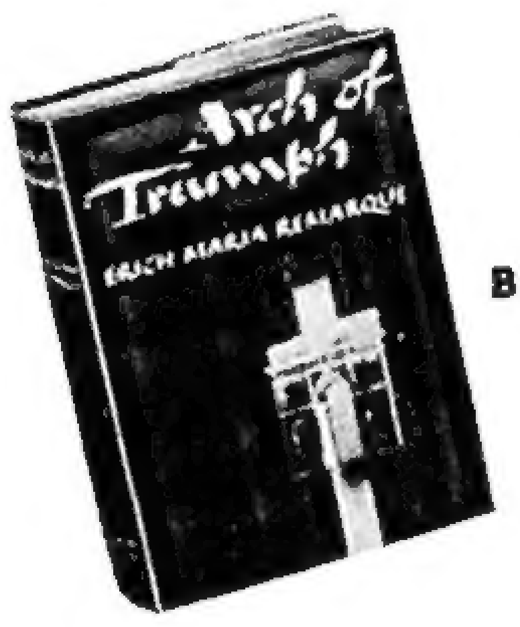

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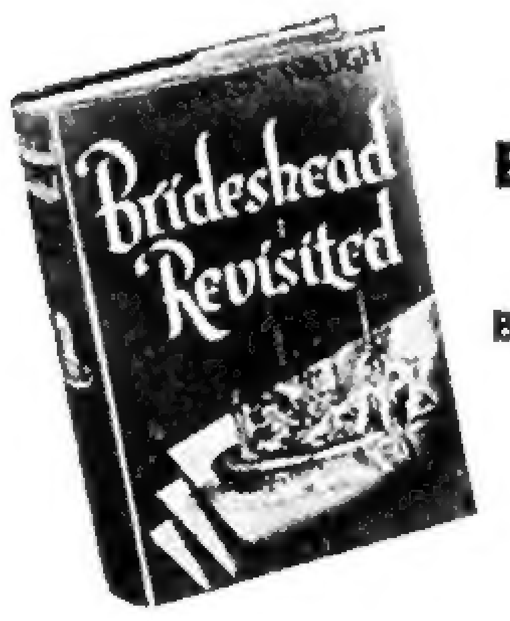

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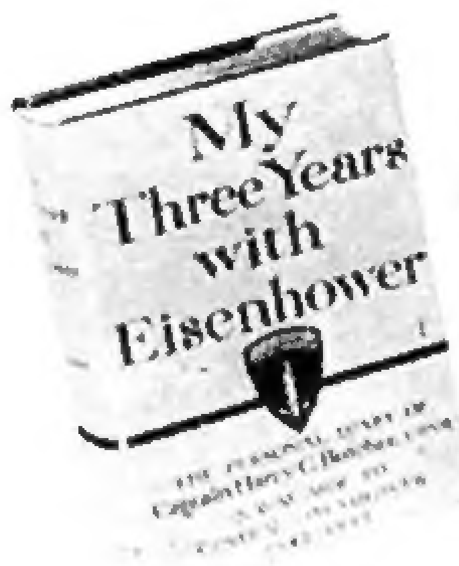

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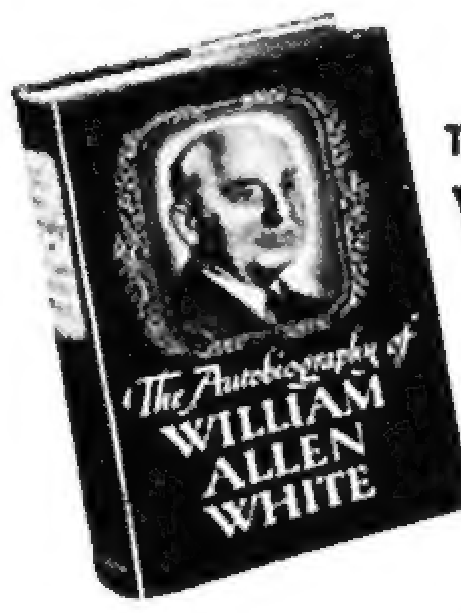

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The Sound and the Fury

or loving cup?

It was a pleasant change to read in last month's Sound and Fury a letter from Mr. C. J. Carter, admonishing me for having been an Anglophobe in April's Esquire. A change, because I have been having quarrels in barrooms half across the world with people who have called me an Englishman. Had all those people called me an Anglophile there would have been no fights. But since Mr. Carter asks for an apology I will give it him, because there is nobody whose feelings I would like less to hurt than the Englishman whose byword for years has been that he must "take the rough with the smooth" and that although "here we suffer grief and pain, across the road it's just the same." But when Mr. Carter accuses me of "insularity" I stop apologizing and ask him to choose his weapon—Will it be pot or kettle, Mr. Carter?

CHESTER MORRISON
Chicago, Ill.

tenderfeet take warning

I have been a reader of your magazine for many years and always enjoyed the articles. However, I was personally alarmed for several reasons at an article published in a recent issue entitled *Into the Woods Without a Guide*, by Henry Tetlow.

I lived and worked for many years in the "bush country" of Northern Canada and have canoed many thousands of miles in that country and I believe that the advice of any of the people who know the north country is to *always* take a guide into the "bush." I think that Mr. Tetlow is sincere and perhaps he was personally competent to travel the "bush country," but thousands of people reading this article are not as experienced as he and might take a try at it and the results would prove disastrous. A guide is indispensable to the uninitiated. I was a licensed guide myself for several years and while working in that country spent considerable time tracking down and bringing out people who would otherwise still be in there.

If you would investigate the Canadian authorities you would find that among their confidential records are lists of people that have disappeared into the "bush" without a guide and have never been seen again.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA,
C. W. HANDEL
Saginaw, Michigan Scout Executive

carny or corny?

When you publish a picture such as you have in your May issue, page 70, why don't you label it advertising?

You say *Are You With It Is Carny*; Corny would be the better spelling and "It Stinks but Definitely" would be even better as a description. Then the description states that it is a "galloping" *musical*. Well if you mean the galloping of a sow or the way to a trough that would be ample, and as for musical well, if you can even *hear* anything musical about that show, you better have your head examined to find out what those noises are.

Then you rampant on with the sucker talk about "fun and frolic;" why, when I was just out of diapers I could hear those very same alleged jokes and the woman that was holding me didn't even titter. Those tired businessmen that hurry down to the box office as you describe are doing so only to relieve the nagging they get from their wives who want to display their New diamonds and New minks that came from this New textile situation, where money flows under the table. What did they ever know about shows?

Frankly, if *Are You With It* can run on Broadway, I can't see why Minsky doesn't either. I saw a great deal more there for 45c than in Miss Roberts' alleged voice or dancing. The one thing it really has are a couple of young men that almost break their necks with their acrobatic dancing, and who are crowded out of the plot completely.

To top off this crusade against the present show-business situation, why you can be good enough to ask the management to refund my $5 any day or time they like. I'll take it back to relieve their conscience.

The only thing that keeps me from tearing out the page is the little pretty on the other side. Yum, Yum!

NATHAN WILLNER
New York, N. Y

elasmobranchiologists enjoy a quiet laugh

Well, I don't suppose that Norman Caldwell will sue you for printing his name beneath my picture in the May Backstage. But he might feel like it.

I regret more profoundly the error made by the compositor, or the linotyper in making our manuscript *The Creature From the Mist* read, "It might be a whale shark trying to escape . . ." Any elasmobranchiologist knows that whale sharks don't attempt to escape; as they are from 30 to 70 feet in length and extremely sluggish (in addition, being pelagic sharks only) they would never bother about a net, men or even attempts to capture them. The few instances wherein they have been captured bear this out, as related in my new book *Tigers of the Sea.*

My original story concerned a *whaler* shark (*Carcharhinus macrurus*) one of the anthropophagi, and indigenous to Australasia only. Whale sharks (*Rhineodon typus Smith*) have never been found in those waters. You see, the error makes me seem patently careless to the ichthyologist. A word to correct this regrettable error would be appreciated.

H. S. MAZET
Long Beach, California

echo from first nights

I read, belatedly, but with undiminished interest, George Jean Nathan's *First Nights & Passing Judgments* article in Esquire for December, 1945. You may be interested to know that we have in England a theatre on much the same lines as Nathan suggests. Known as the Arts Theatre Club, it is run by one Alec Clunes for the discerning theatregoer and has hitherto concentrated mainly on good drama, comedy, etc., which has not necessarily been a commercial success, but which is more worthy of praise and appreciation than much of the twaddle which fills the stages of America and Britain today. For the price of a membership ticket ($1) I have been able to see the following during the latter half of 1945: Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, Pinero's *The Thunderbolt*, Shaw's *Getting Married*, Farquhar's Restoration comedy, *The Constant Couple*, *An Italian Straw Hat* by ?, Ibsen's *Doll's House*, et al.

ARTS
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Incidentally, I am forwarding Nathan's article to Alec Clunes; he may find his suggestions of some use.

LAC CATO SYMONDS
R. A. F., India

calling cartoon collectors

May I enquire if you can help me in this matter? I should very much like to correspond with an American who is interested in humorous cartoon work, and to exchange books and magazines. Although our magazines are restricted in size I feel there is quite a lot of work which may interest a student of cartooning—some which would, I daresay, be incomprehensible to an American too! However, an exchange of magazines and views might be of mutual interest to someone among your readers and if this is indeed so, I should only be too pleased to do my best from this end. This might be considered a one-sided bargain, but we have hopes our magazines will be able to expand before long.

I still retain a few tattered copies of Esquire from the war years—despite my vigilance a good many of the pages were torn out by my unscrupulous but enthusiastic comrades in the R.A.F.

MAURICE POWNALL
Blaby, Leicester, England

the last (we hope) of Kilroy

The article by David Scheyer, *The Kilroy Story*, in Esquire of April, 1946, filled me with admiration for his reservedly droll treatment of it, but his biased approach—that of Kilroy being the sole property of the Air Transport Command—left me cold. Kilroy was very much a part of the Army's Ground Forces in the Pacific.

What a helpmate he was, particularly when troops were hitting a beachhead. Pacific veterans will recall how they were all knotted-up inside—and scared, plenty scared. It was about then that they began wishing they had tried harder to get into the Wac Corps.

The landing mats on the barges were lowered, and the fighters hit the beach. While running for a spot to dig in, perhaps one of the men would stumble over a body on the ground. It was a Jap, and for a startled moment butterflies would be in his stomach, until he found the Jap to be flirting mightily with rigor mortis. And pinned on his tunic would be a note reading, "Kilroy did it."

A wry grin splits his set face, and after cussing fondly at Kilroy a few times, he finds himself no longer possessor of that tight feeling in the breadbox.

I was in full accord with Mr. Scheyer's affirmation of Kilroy's far-flung travels. As any Pacific veteran can avow, he was the gettin'-aroundest man you ever saw. (I use the word "saw" with impunity.) Kilroy's been to every island in the Pacific, through every steaming jungle in New Guinea, to every camp in India, to every dive in Japan. He got into more places than termites. One could almost wager he's even been in the emperor's boodwar!

Incidentally, I have it on good authority that Kilroy was discharged last month at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. They say that when "Killer" Kilroy was walking out the gate with his discharge papers clutched firmly in his browned hands, he had so many battle stars pinned to his mythical (and no doubt consumptive) chest, that he had to be held erect by means of a mobile sky-hook.

In true Kilroyan fashion he continues to make a note of his presence on the walls, doors and partitions of washrooms. I suspect he is under contract to some wallpaper cleaner manufacturing company.

Kilroy's method of announcing his presence is usually the writing of a plain, bald—not to mention ribald—statement, but occasionally he reverts to poetry. When he does, poor Keats trembles with jealousy in his dusty grave. Here's a case in point:

"Take pride in passing through this door,
'Cause Kilroy's been in here b'fore."

See what I mean? Ethereal. Soul-stirring. View the grace, the rhythm, the flowing movement of it all. Can you blame Keats for trembling?

It may interest Mr. Scheyer to know that a terrible thing recently happened to Kilroy. He up and married. Yep, took unto himself a Chicago girl named Ona Mae Van Drooleeps, familiarly known in better circles as simply "Lippy."

The way I get the story is that Kilroy, who works on a straight commission basis, simply couldn't stand being unable to go into women's washrooms. He was losing 50 per cent of his business because of our strait-laced social customs. Marriage, the wily Kilroy perceived, was the only solution. Now the wallcleaner company has more business than it can handle.

They say that when the just-married Kilroys were walking down the aisle, Kil, in the first flush of bridegroom exuberance, managed to write on a few of the pews, "Kilroy walked the last mile here," before the irate pastor cuffed him on the head.

Lippy, I understand, has a perverted sense of humor, and it's driving the women of Chicago frantic. Not content with writing Kilroyanisms, she must perforce write such things as, "Kilroy's wife just got three pairs of 53-gauge nylon stockings at DeJon's."

"Where's DeJon's?" our women wail, while, tongue-in-cheek, Mrs. Kilroy trips blithely out the door.

Lately, I must confess, Kilroy's been getting on my nerves. The other day I discovered a "new" restaurant which sizzles a mean steak. Chuckful of self-pride, I was beaming upon the world at large when my glance rested on a sentence penciled on the menu. It read: "Kilroy okays the food here."

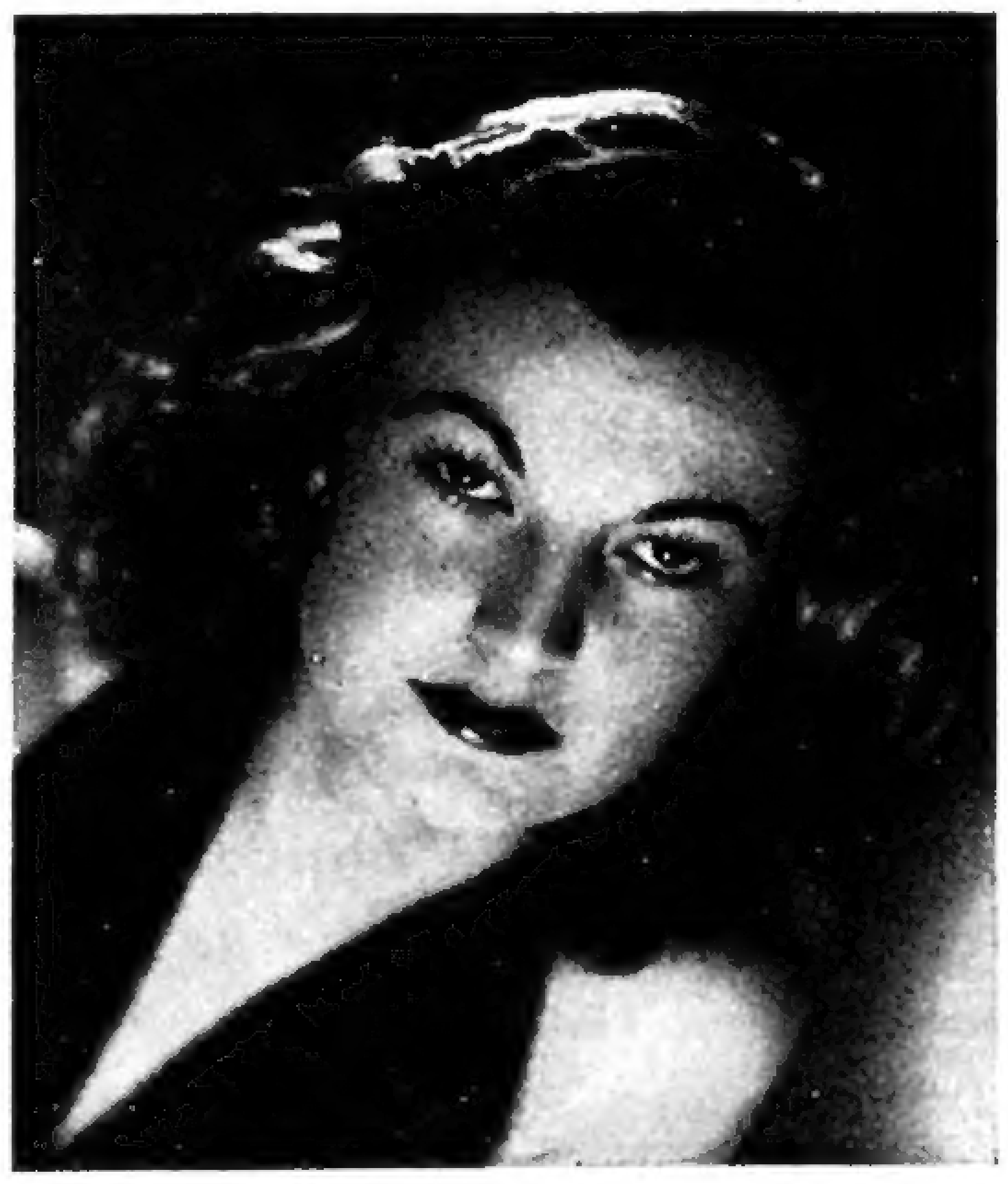
Everywhere I go, Kilroy likes this, Kilroy approves of that, Kilroy did this, Kilroy did that. He haunts me, he shadows me, he drives me nuts!

ROBERT P. GANNON
Chicago, Ill.

English beauty

Again referring to rude cracks leveled at British womanhood in general, pictures speak louder than words sometimes.

I challenge you to reproduce the enclosed photograph:



An ordinary English girl aged 24 years, a mother of an infant aged 23 months, and, poor girl, my wife for nearly 5 years.

Readers should not overlook that since marriage my wife has been the usual cook-cum-char-cum-nursemaid.

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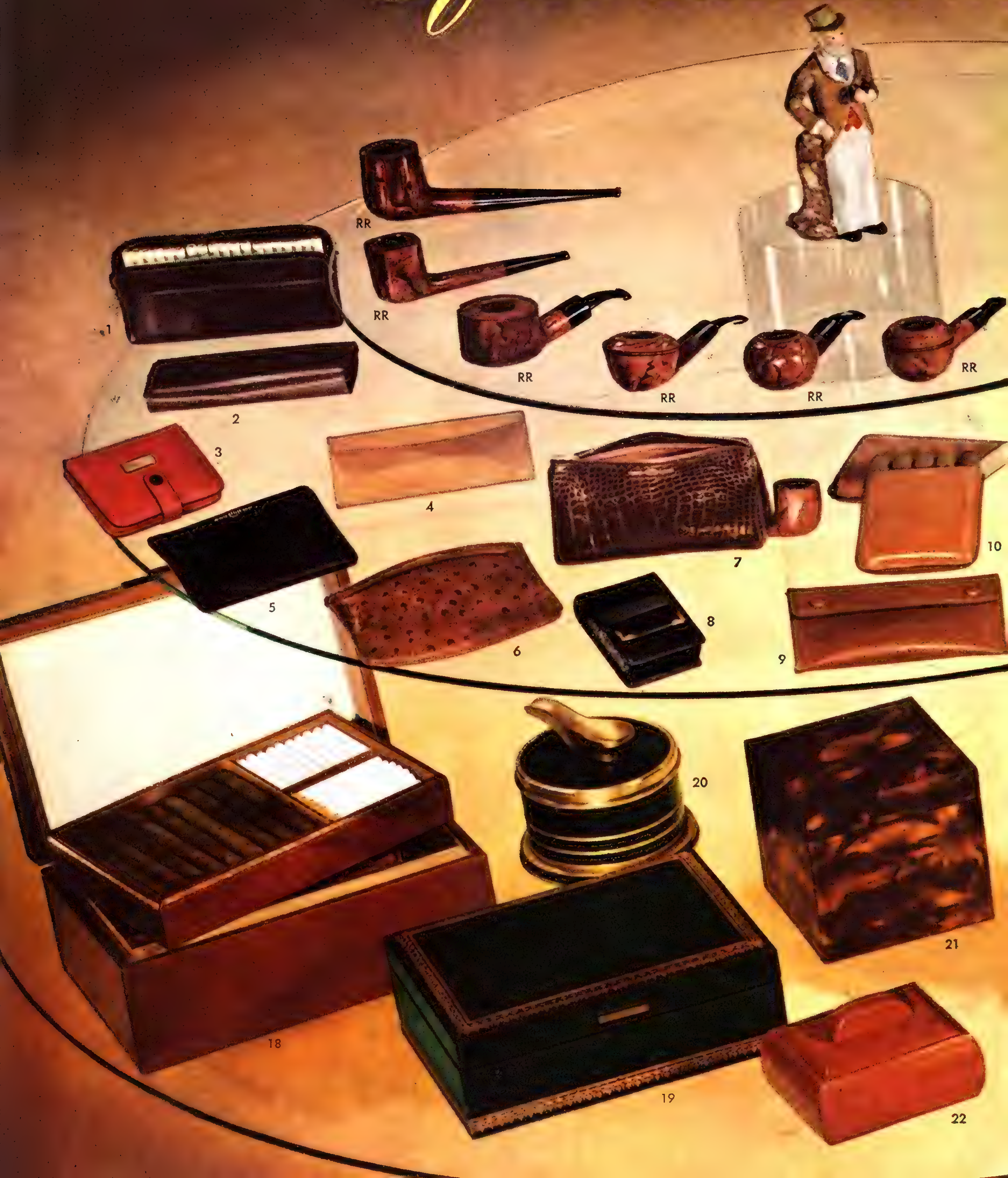
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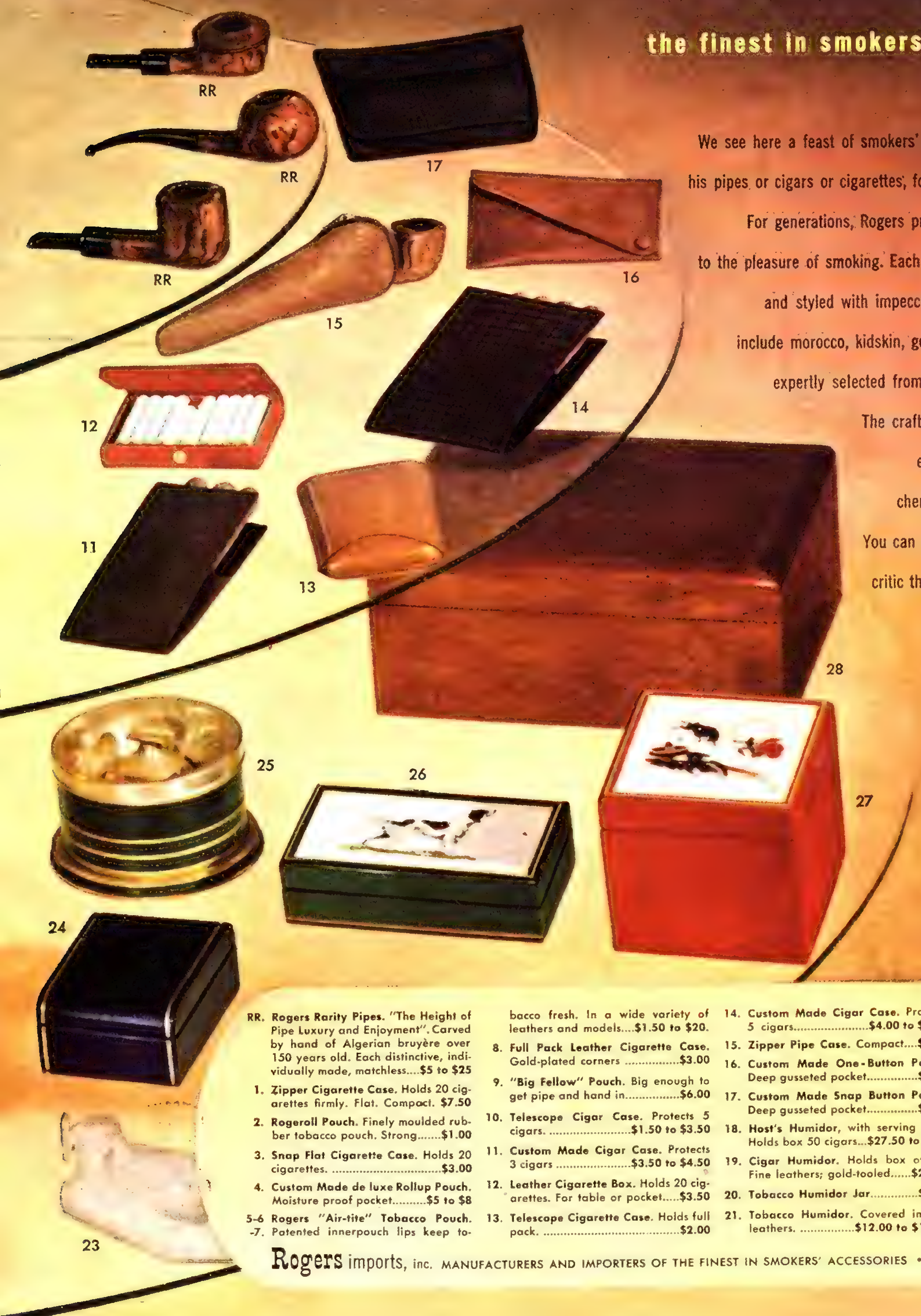
...give something "Rogers"

the finest in smokers' accessories



We see here a feast of smokers' accessories for the man who enjoys his pipes or cigars or cigarettes, for his home, his desk, and his pocket. For generations, Rogers products have added distinction to the pleasure of smoking. Each is useful, functionally well designed, and styled with impeccable good taste. The leathers include morocco, kidskin, goatskin, calfskin, ostrich, alligator, expertly selected from the markets of the world. The craftsmanship throughout is of traditional excellence . . . No wonder men cherish their Rogers gifts for years! You can give no finer gift to a loving, but stern, critic than to . . . give something "Rogers".

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25.	**Metal Ash Tray.** Covered in top-grain leathers. $7.50
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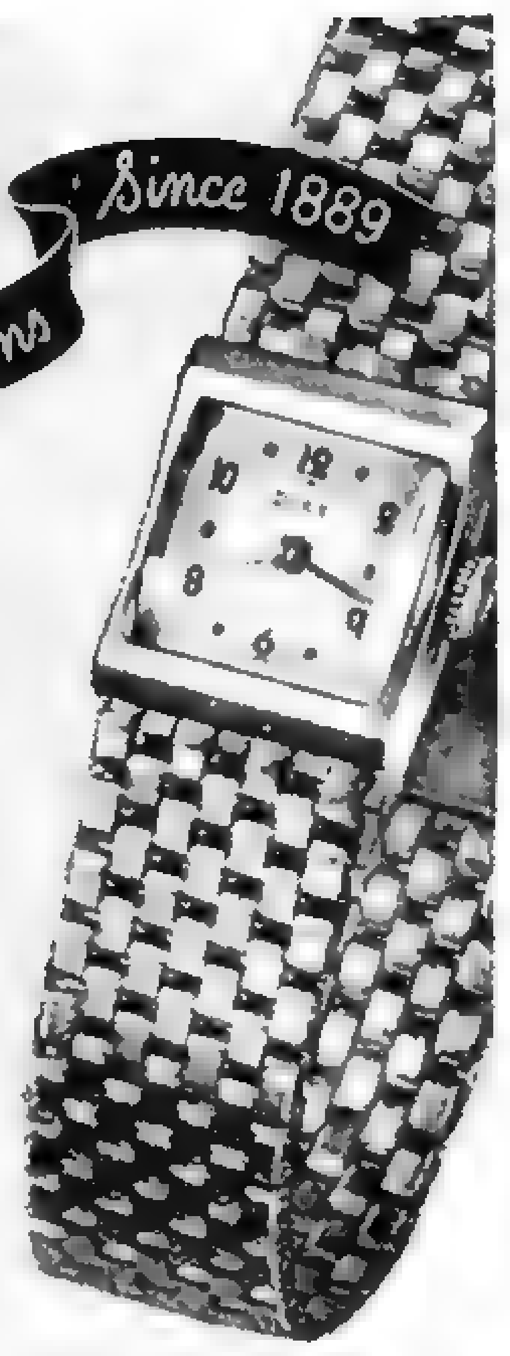

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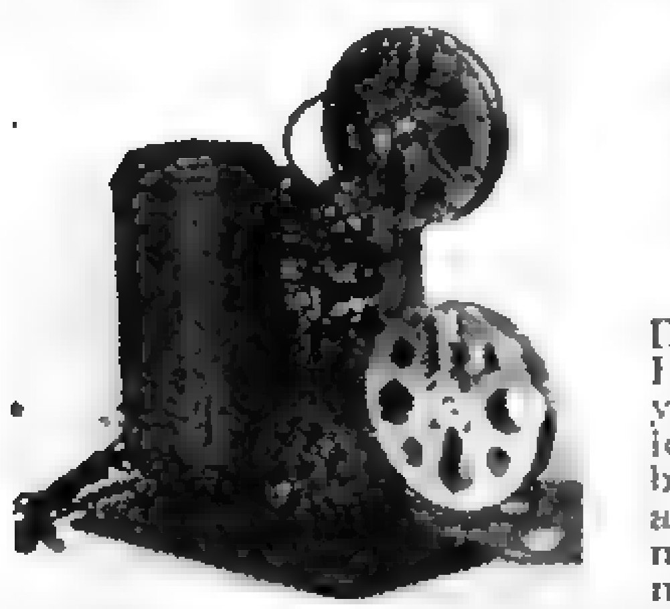

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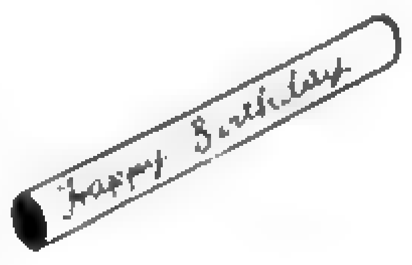

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO HER. Want to send her something unusual for a natal gift? The answer is a box of cigarettes each one stamped "Happy Birthday" in colored letters. You can even go further, and order cigarettes with the sign of the zodiac under which she was born. If she's a June gal, you get Gemini, July, Cancer and August, Leo. Cigs are made of Turkish tobacco.

NUTS, NUTS, NUTS. Like almonds? Then sink your teeth into a dundee cake—a "combo" of ground almonds and fruits which have been marinated in choice brandy, port and sherry, scientifically blended with rare spices. If pecans are your favorite, you'll go for Rum Dainties, individual cakes abounding with ground pecans and fruits, drenched in rum! Or rum pecans . . . an out of this world combination of pecans coated with a rum-flavored sugar-and-butter-shell. Items are put up by a coupla vets.

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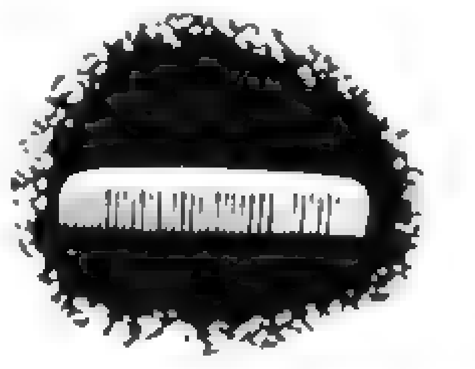

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Ranger

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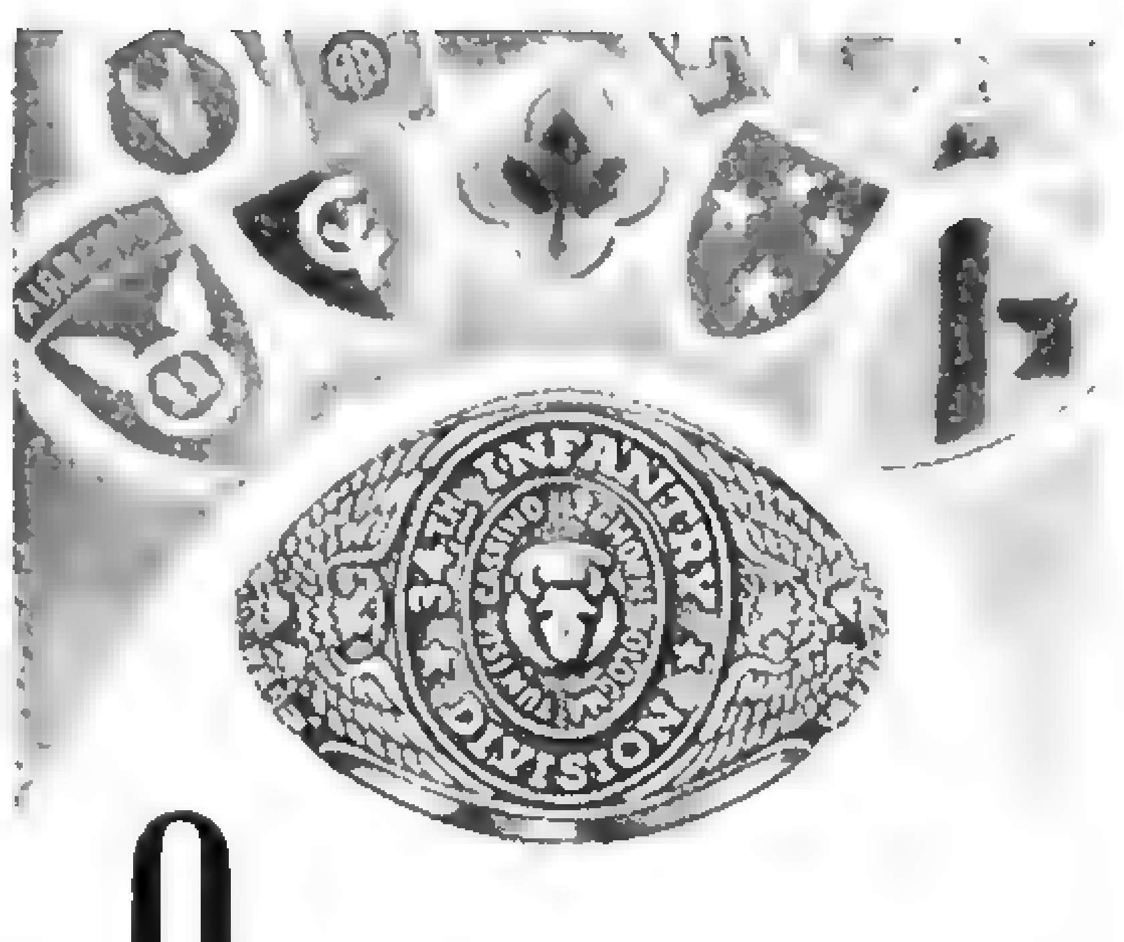

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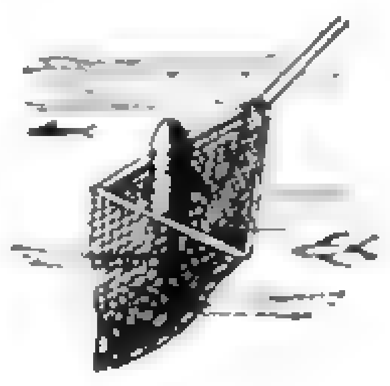

PLASTIC BAIT BOX. The new see-thru plastic bait boxes are a joy to behold and to use. Just look through the crystal-like box and you see colorful flash, bee, grumble and weedless bugs, flutter flies, brown bucktails etc. Beauty of the plastic boxes is that they are practically unbreakable. And you'll be able to see just what you have.

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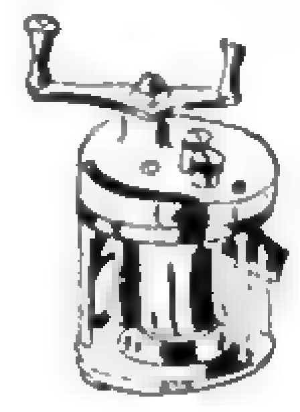

ELECTRIC SHAVERS are with us again in glorified form. Styled in rich ivory plastic, with hinged bronze whisk-its to catch all beard clippings. They have a new precision built V head, with double acting interceptor bars; and a dependable high speed motor good on either type of current. This slick model boasts a handsome, durable maroon case—in first-rate simulated leather. How about it for Dad!

Ranger

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Use the Hollis **KLIPETTE**
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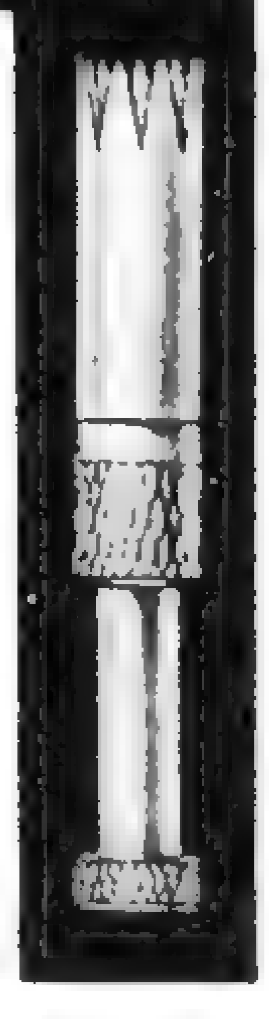

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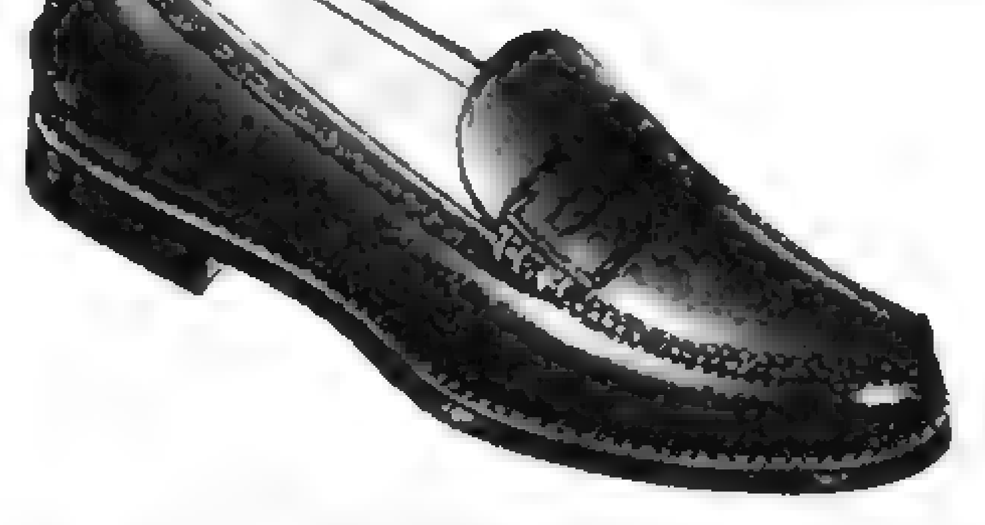

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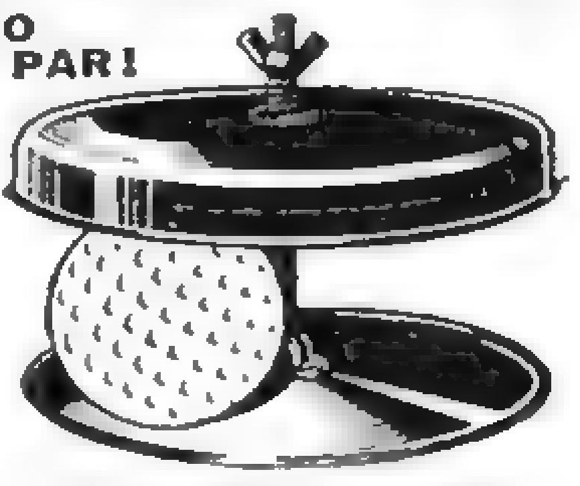

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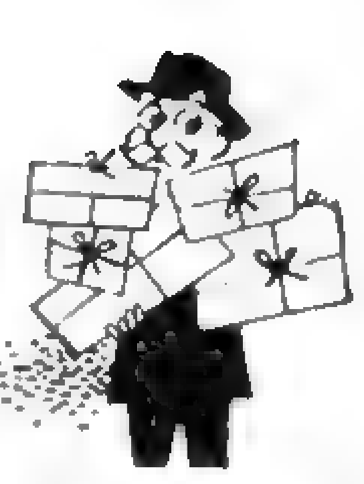

FROM SOAP TO CIGS. In giving a man toiletries, its important to consider the *scent.* It should be cleancut, pleasant, but not too aggressive. You can't miss on an odor like bergamot; that herby, tangy scent culled from the precious oil of bergamot imported from Italy. You can shoot the works on this stimulating, citrus odor . . . shave soap, talc, lotion, cologne . . . a series of *related* scents, which make for good grooming. The whole line is packaged in replicas of old apothecary jars. So handsome are these black beauties, they can go from bathroom shelf to library table. The mortar and pestle shaving soap jar holds cigarettes when emptied; the face talc will act as a salt cellar.

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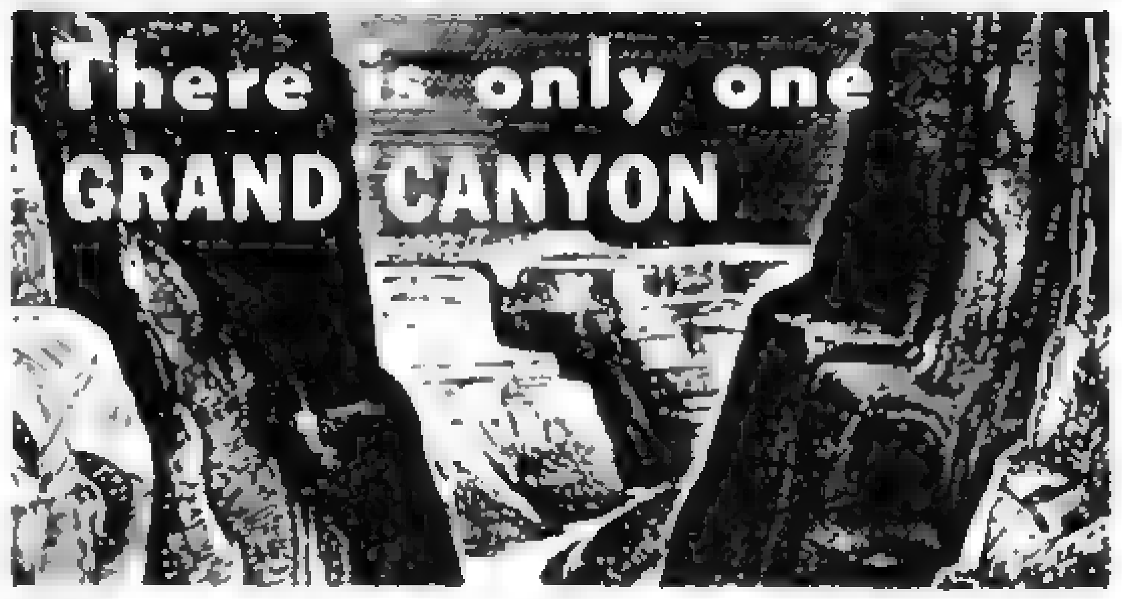
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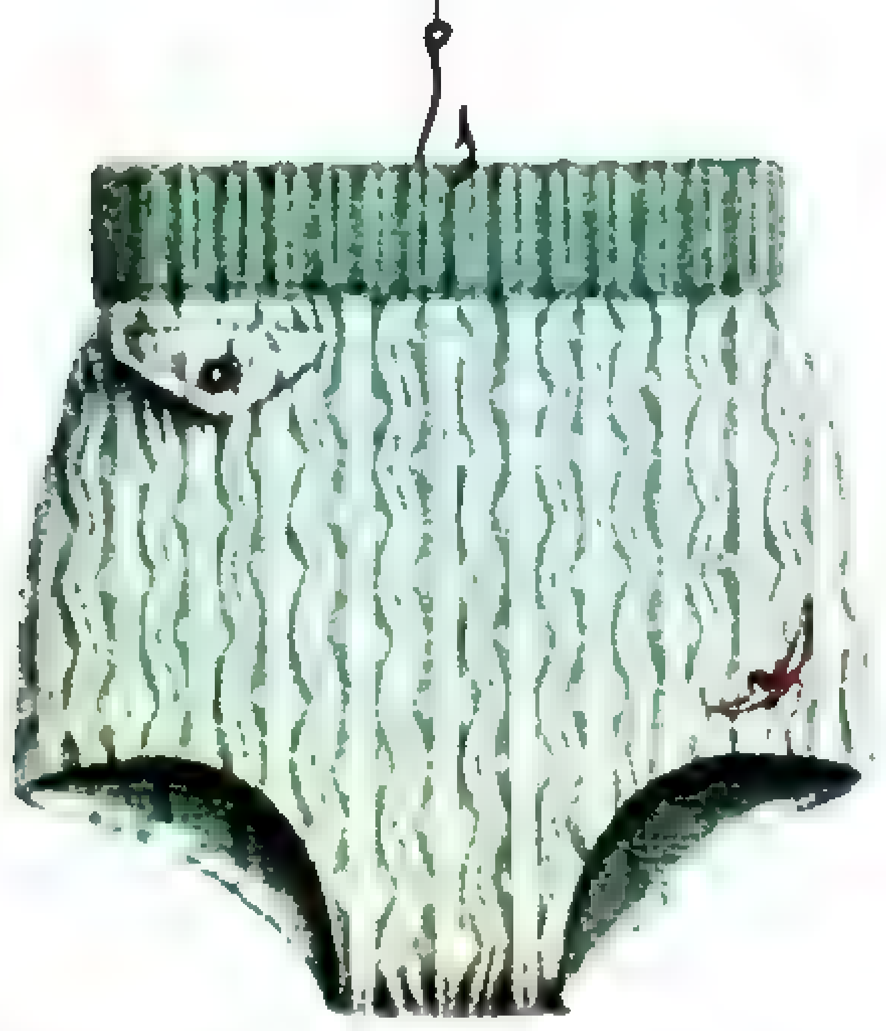
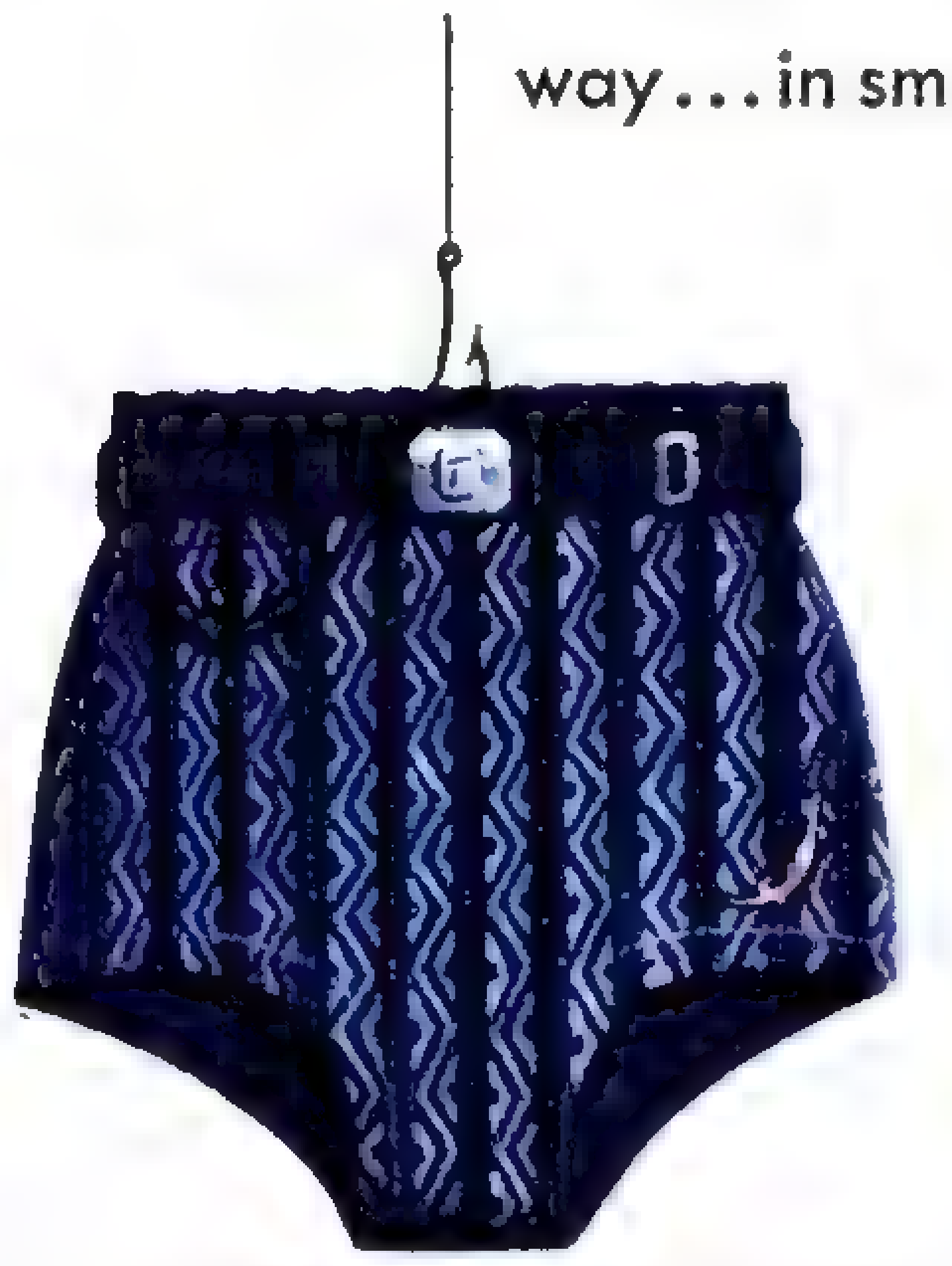


"RIGGER" — 100% virgin worsted wool Brittany knit fabric... white with surf green, with sand, with bahama... sizes 28-38. $3.95



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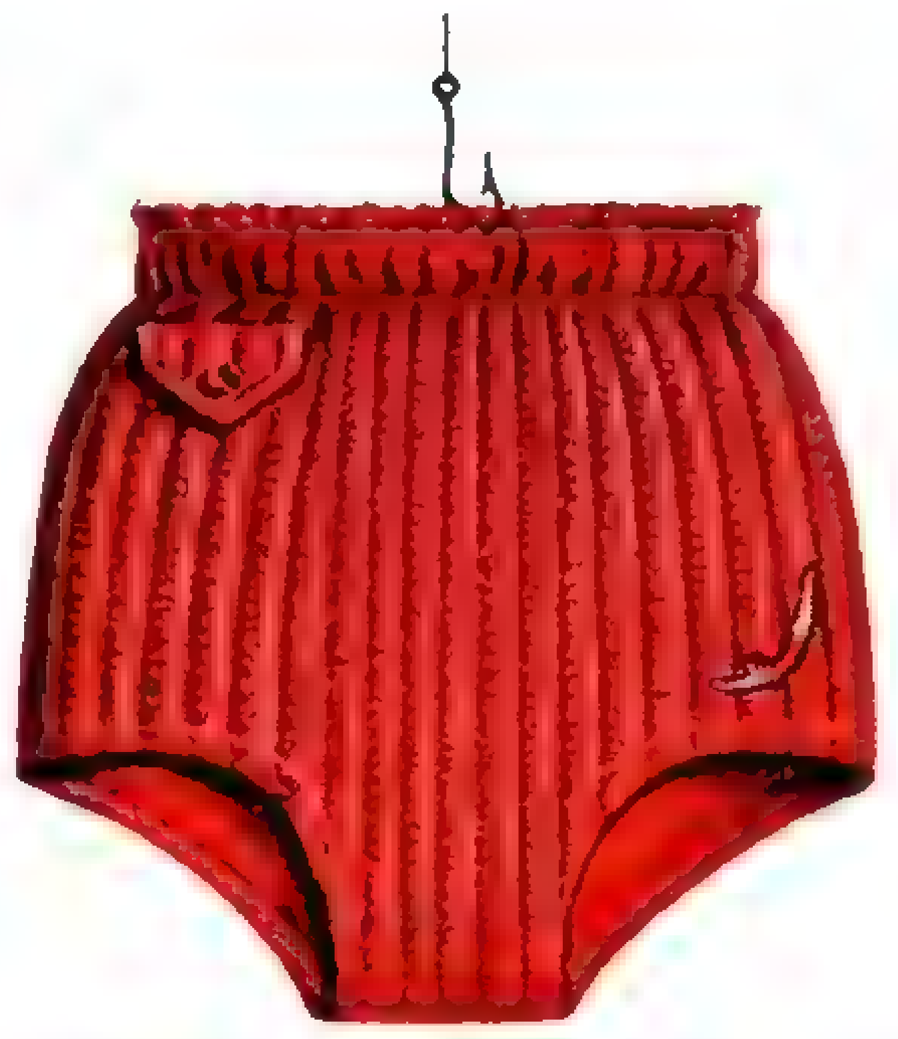

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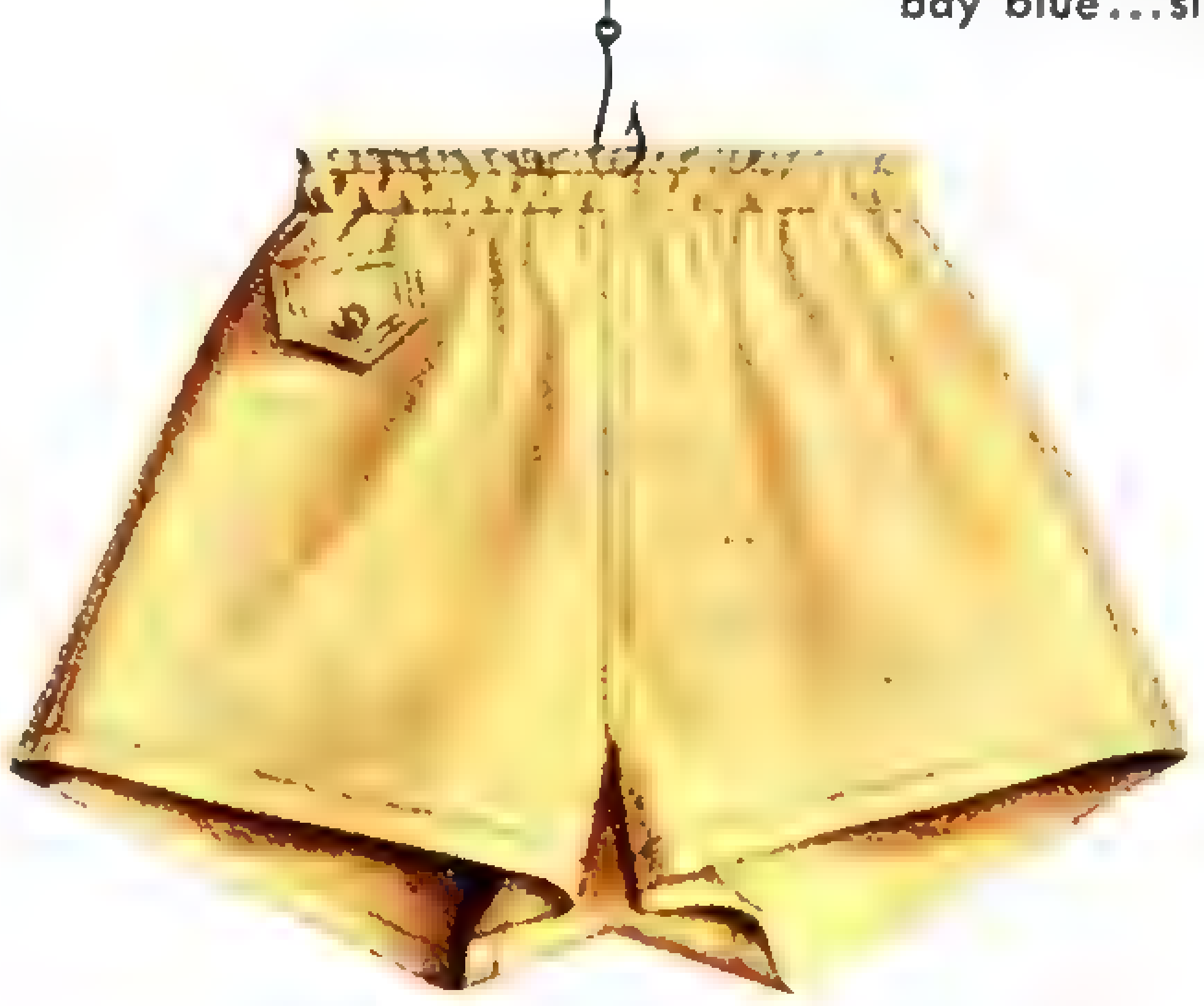

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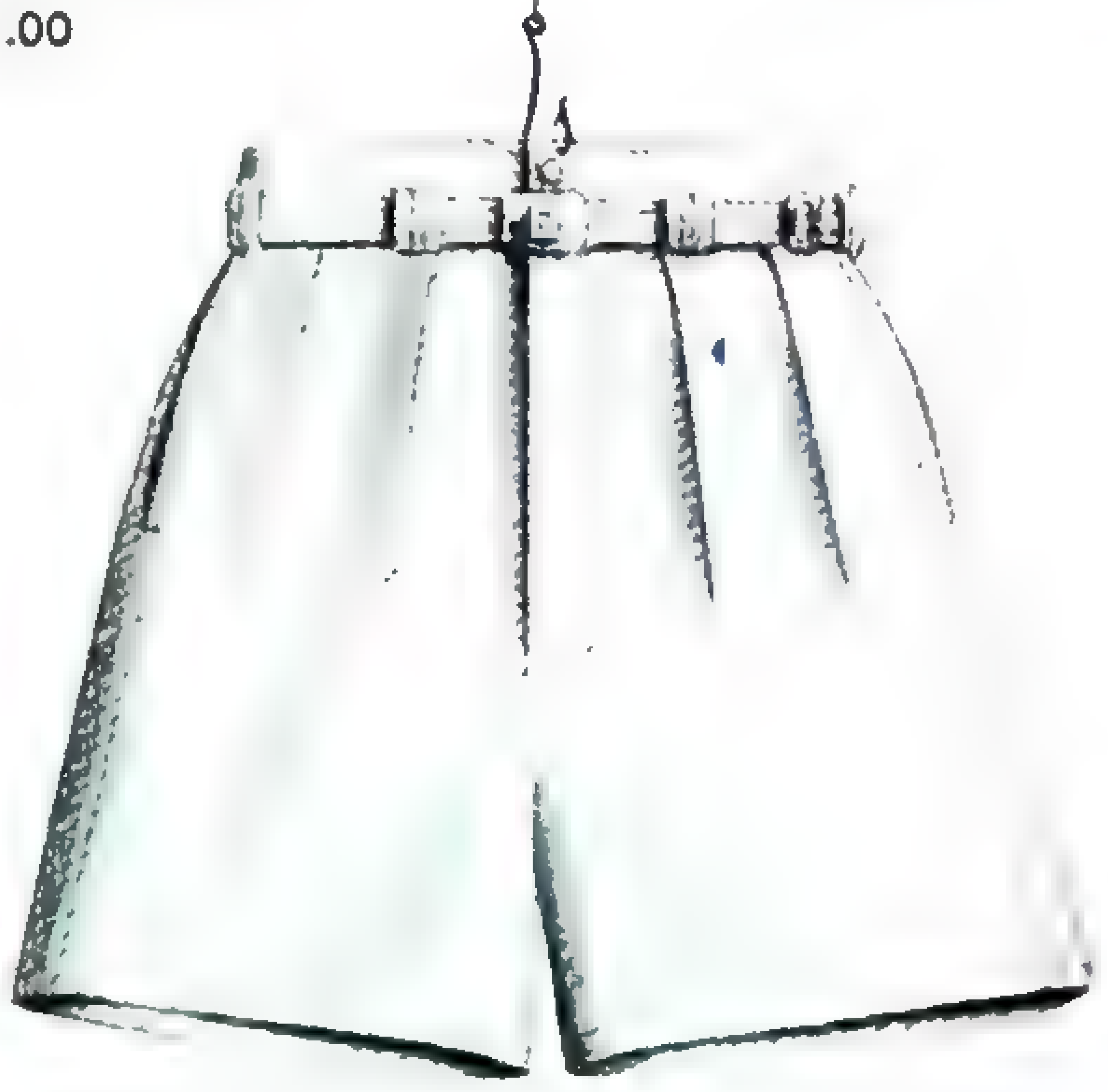

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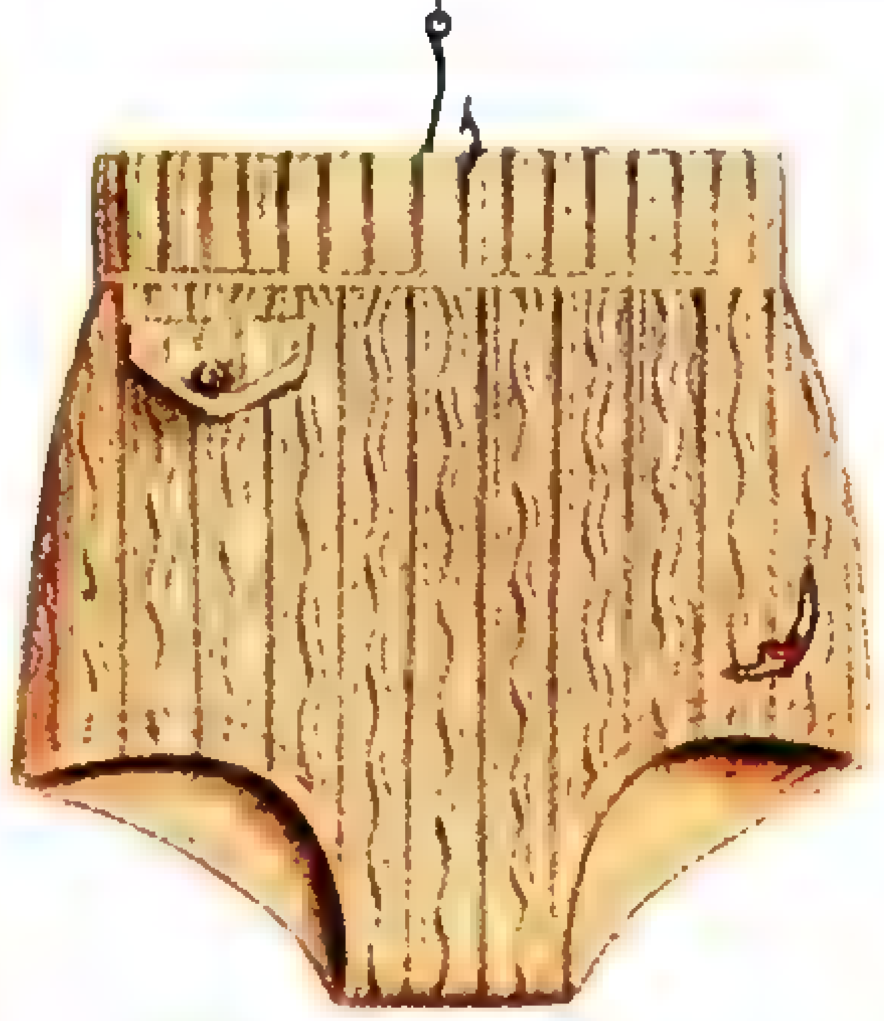

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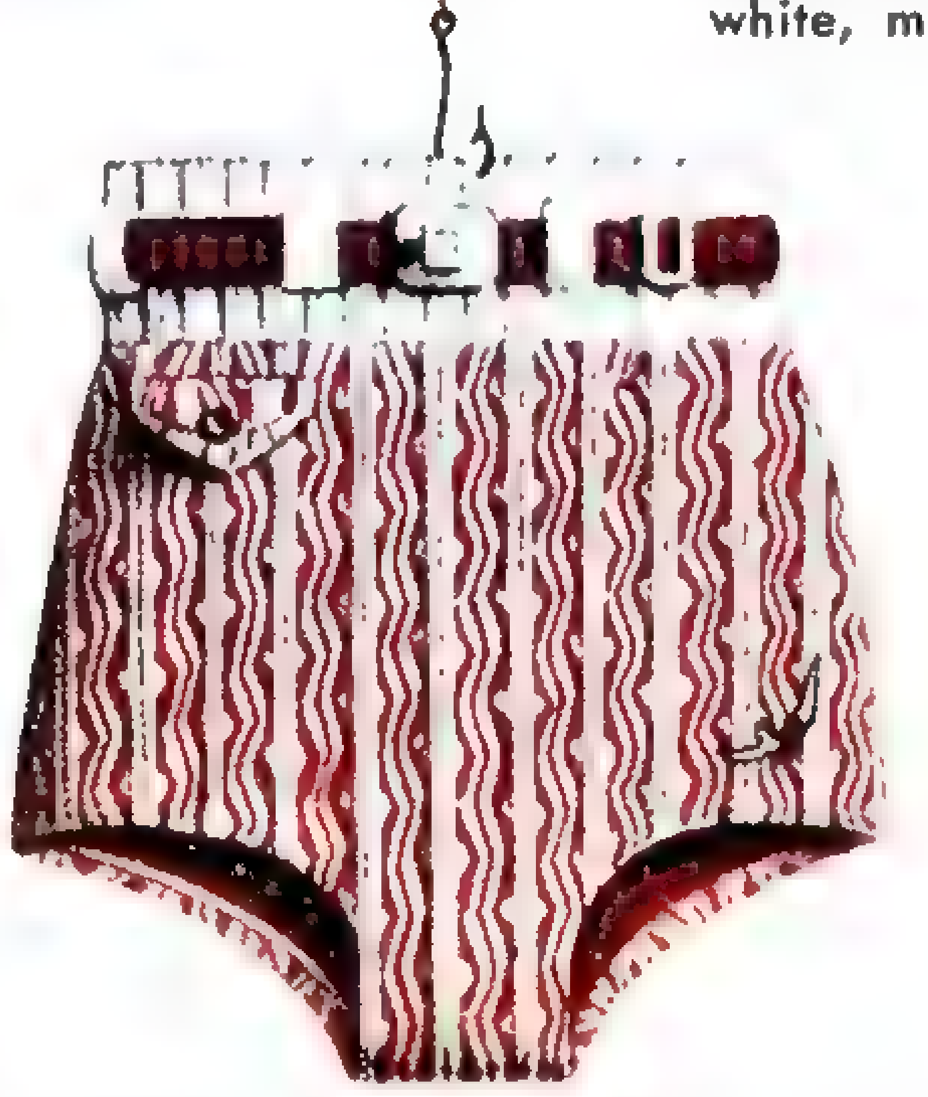
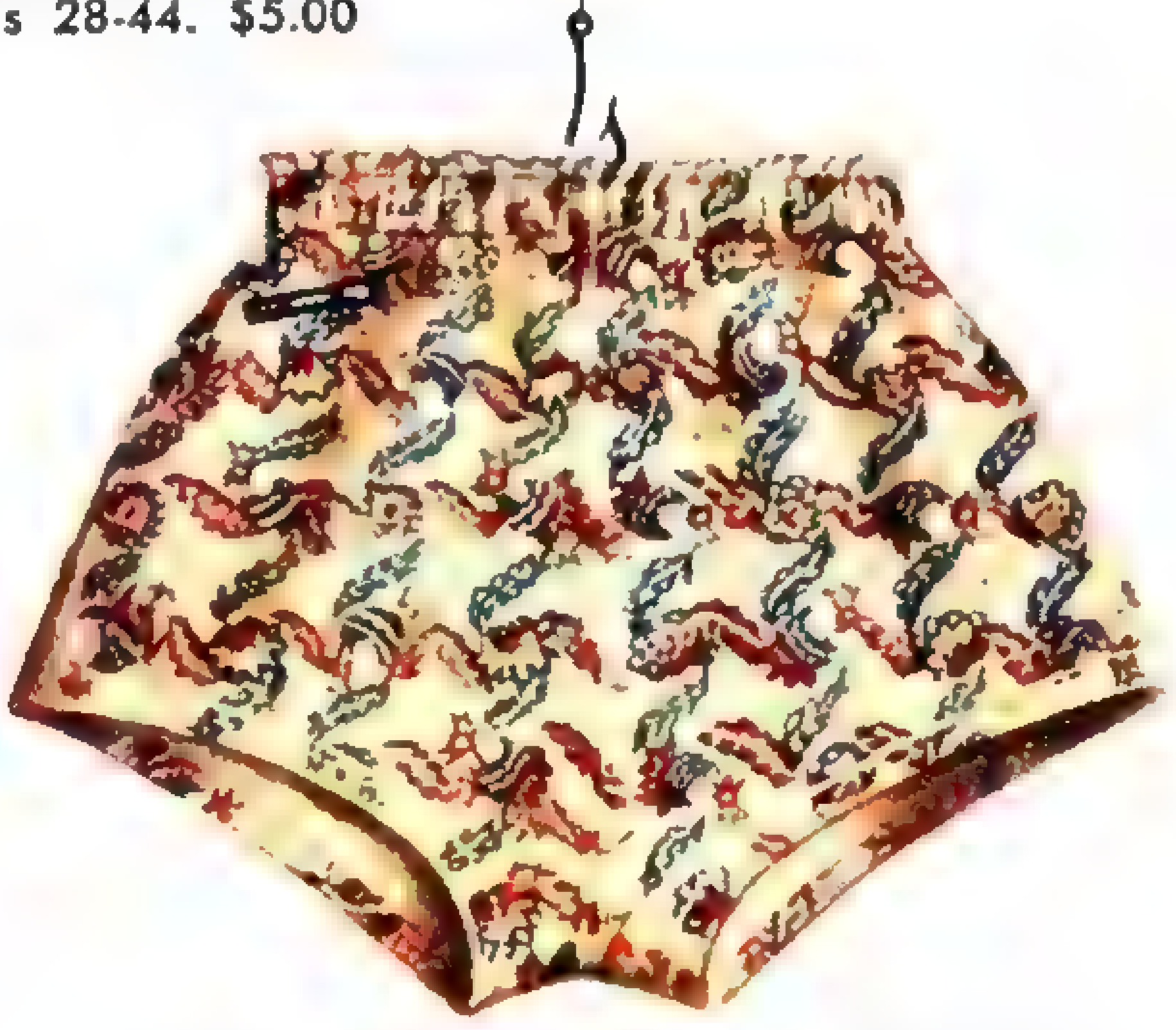


"CROSS JACK" — 100% virgin worsted wool Brittany knit fabric... white with green, with sand, with blue, with maroon... sizes 28-44. $5.95



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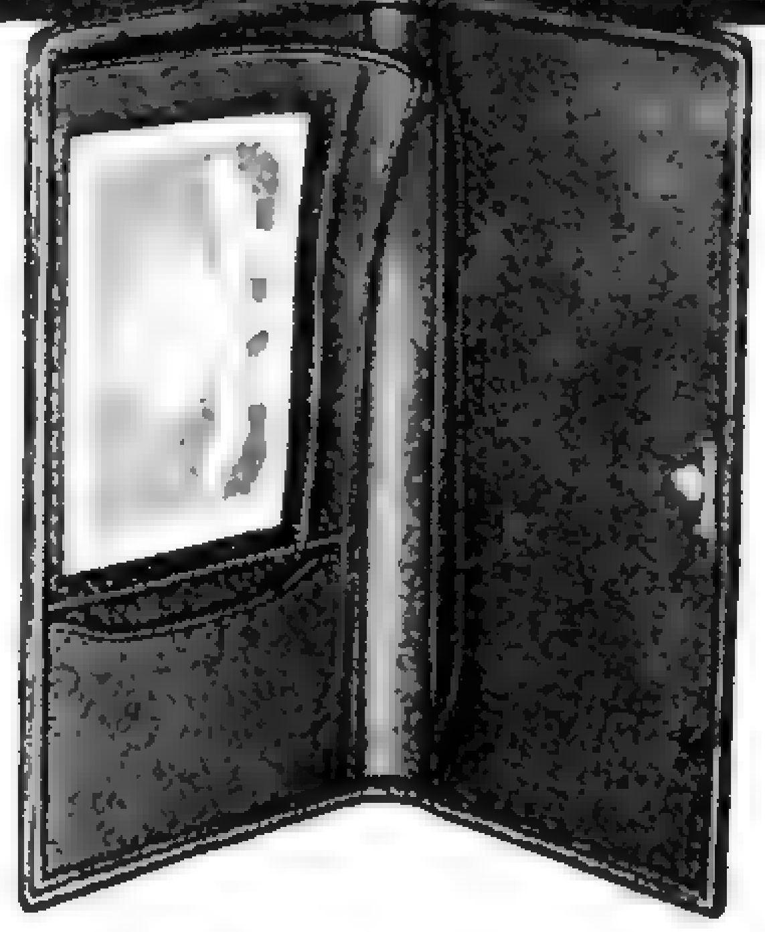

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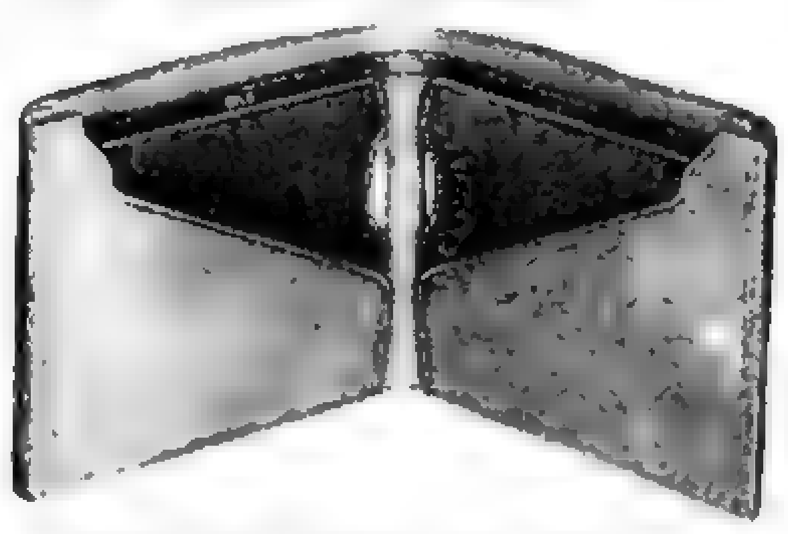

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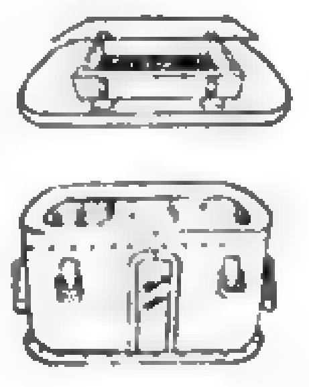
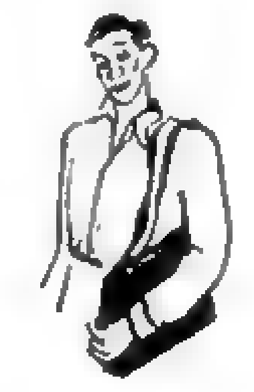
Talking Shop with Esquire

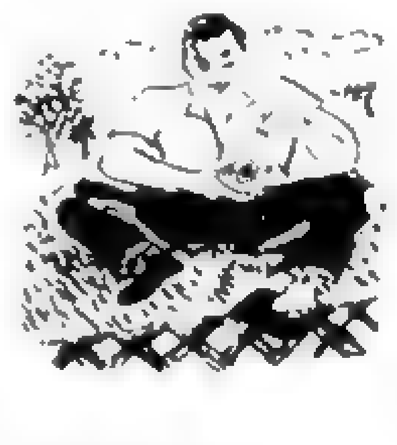
PORTABLE FREEZER. Here's a combination refrigerator and quick freezer which you can carry in the back of your car to refrigerate food, game or beverages. The entire compact unit weighs only 25 pounds. Outer case is laminated plastic, water-resistant. Interior compartments are aluminum, separated from the outer case by two inches of insulation. Dry ice is carried in a detachable compartment holding 13½ pounds. Regular ice can also be used for normal refrigeration needs. With dry ice, it is possible to maintain zero and sub-zero temperatures for two full days and longer.



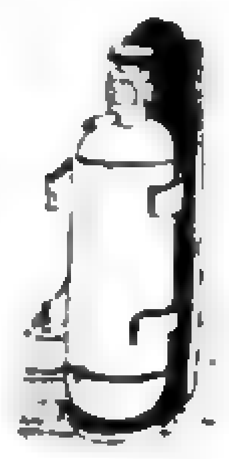
ICED BEVERAGES STAY ICED. Another nifty to carry with you on trains or in cars, is the new utility bag that will preserve frozen foods or iced beverages for 8 hours without melting. The trick is the fiberglass, heat barrier interlining. Fabrikoid is used as covering in both a zipper style and a fold-over style bag, and lacquered neoprene is used for the linings. You can even tote ice cream, milk and butter to a picnic in these bags.



NO CLOGGED SALT. You know how it is at the seashore, yachting or wherever there is dampness or humidity . . . the salt shakers never work. Answer to this problem is a new chromium-plated combination salt and pepper shaker designed to resist dampness and humidity. The gadget looks like an over-size lipstick holder, 3 inches long . . . with two deep compartments, salt in one end, pepper in the other.



WHAT TO DO 'TIL THE FIREMAN COMES! If you're the type who falls asleep with a lighted cigarette in hand, better provide your home with one of the new lightweight fire extinguishers. Specially designed for homes, offices or your garage, this little wonder weighs just a pound, and is said to act faster than an extinguisher many times its size. This easy to use, always ready to use gadget is only 6½" tall, and made of solid brass. Can be tucked away or hung inconspicuously on its handy bracket on the wall. It may be mighty useful some day.



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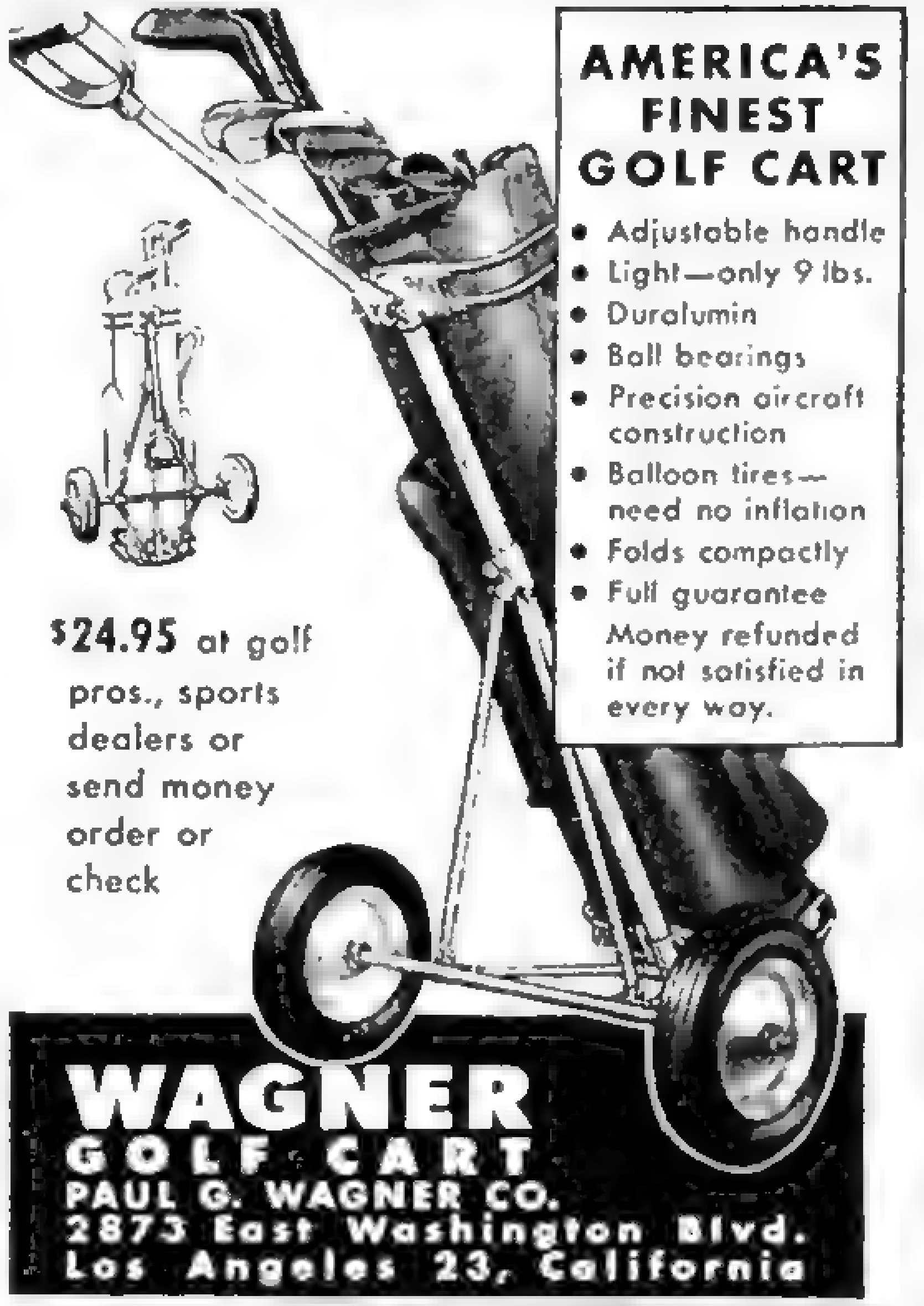

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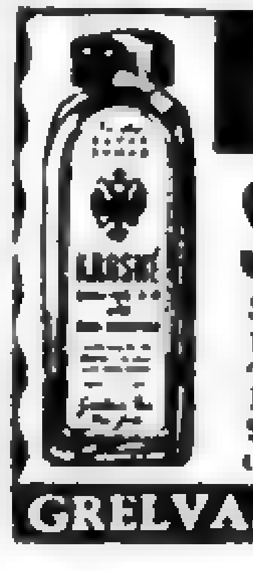

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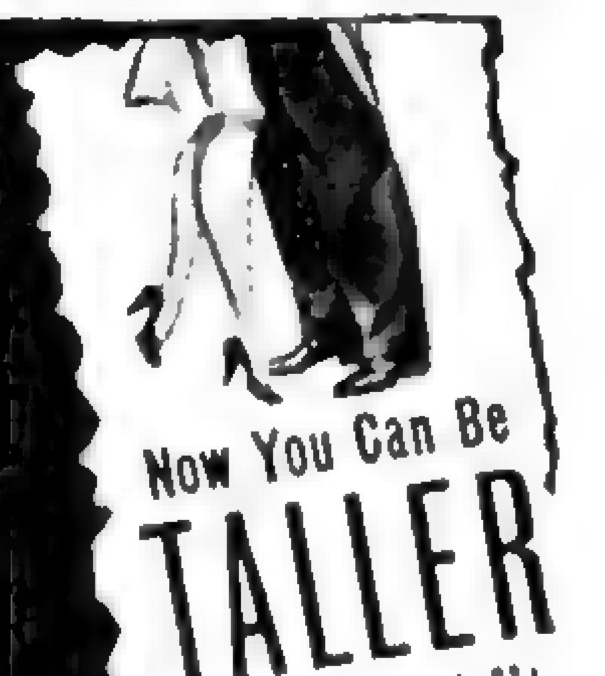

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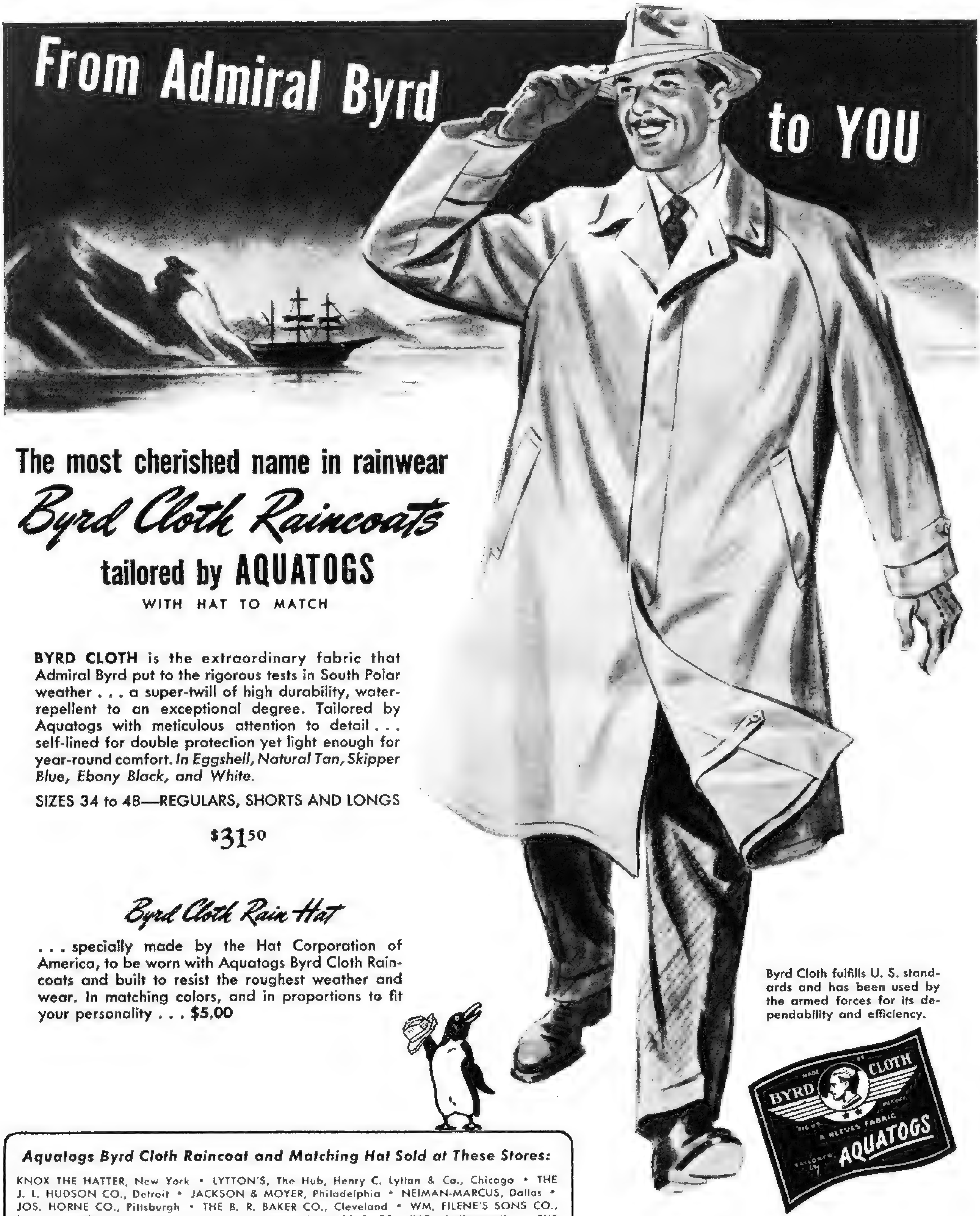

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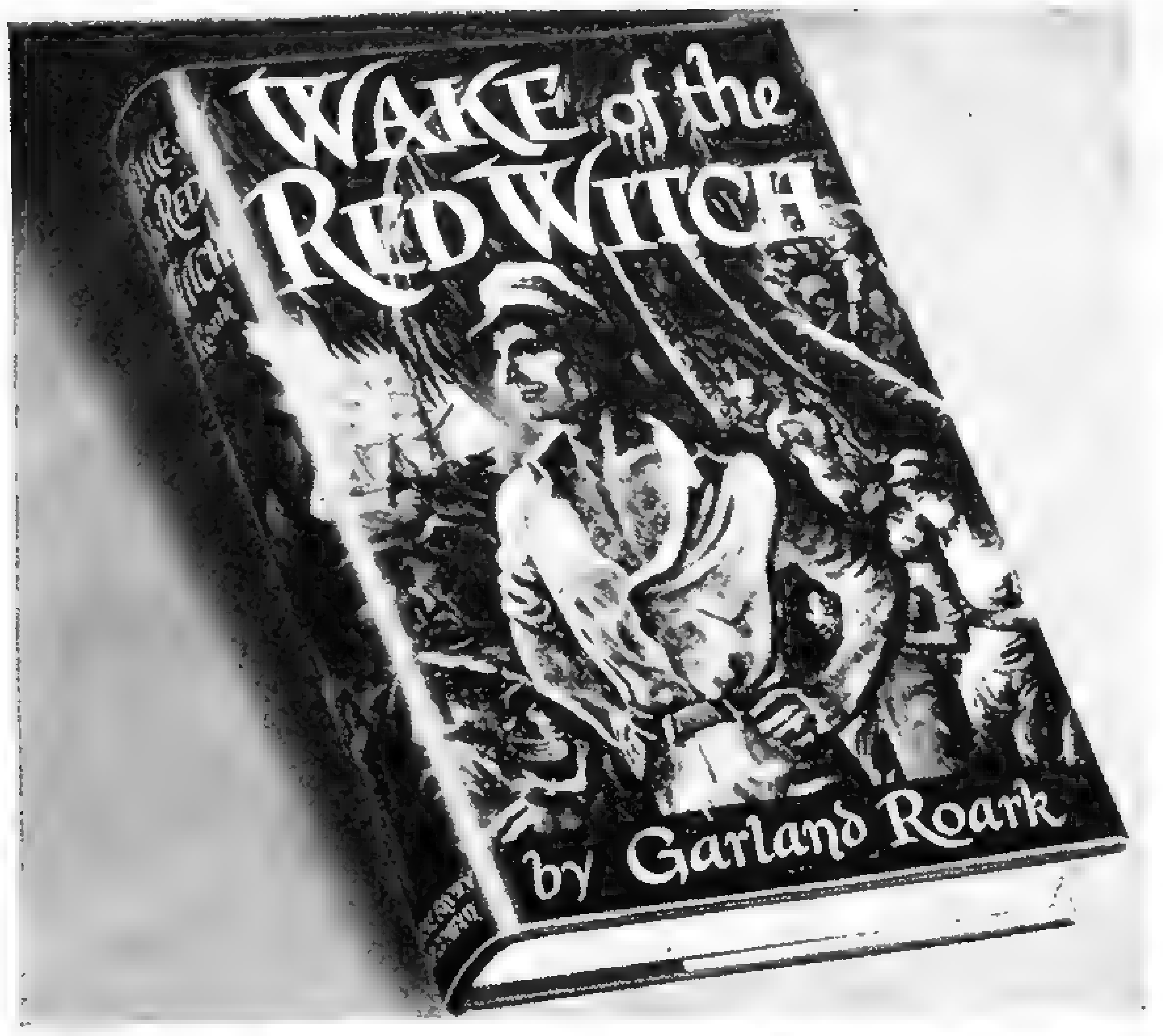

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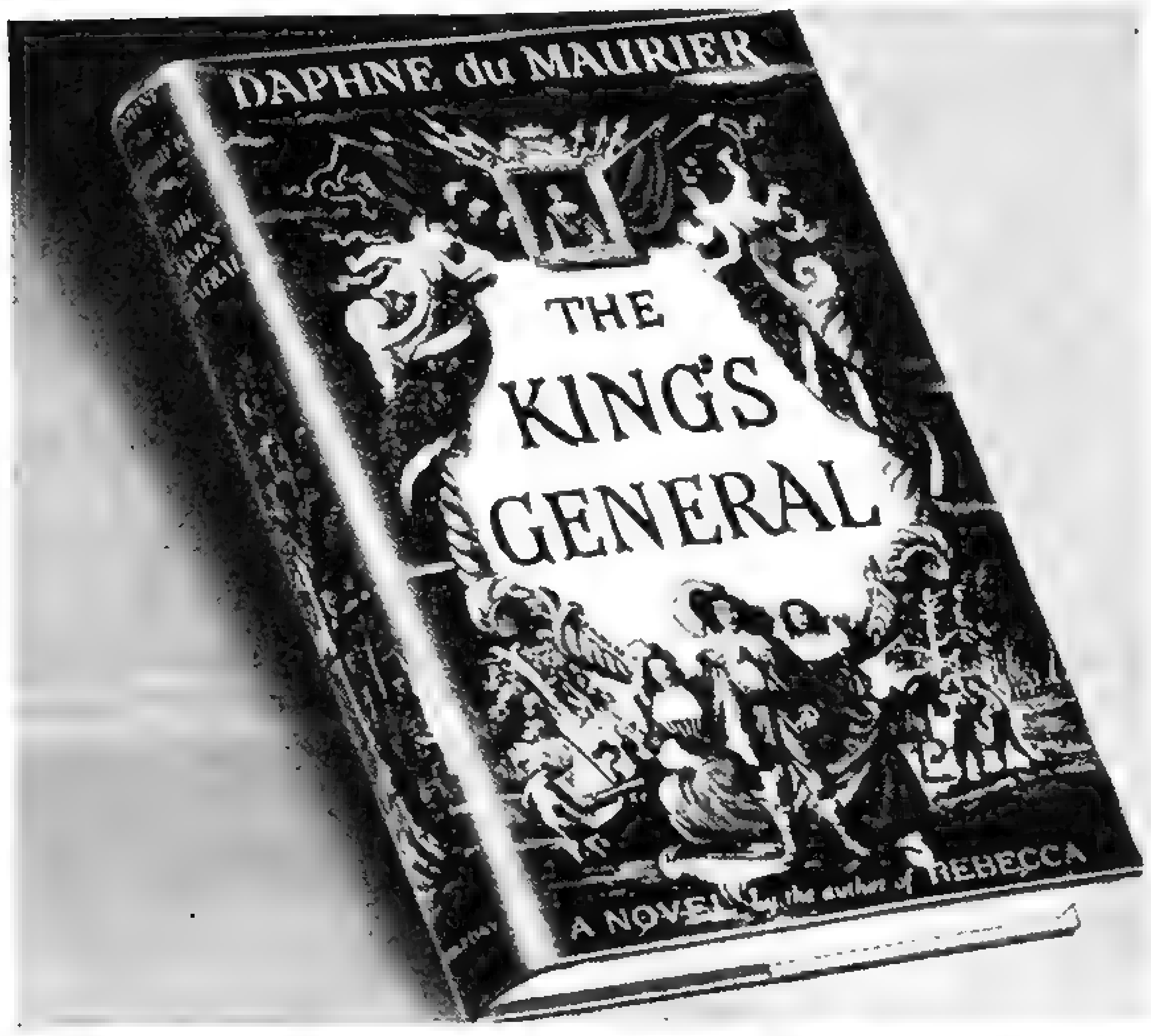

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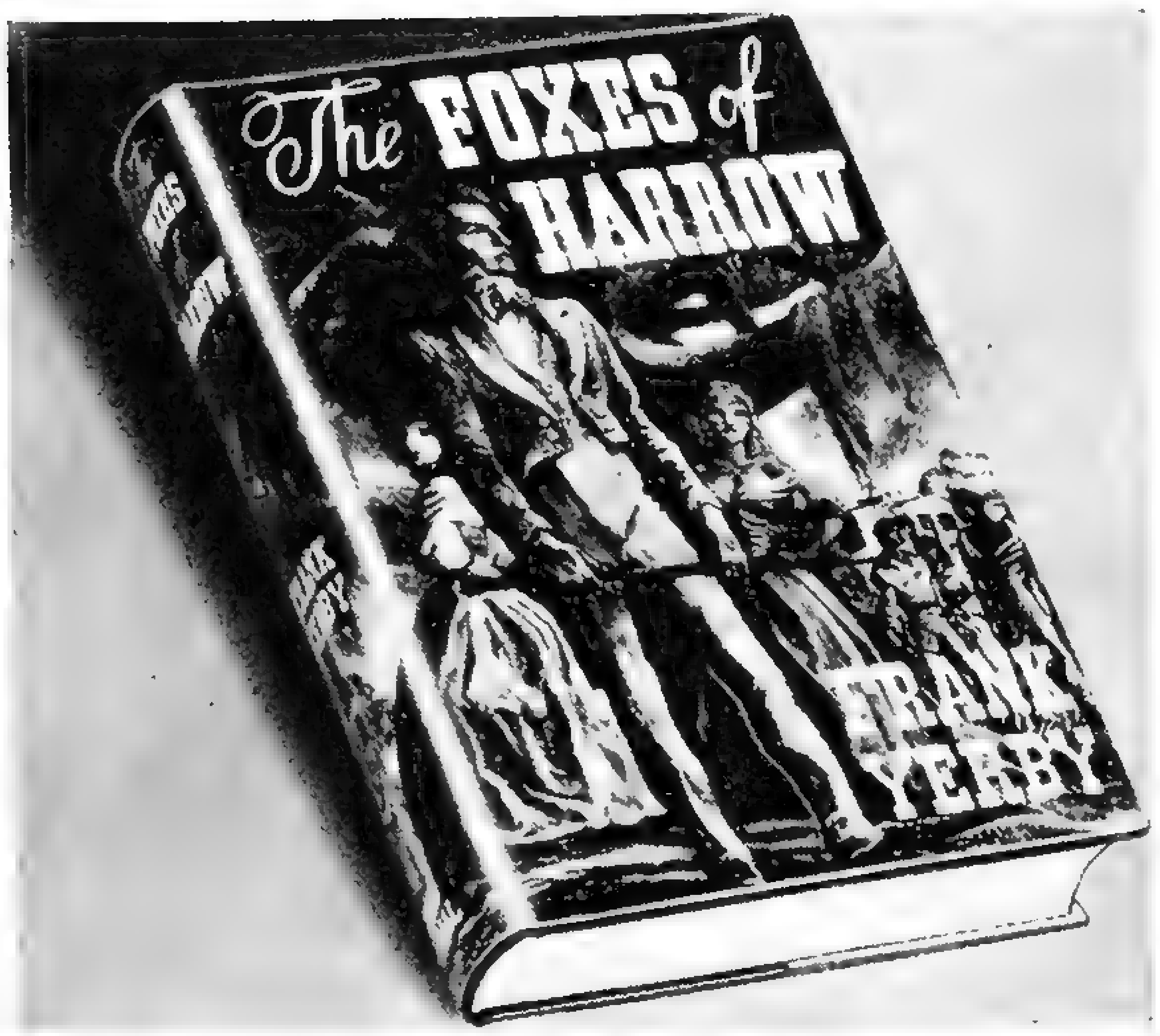

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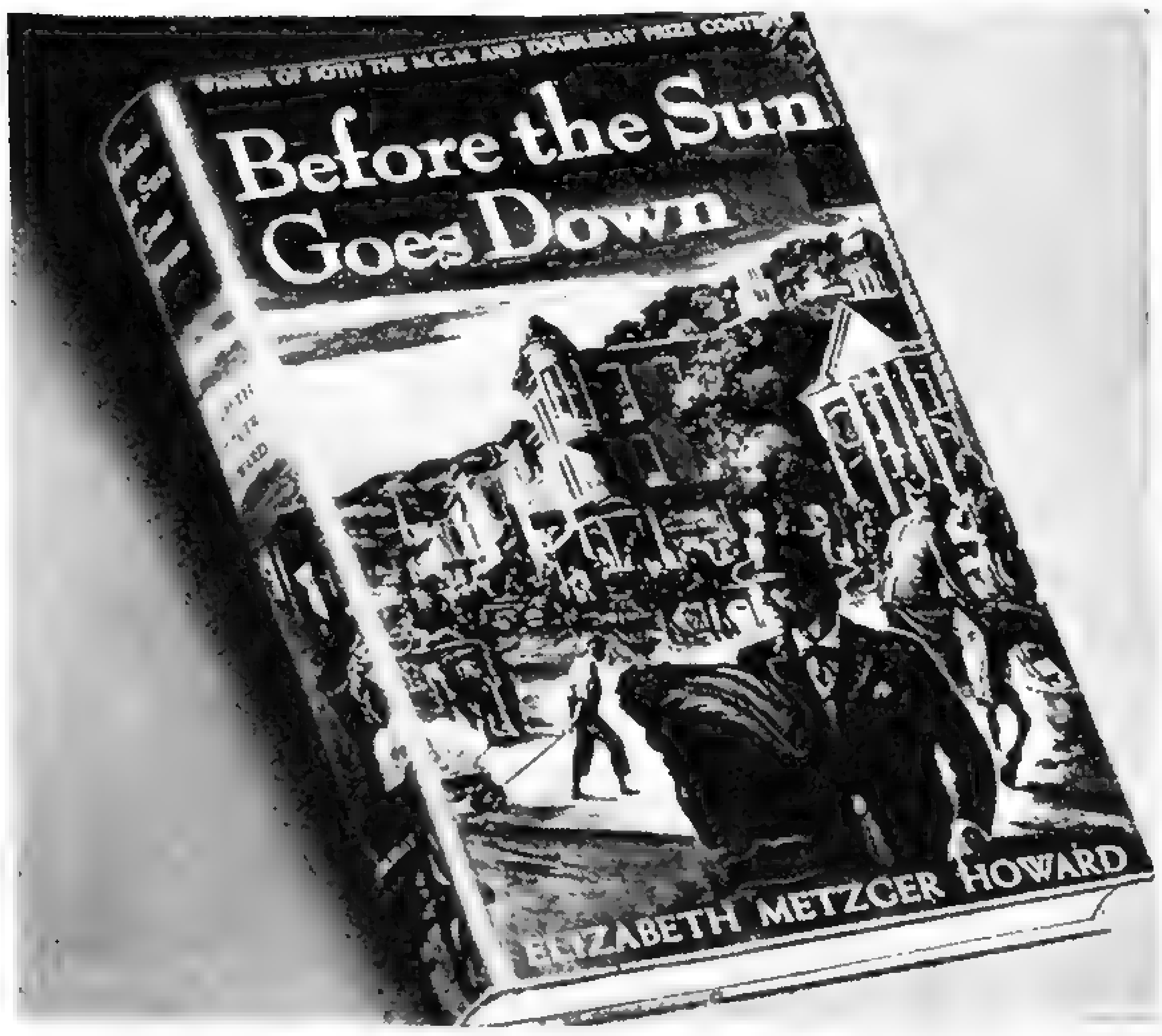

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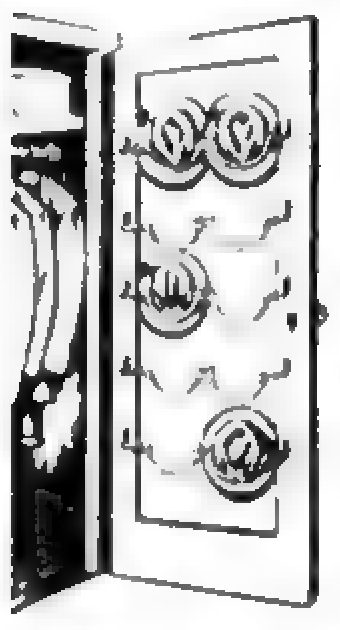

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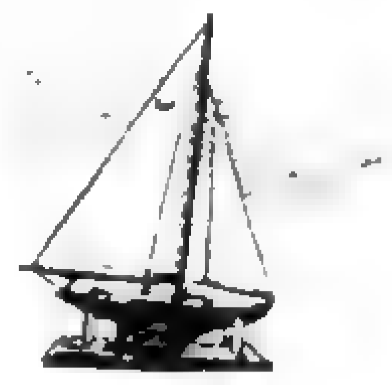

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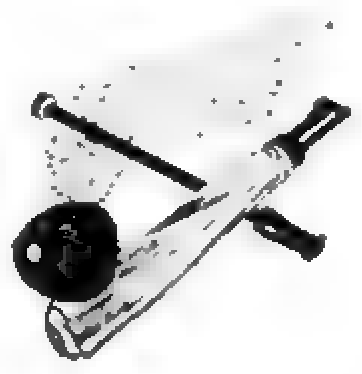

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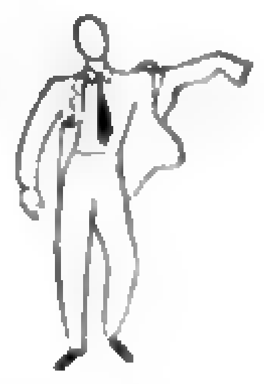

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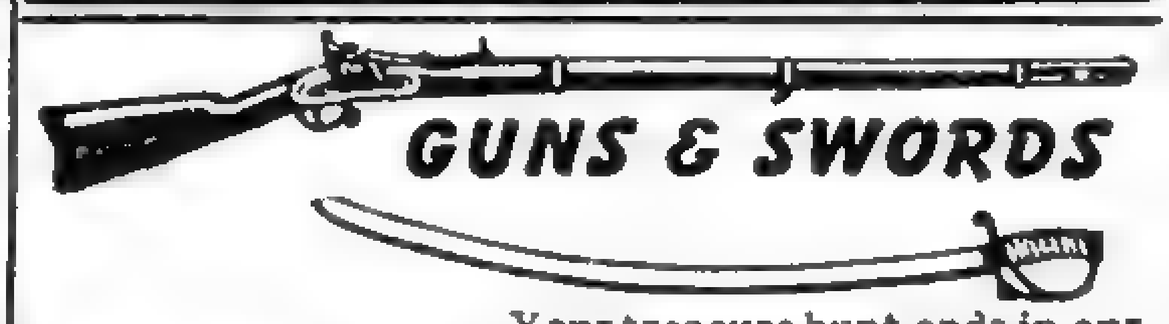

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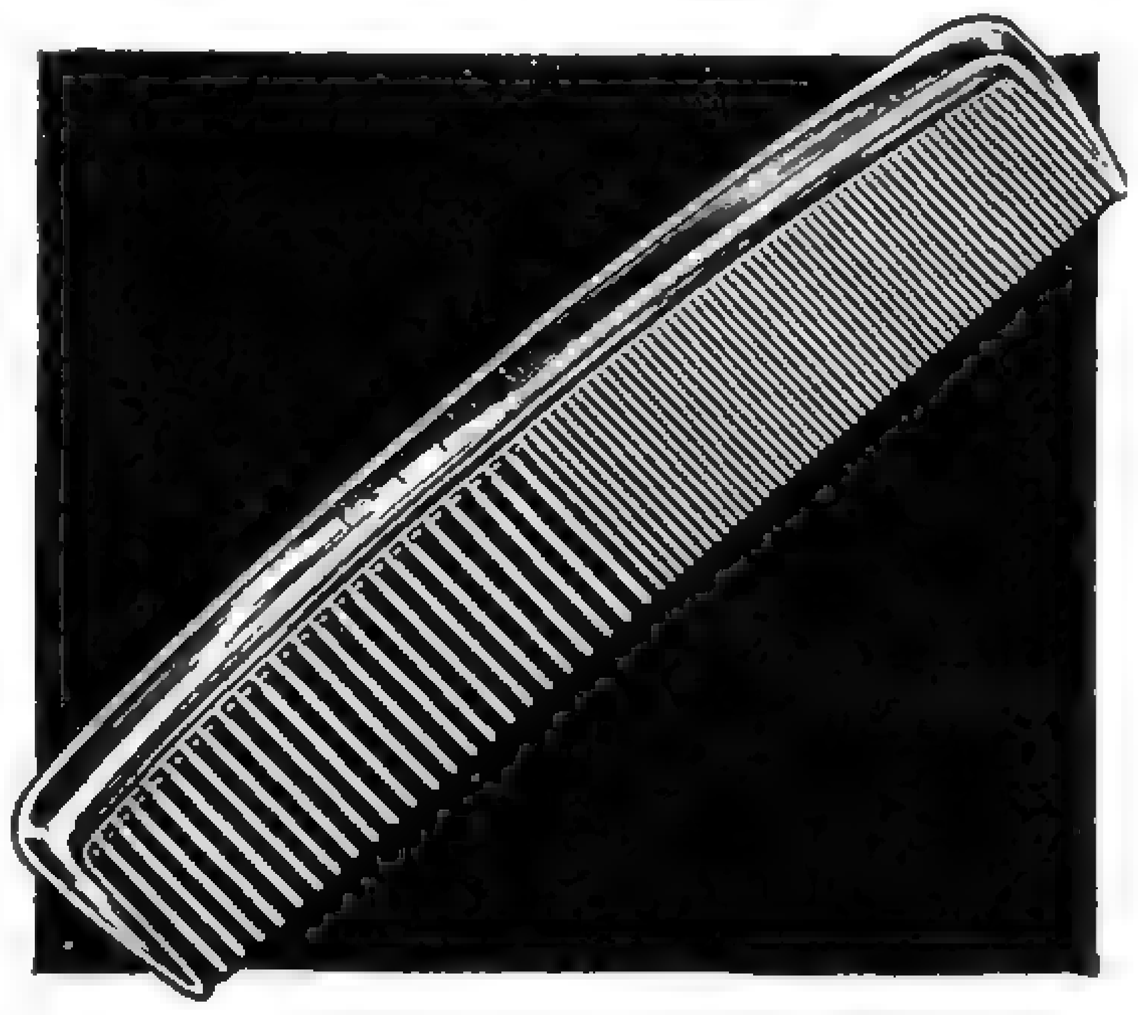

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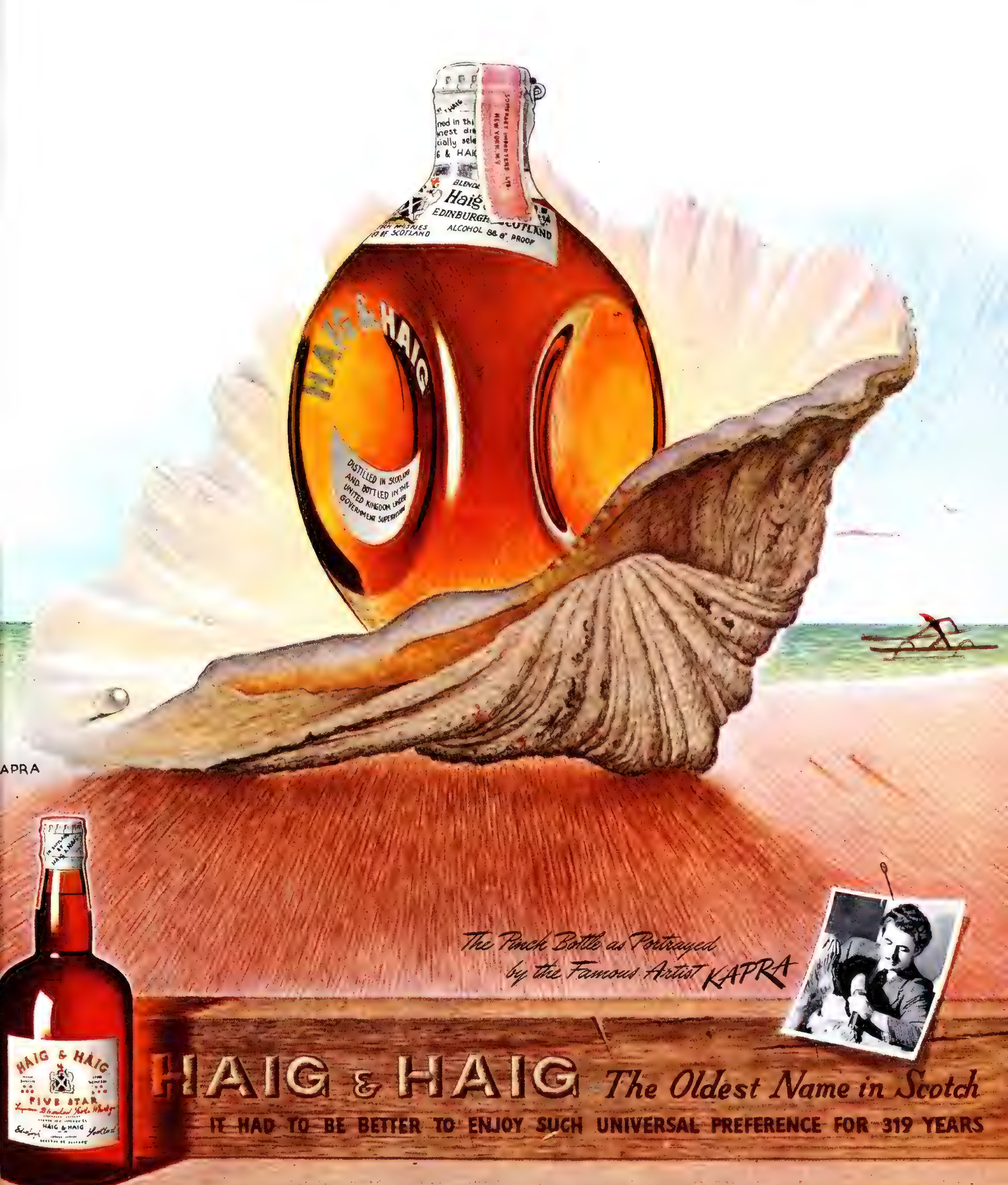
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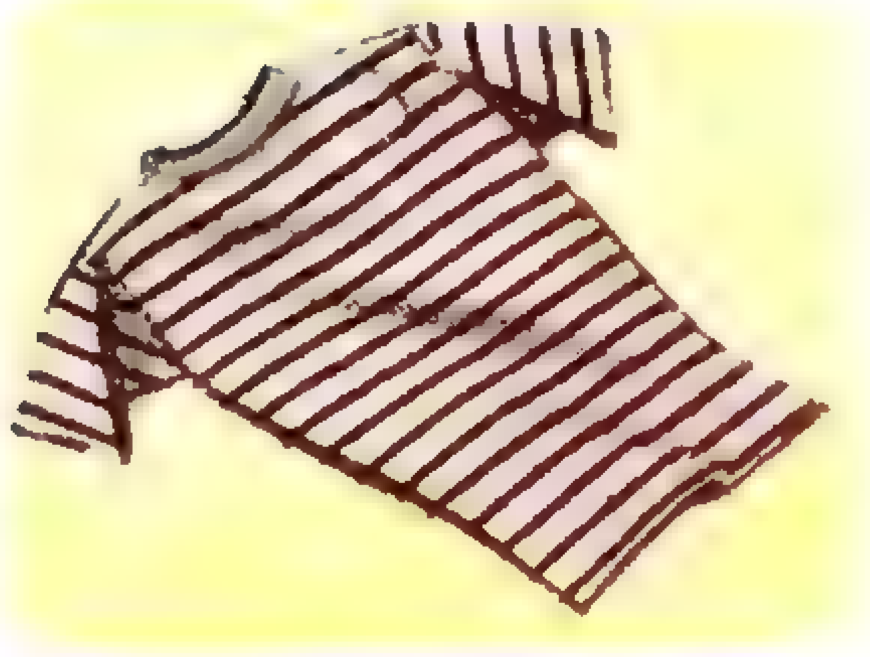

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June 16th

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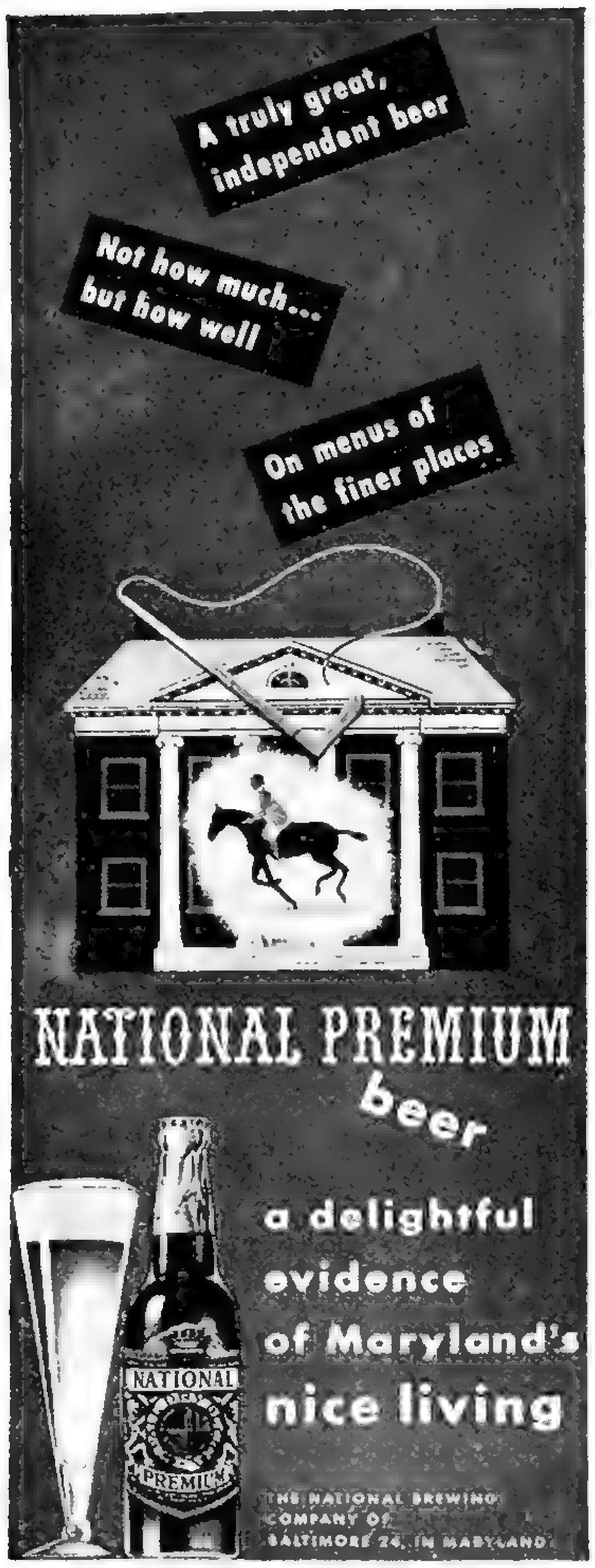

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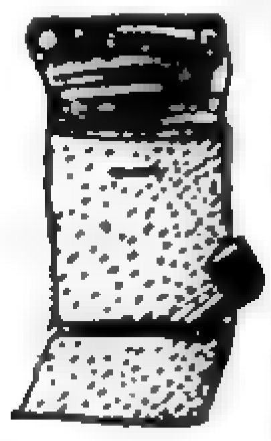
On menus of the finer places

NATIONAL PREMIUM beer

a delightful evidence of Maryland's nice living

THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY OF BALTIMORE 24, IN MARYLAND



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A Pipe Smoker's Dream

Genuine leather roll-up pouch with generous tobacco compartment and pocket for pipe. Durable and attractive. Ideal for the sportsman. Gift-boxed. Postpaid. Only $4.50.

DISTINCTIVE CREATIONS, INC., 10 W. 47 ST., N.Y. 19

Bunte Mi Choice

. . . always in good taste

The Aristocrat of all Box Chocolates

BUNTE BROTHERS

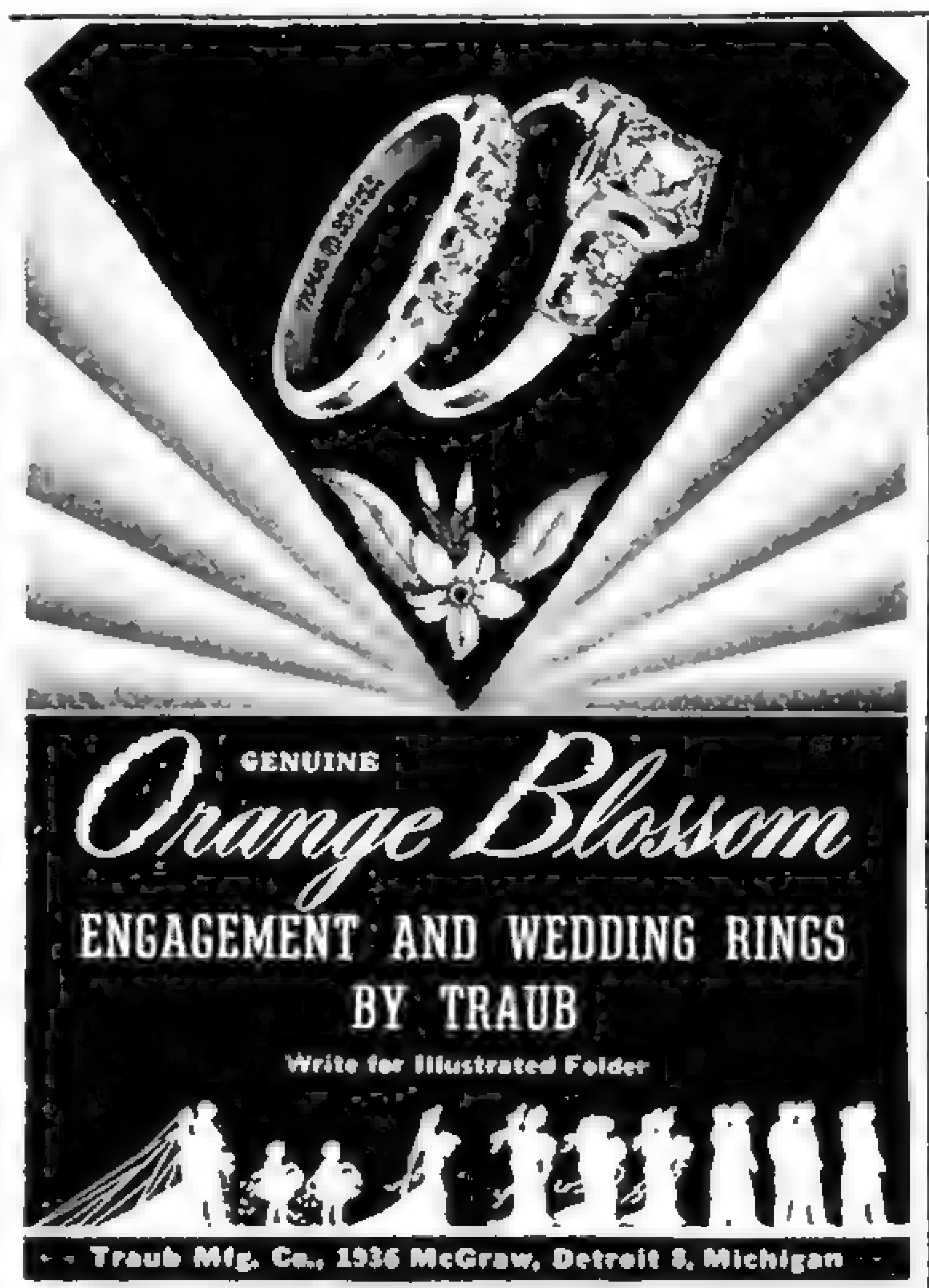
Makers of Fine Candies since 1876

Painting the Town with Esquire

THE CALL of the mild weather is answered with knife, fork, and flexed elbow on shrubberied sidewalks, outlook terraces, and fountain-babbled back gardens into which a snoopy moon peeks down. The deep-dish dell of the Promenade Café in Rockefeller Center is sporting its annual crop of bright-hued umbrellas. Downtown, caged song birds of many kinds chirp while you sup in the chummy evergreenery by the name of Jardin du Perroquet, which the Fifth Avenue Hotel has sprouted in front of its Amen Corner. No larks, but the steaks sing on the broiler merrily . . . Irrigated with aquavit, smörgasbord is in full bloom upon the floral after deck of the Castleholm Restaurant, 344 West 57th . . . Old Sol pays off handsomely to the sidewalk table colony of the Hotel St. Moritz's Café de la Paix . . . Charles of 157 East 55th St. drapes potatoes around fresh breezes, dubs them Pommes Soufflées, and baskets them in his pebbled back yard . . . Ducks, patronizing the pool in the begardened Patio of the Henry Hudson Hotel, are so taken with the music of pianist Gregory Franzell, they don't seem aware that their brethren are under attack with oranges and wine gravy . . . Hounds for Central Park ozone are deep-breathing, along with chow and sip exercises and shank workouts to two orchestras, at the Tavern-on-the-Green, their al fresco fervor rivaled only by the similar activities up at the Claremont Inn on Riverside Drive, where you gaze out over the Hudson unless the immediate prospect of crêpes Suzette is too engrossing . . . Stork Clubbers, who haven't even a window to look out of and wouldn't if they had one, remain loyal to the exclusive air that Sherman Billingsley serves them on the house, filtered and fresh-laundered. "It's just like champagne," they aver, ordering a bottle to check the resemblance.

THOSE TWO mess sergeants from SHAEF, Marty Snyder and John Schwarz who also provendered the meeting of the Big Three at Potsdam, have had enthusiastic responses to the cry, "Come and get it!" they set up at 108 West 49th to the tune of Headquarters Restaurant . . . All of which shows that nutriment good enough for world leaders is O.K. with ordinary feeders, especially when you eat it right off the individual platter (hot!) it's fetched in. To impart that Very Important Person feeling, there's a V.I.P. Cocktail, and you can fly at the famous strawberry pie that General "Ike" liked to invade.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.



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Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 320 pages. 600 illustrations. Mail 75 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $5.00 or more.

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ADDING A PUNCH TO SUMMER PARTIES

JAMAICA PUNCH

⅓ jigger lemon or lime juice, ⅔ jigger sugar or syrup, 1 jigger Jamaica Rum, 1⅓ jiggers water. Add lots of cracked ice—shake till frothy — serve at once. It's the real article.

Right ONLY WHEN MADE WITH GENUINE JAMAICA THE ROYALTY OF RUMS

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA) LTD., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

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Imported from England

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"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"

POCKET PACKAGE 40¢

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FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1852

Summerproof your hair
with Vitalis

Here's how

Your hair gets sunburned, too, in summer.

Summer sun bakes it dry. Wind and water complete the job, leave your hair dull and brittle, hard to manage.

But now that Vitalis is back, you can "summerproof" your hair!

Here's the simple, sun-defying treatment. The way to have better-looking hair than you've had for summers and summers . . .

Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

1. **Before you exercise** use Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout." For 50 seconds, massage Vitalis with its hair-shielding pure vegetable oils on your summer-beaten scalp. You're protected — *summerproofed* — come sun, come wind, come water. Then . . . 10 seconds to comb . . . and look who's the handsomest man on the beach, boardwalk or ball court. You! Then . . .

2. **After you exercise . . . re peat.** This follow-up wit Vitalis and the "60-Secon Workout" replaces the pro tective oils that sun, wind or water took away, routs loose dandruff, help retard excessive falling hair. Then . . . 10 second to comb . . . and your hair looks vigorous, aliv . . . you've got a "going places" look and you'r set to *keep* looking that way! Get that bottle o Vitalis today!

Product of Bristol-Myer

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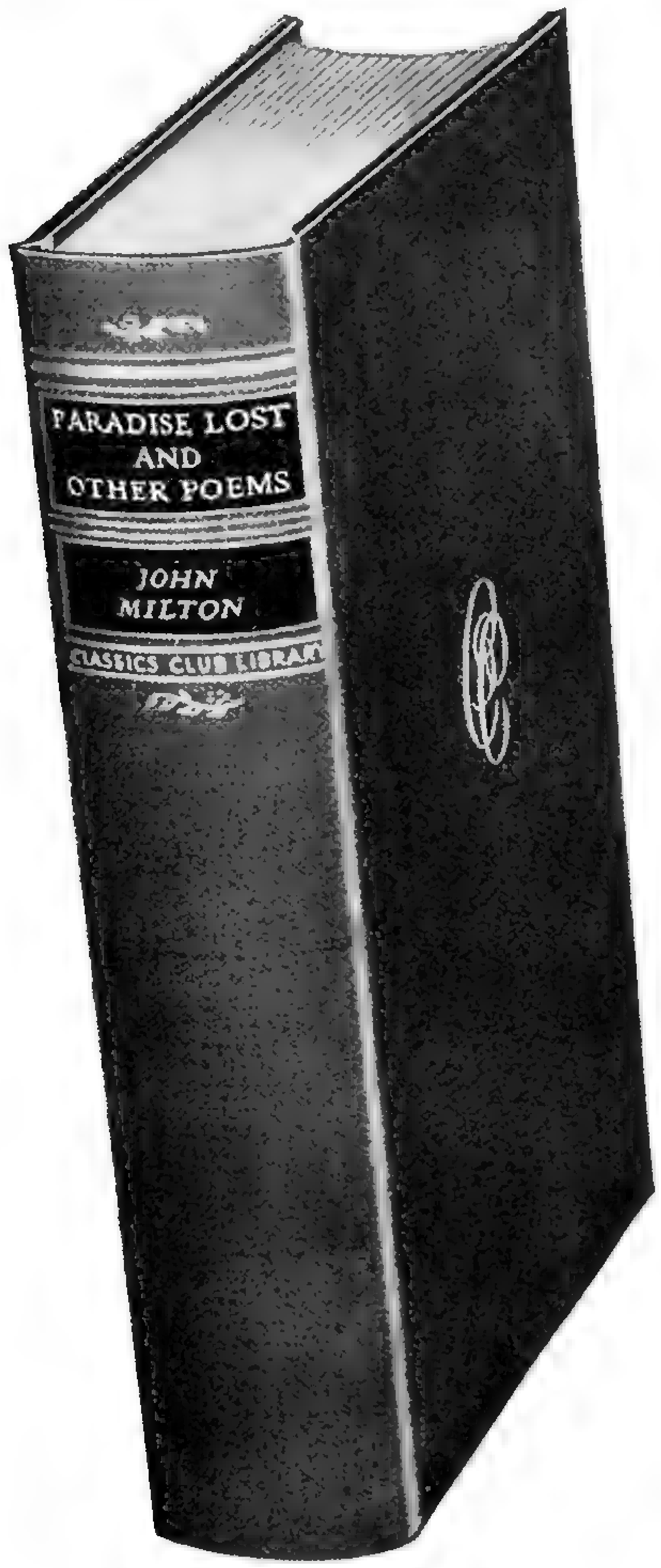

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PARADISE LOST

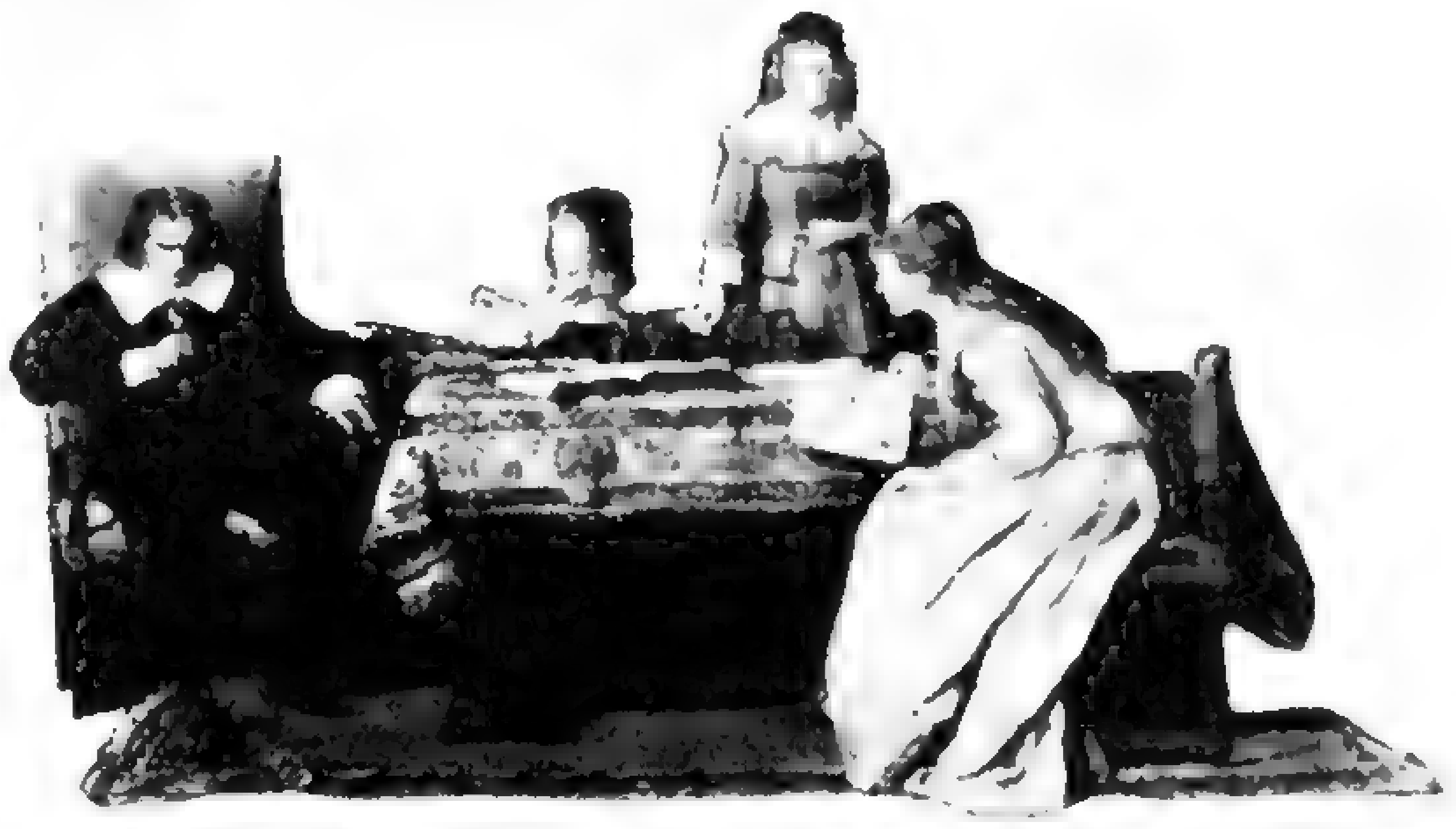
AND OTHER POEMS

by John Milton

OPENING this volume of Milton is like opening a long-hidden treasure chest—to find undreamed-of riches spread before your eyes! And this handsome library edition of Milton—"the greatest English poet next to Shakespeare"—is yours *free, as a gift!*

You will be spellbound over *Paradise Lost*, the greatest epic poem in the English language—the supreme achievement of the blind poet who, like so many of us today, fought for man's right to *think*, to *worship*, to *print* the words he wrote.... Or, in a gayer spirit, you will enjoy *L'Allegro*, tripping "the light, fantastic toe." Or again, perhaps, the dreamy meditation of beautiful *Il Penseroso* will best suit your mood. With this handsome volume in your hands, you may choose from thirty of Milton's matchless poems.

Reading Milton is a new joy when you possess this beautiful De Luxe edition—with introductory "program notes" by Professor Maurice Kelley of Princeton University, noted Milton authority. And now, it is *yours free*, as a gift from the Classics Club.



The Blind Milton Dictating Paradise Lost *to His Daughters—from the famous painting by Munkacsy, now hanging in the New York Public Library.*

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Backstage with Esquire

Alan Jedla

ALAN JEDLA, who has been doing a series of caricatures for Esquire (the current one features Gloria Vanderbilt di Cicco Stokowska see page 73) is self-taught; he began his career as a free-lancing caricaturist for motion picture companies, later taught cartoon and caricature on the Federal Arts project. During the war he instructed air force inductees in ground-crew technique. After that program was disbanded, his first assignment was to draw the jumbo-sized caricatures of Olsen and Johnson which appeared over the Winter Garden Theatre, during the New York run of *Laffing Room Only*. Last fall he donated six caricatures to the Victory Loan Drive which brought in 30,000 dollars in bonds. Jedla is married and the father of three children; his eldest son, who is at present attending the College of the City of New York, will soon go into the Army.

Irwin Steig

Several years ago **IRWIN STEIG** wrote, under a pen name, a series of satirical sketches based upon business conferences. As an advertising man, he has attended many of these sessions—claims he is the only person who has turned any of them to profit. His contribution to this issue of Esquire is *Watches Have Two Faces*, page 83.

HOWARD ADDLESTON is a San Franciscan who, after getting his B.A. from Leland Stanford University in '31, devoted the next eight years of daylight to the transportation business, and nights to writing, piano playing and composing. He was in radio publicity before the advent of war, which made him a marine machinist. Now he is a free-lance writer looking for a Hollywood agent, peddling music on the side, fishing whenever he can. He says: "I am married to a lovely angelette and have a ten-year-old son who carries the creels." Despite the fact that he invents Gin Rummy games (see *Contract Gin Rummy*, page 116) he still loses at Gin, to his friends' amusement.

Homer R. Levinson

Our Discovery of the Month is **HOMER R. LEVINSON**, whose first published story, *A Swim at Sunset*, is on page 80. He writes: "Five years ago, at the age of nineteen, I had a serious accident which has since kept me in a wheel chair, and for the past three years I've been working at writing. Previously, I had put a year in at the University of California, majoring in international relations, then switching to geology, which looked easier. I've lived most of my life in Carmel, on the Monterey Peninsula, and find it a pleasant and beautiful place, too much so when I find it necessary to get some work done."

Bert Hicks

BERT HICKS is one of the pseudonyms with which Albert C. Hicks likes to complicate his life. While he was getting a story in Haiti a few months ago, the chief of the secret police tried to make something of the fact that his credentials read Bert, and his passport, Albert C.—and charged him with being an agent provocateur. He is Albert C. Hicks on the cover of his recent book about Rafael Trujillo, called *Blood in the Streets*. He has worked on newspapers, most latterly on the *World Journal*, of San Juan, Puerto Rico; once he took a shot at the brokerage business in Chicago, and at script writing in Hollywood.

Peter Bowman

PETER BOWMAN is the author of *Beach Red*, a novel which was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for December of '45. He studied journalism at Medill, Northwestern University, then switched to engineering at Columbia, where he earned his tuition writing Burma Shave road signs. After a few years as a designer of precision machinery for Anaconda Copper, he was bothered by the old yen for publication work and became associate editor of *Popular Science Monthly*. During the war he served in the combat engineers and as a correspondent for *Air Force*, official journal of the AAF.

ROBERT SWITZER has a dual nationality, having been born twenty-three years ago, in Portland, Oregon, and moved almost immediately to Canada. Not long ago he traded Toronto for Miami; he considers this the best swap he ever made. Among the features which endear the Florida city to him are the fact that nine out of ten of its clocks don't work, and its nearness to Havana. It was just after a trip to Cuba, incidentally, that he wrote *No End to Anything*.

Irving Wallace

IRVING WALLACE went to Hollywood more than a decade ago to write a syndicated movie column. For awhile he worked as a free-lance correspondent, because: "I had always been a repressed Richard Harding Davis. An earlier trip had convinced me travel was the life. With two companions I bummed through Mexico, Panama, Colombia, Cuba. I wrote nauseatingly romantic weekly articles for Midwestern newspapers. Under the influence of that gay boy, the late Dick Halliburton, I did things that revolt me now. I climbed a 17,000-foot, snow-capped mountain, Ixtaccihuatl, outside Mexico City, in two days and one night. I went into the Honduras jungles and discovered a freak of nature called the Fountain of Blood and helped put it into the Central American geography books. A year before Pearl Harbor I was in Tokyo, living a life of genuine intrigue in and out of the Imperial Hotel. I did research for an article on Konoye, which appeared in Esquire, April, 1941, revealing how Japan was stripping for action. I got an exclusive interview with Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka just after he signed the Axis Pact with Hitler. As a result my life was threatened in Honolulu by the Japanese Consul. The FBI gave me protection; Army Intelligence met me in San Francisco and took over portions of my material. In the Army I was classified as a writer, did films for the AAF and the Signal Corps. By the time this achieves print I will be in Europe with my wife, Sylvia. She is a bright blonde who can't cook, but reads all my stories twice. Until recently she was Western Editor of Dell Publications."

LT. E. RALPH RUNDELL is a Transport Service Officer, who shuttles back and forth between the States and Europe; during the war he did duty as a B-24 pilot in England with the 8th AAF. In civilian life he has written advertising and personnel-training copy, and has edited two small newspapers.

Joseph E. Newton

JOSEPH E. NEWTON lived in England during the first World War, and between schools he slipped out to sea for a couple of years with the Merchant Marine. After teaching in a university, he entered the American Foreign Service; most of his time thereafter was spent in Japan, China, Malaya and Latin America. He says: "Awhile back we decided to make a change. My wife and I are now in the hills of southern Indiana raising two pretty, bad little girls, hunting, fishing, acquiring rejection slips and fixing up an old house. With proceeds from the sale of *The Case of Captain Thompson*, we are going to get a bird dog and name him 'Esquire'."

SELECTING A FINE GIFT? *You're* **Sure** ... *when you say*

Gold

SELECTING A FINE WHISKEY? *You're* **Sure** ... *when you say*

Seagram's

Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
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FINE WHISKIES
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Say **Seagram's** *and be* **Sure** ... *of Pre-War Quality*

BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Seagram's 5 Crown, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram's 7 Crown, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.
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Father, dear Father

COME DOWN OFF THE SHELF!

Life isn't over . . . just because you have a daughter big enough to wash behind her own ears. You can still whistle, and I've got something for you that will make them whistle right back. It's not a fad, Dad . . . it's Seaforth . . . it's heather-in-the-breeze . . . and it'll brighten each new day for you with That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling.

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FOR MEN

Shaving Mug
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Men's Talc
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Men's Hand Soap
Liquid Shaving Soap

SET E . . . To set Dad up for a better day, every day, here's the Seaforth Shaving Mug, Shaving Lotion and Men's Talc . . . $3 plus tax.

SET F . . . Good Grooming with capital G's . . . Shaving Mug, Shaving Lotion, Men's Talc, Hairdressing and Men's Soap . . . $5 plus tax.

FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 16th

That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling is something any lad's or lassie's Dad will be grateful for . . . especially if he has a yen for young ideas . . . and whose Dad hasn't, down in his heart! Seaforth's famous grooming essentials, with their refreshing air of Highland heather and fern, come in a variety of smart gift sets — $2 to $7 plus tax, and single items are $1 each, plus tax. At top department, drug and men's stores everywhere. Alfred D. McKelvy Company, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20.

SET H . . . The Big Seven—Shaving Mug, Shaving Lotion, Men's Talc, Men's Cologne, Men's Deodorant, Hairdressing and Men's Hand Soap . . . $7 plus tax.

Is there a pipeful of "Country Doctor" in the house?

Why of course! Cool as a sea breeze. Mild as a cloudless day. It's Tops in Tobacco. A satisfying smoking experience—

Country Doctor *Pipe Mixture*

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25 Pleasureful Pipefuls 25¢

TRY IT TODAY

If your dealer doesn't have it—write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Dept. F6, 119 Fifth Ave., New York

BREATH ODORS GO

when you place a few drops of

MIST

Charm of the Redwoods

on the tip of your tongue. A refreshing answer to ash-tray breath, MIST is a must for men.

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FAVORITE...

Those who appreciate the finest beer choose famous Kingsbury Pale Beer. The full, mellow flavor *never varies.*

Kingsbury
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KINGSBURY BREWERIES CO., Manitowoc & Sheboygan, Wis.

Painting the Town with Esquire

SONG QUEEN Jane Froman, afore whose feet the wolf pack purrs, is rapturing 'em at the Copacabana, and Jan Murray is making with the satire and nonsense. Desi Arnaz and his rumba shakers provide the music the Samba Sirens float on . . . Green grow the noodles at Zucca's, 118 West 49th, long-standing, Chianti-sluiced dispensary of broiled shrimps, chicken cutlet Milanaise, and other delectables . . . With George Paxton and his band packing the Hotel Pennsylvania's Café Rouge, table shortage matches room shortage.

WACKY JACKIE MILES is dizzying the doings at Lou Walters' Latin Quarter . . . The Park Central Hotel has gotten itself a glitterous new Mermaid Room dedicated to moisture. Its mermaids aren't real but the fancy fish in the tanks are . . . English sole, finny aristocrat, has rejoined the menus of various de luxe spots, brought in by Lucien Prince, most magnificent of fishmongers, who is rumored to be Neptune's secret agent . . . In a startling burst of confidence, Louis Diat, world renowned ruler of the kitchens of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel and originator of Vichyssoise Soup and such, has revealed the secrets of his art—or, rather, those that can be handled by amateurs—in a new tome, *Louis Diat's Home Cook Book.* If every home had these Diatetics, nobody would roam . . . Excitement at the zingy Café Zanzibar is topped with Cab Calloway in full sizzle and the four Charioteers selling harmonies you can't buy in the best of barber shops.

GASOLINE junketeers going to Holland Tunnel territory have much to head for. Newark's Essex House is a natural, with its just-broken-out Carousel supper club. Off the beaten trail at 882 Prospect Ave. (still Newark) is the For-Hills Restaurant, eminently worth-while as to food and wines, plus small orchestra. West Orange boasts Mayfair Farms, with gala eats, atmosphere and dancing; and the Exotic Moresque, operated by a Perona daughter and her husband; and Old-English-mooded Rod's (Northfield Ave.), a good bet in anybody's book. In Cedar Grove there's (Route 23) Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook, pet of the younger set on account of top name bands. Milburn has Bill Naue's ever cherished Chanticler, with its two bars and big dine and dance room offering Maximilian Bergere's music. Just off Route 29, Dunellen, there's Blue Hills Plantation, dance melodied by personable Mace Irish and his crew—nice place, nice crowd, nice evening.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

Announcing the Wedding
Anniversary Greetings
Happy Birthday
WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
Finest Quality
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PUERTO RICAN RUM

On Festive Occasions

Ronrico's high quality is preferred for all types of drinks.

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RONRICO*
Best RUM *bar none**

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Distinctive
Father's Day
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Looking for a different and distinctive gift? Here is one people exclaim about . . . show with pride . . . use with appreciation. The Carving Aid is an outstanding example of fine plated ware and a worthy addition to the proudest silver service of any pattern. It is valued by both sides of the family for its beauty and for its usefulness in making carving the gracious ceremony it is intended to be. At jewelers and gift shops. In rich gift package.

GERITY-MICHIGAN DIE CASTING CO.
ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

Actual Size
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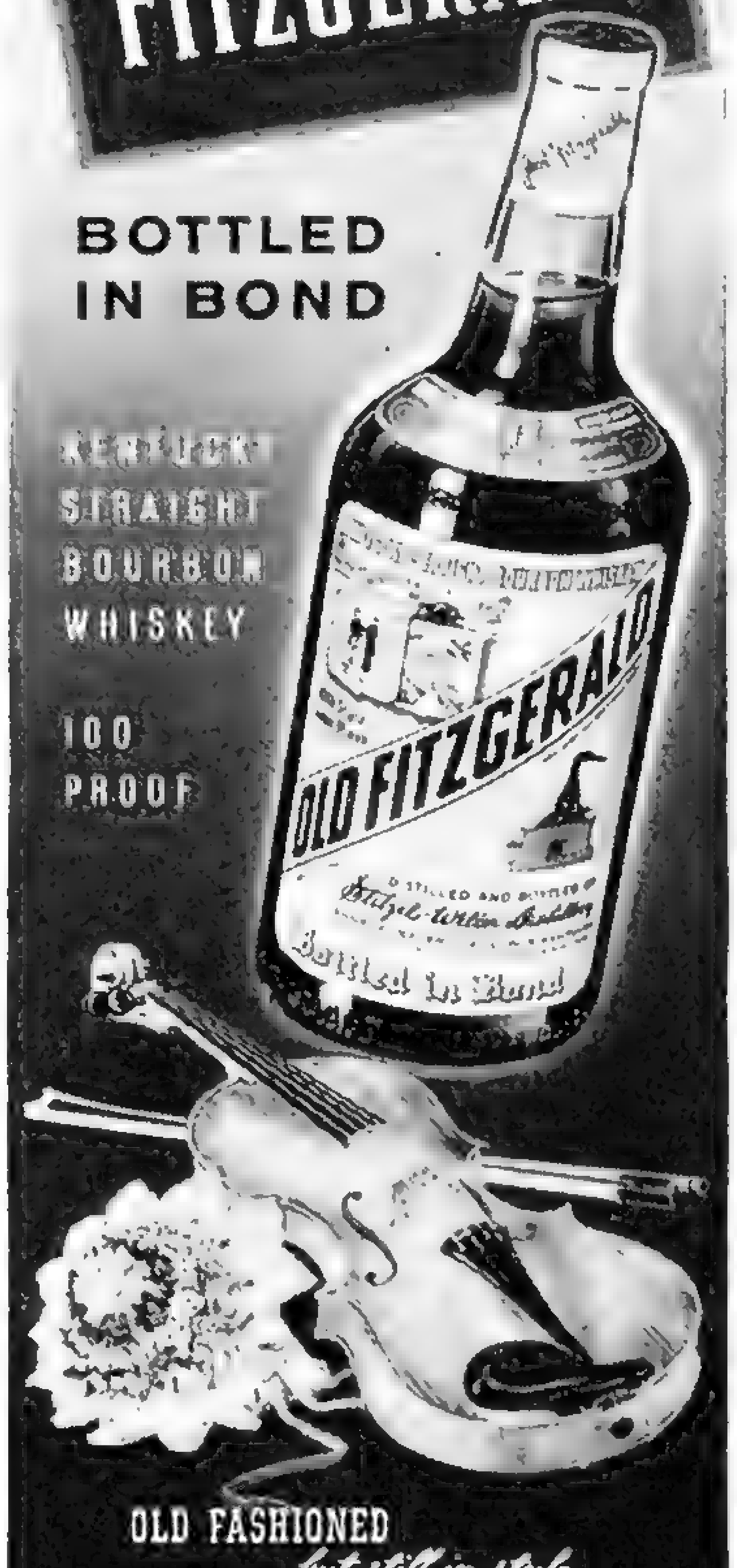
OLD FITZGERALD

BOTTLED IN BOND

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

100 PROOF



OLD FASHIONED
but still in style

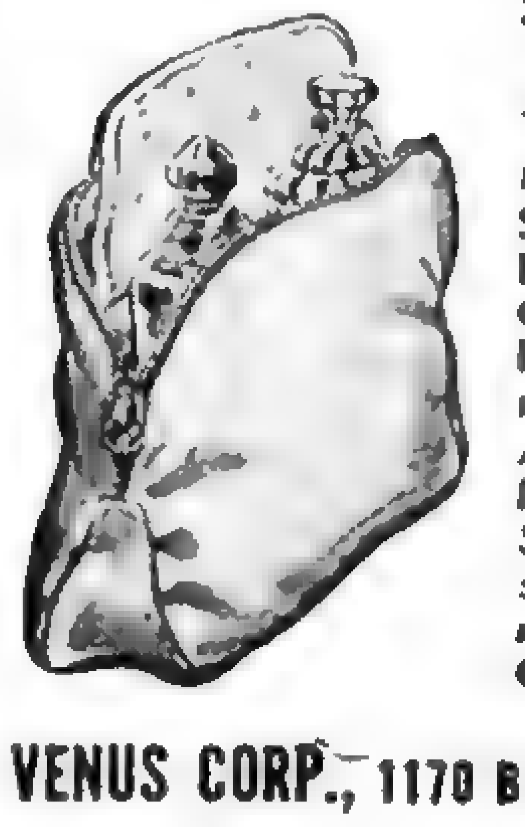
STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, INC.
SHIVELY, KENTUCKY

New! **LIQUIDS CAN'T SPILL IN SUITCASE!**

ingenious new
VENUS BOTTLE GUARD
protects bottles while travelling

No More Bottles Breaking, Leaking or Spilling in your Bag. A Smart Looking, Practical Gift for Every Traveller.

You can now travel safely with bottled liquids—liquor, hair tonic, medicine, etc. Venus Bottle Guard protects bottles from breaking, leaking, spilling. Patented design of special suede-like, liquid-proof material. Highly absorbent padding. Zipper closing. Compact. Saves time and bulk in wrapping. Saves emergency cleaning of ruined clothes. In Quart, Pint and ½ Pint Sizes.



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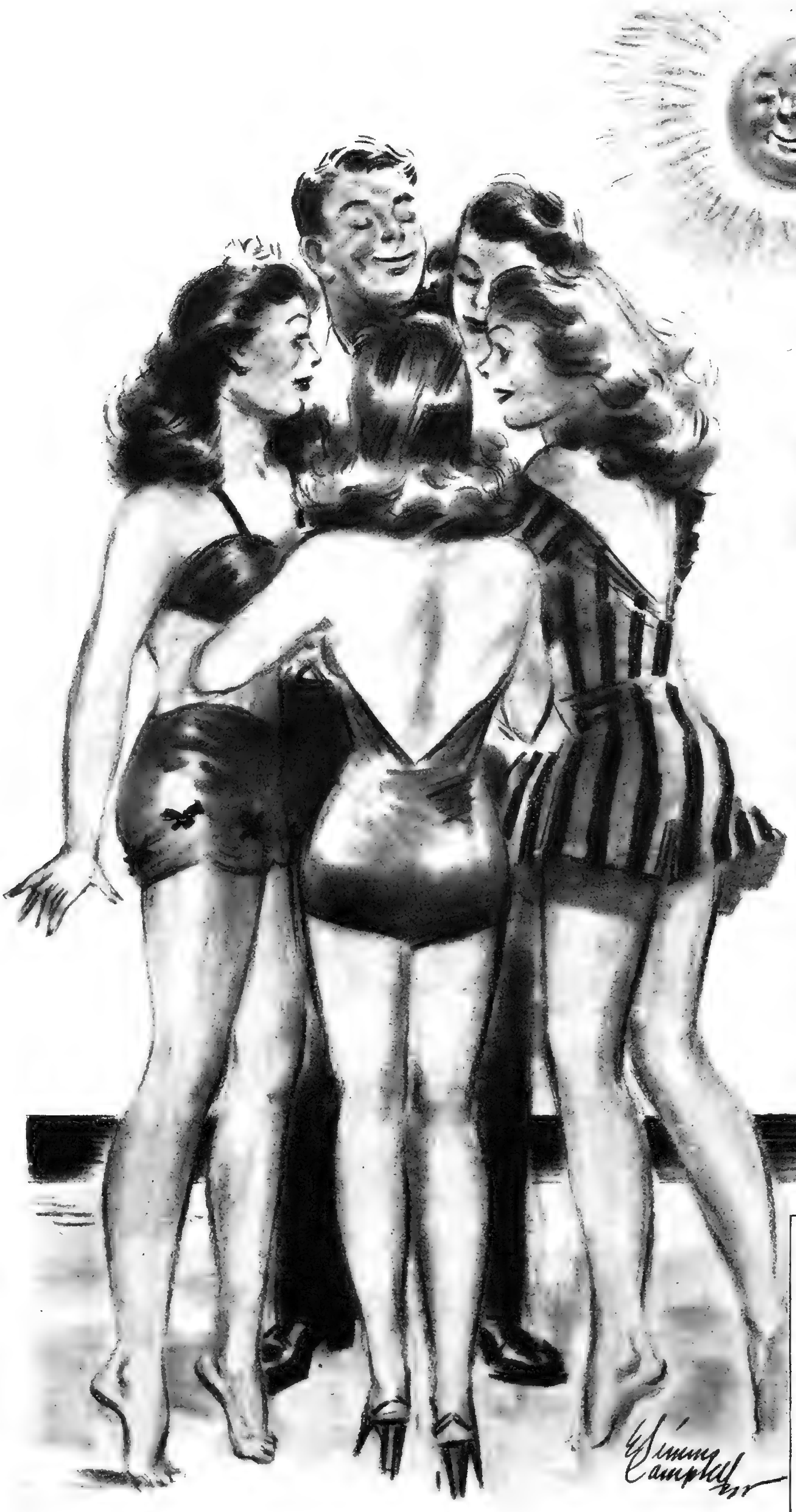
Special Venus Perfume Bottle Guard carries two bottles in separate pockets.

At Dept. Stores, Luggage, Gift Shops. If your store doesn't carry Venus Bottle Guard, write us.
Dept. E-7

VENUS CORP., 1170 B'WAY, New York 1, N. Y.



What's the big attraction?

You can't blame the girls for going for the man who wears a new *MANHATTAN* TERRACE Sportshirt. It's casual, colorful, beautifully tailored.

Equally important, the TERRACE is a mighty practical shirt, too. You can wash it repeatedly without changing size and without fading—because it's made of a new rayon LABTEX *washable* FABRIC. (Average residual shrinkage 1 per cent or less.)

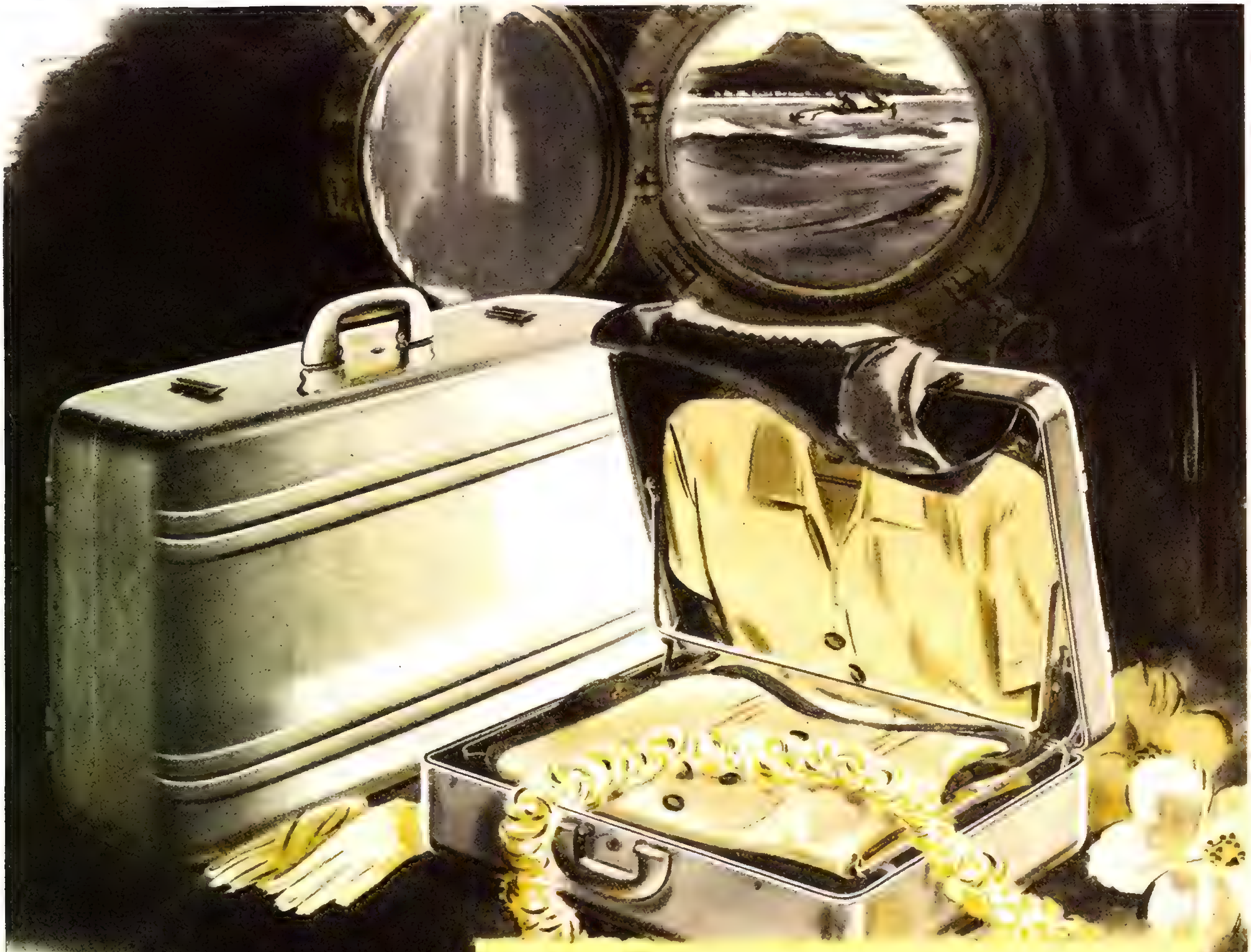
Fashioned in a number of exciting summer shades by the makers of those fine *MANHATTAN* Shirts. But, if you want one, you'd better shop early. The supply is limited!

Manhattan
Terrace Sportshirts

A Labtex WASHABLE Fabric

MADE BY THE MANHATTAN SHIRT CO.

Copr. 1946, The Manhattan Shirt Co.



The handsomely lined and appointed Pullman Case and Lady's Wardrobe Case . . . two of ten Halliburtons now available at fine luggage and department stores

This is the new air-tight luggage

. . . guaranteed to protect its contents
from all the harms of altitude, dust and mildew

Come see what has happened in luggage—how your belongings may now travel through highest airs, dripping tropics or over dusty deserts in perfect security.

Halliburton has created Travel Cases of a hard, yet lightweight alloy of aluminum. With this new material it is possible to achieve precision fit between the halves . . . to align them on a single, case-length hinge . . . and to cinch fast the closure with tension latches on a cushion of live rubber. The result is an *air-tight* case. One that locks out moisture, mildew, dust, protects contents even from changes in the atmosphere.

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So wherever, however, you go, your Halliburton will be handsome company. It will care perfectly for your belongings through all the years ahead. Every case is registered and guaranteed to give you such a lifetime of service. Erle P. Halliburton, Inc., Los Angeles, California.

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Halliburton

CREATED TO CARRY YOUR BELONGINGS
IN PERFECTION . . . THROUGHOUT YOUR LIFETIME

Painting the Town with Esquire

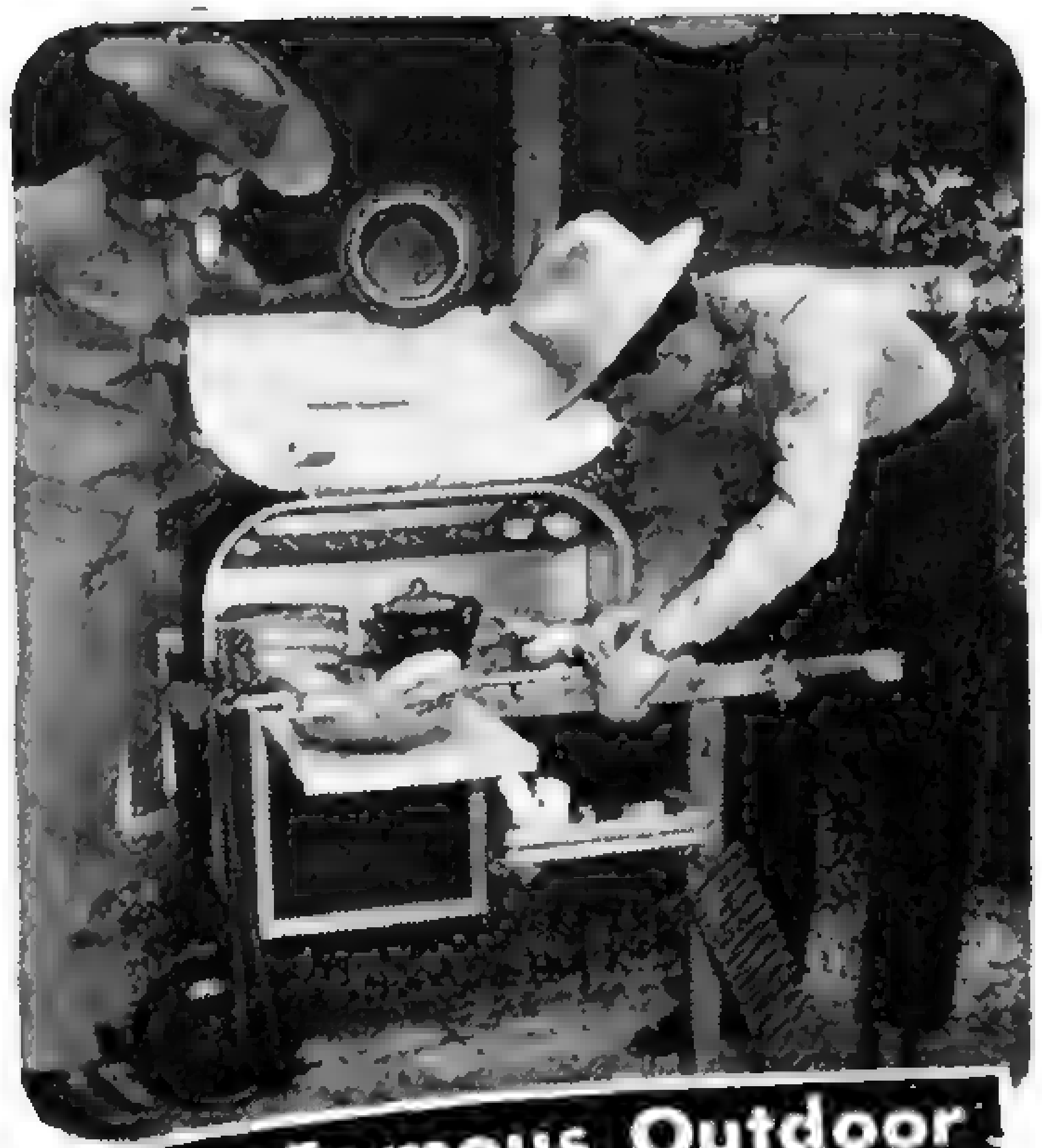
SOCIAL WHIRLAROO at the not too rugged St. Regis (Vincent Astor, innkeeper) has adjourned to the enchantment-rife Roof. Paul Sparr and his tune slickologists are on the stand between the twin candelabra, big as bushes, with Hammond organ happy Theodora Brooks and her crew intermezzoing. The three-room Penthouse des cocktails, newly redécored, is an auspicious spa to assemble in before parading to the Roof proper, where maître de hospitalities John Kroll bows ambassadorially.

THERE'S NO CEILING on zany doings at Freddie Lamb's triumphantly reborn 18 Club, 131 West 52nd. Comedians Roy Sedley, Alan Stone, and rotund Marko bounce cracks off your ego, but the song gals are eye-soothing (especially Gaye Dixon), and the steaks and chops gizzard-gladdening.

YOUR turn-to-the-right instinct is your guide at Henri's—officially Henri le Confiseur, 15 East 52nd. As you enter, it steers you to the pre-meal whetment department, smartly appointed; it veers you again toward the counter where Henri candies, brioches, and pastries flaunt their fame. Events in between, range from smoked salmon, cocktail of sea fodder and soup of ze onion, to frogs' limbs, sweetbreads, filet mignon, casserolled this and that, to Henri ice creams, fruited and set afire with brandy and liqueurs. However, the management doesn't insist that you eat if you've merely come to shop. (That gentleman over there on the third bar stool is a "thoughtful husband" who dropped in to get a pound of chocolates and suddenly thought he'd have a Manhattan. He's now mulling the possibility of another.)

MANY'S THE OSTRICH that has suffered a loss of tail feathers, many's the rhinestone that has sparkled demurely, in the twenty-five years since the sachem of Sullivan Street, Jimmy Kelly, unveiled his unique night spot, which now ranks as New York's oldest, with a coast to coast clientele. "Solly" Sarnatora, who was in charge of the kitchen that opening evening, is still there plying his wizardry. Tony the headwaiter is a double-decader, which gives him five years seniority over the Montmartre Boys, that trio of song and spiel with Vaughn Comfort tenoring, Ira Yarnell barítoning, and Danny Higgins at the ivories. On the feminine side, however, new faces are tolerated even by Mr. Kelly's most conservative patrons.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.



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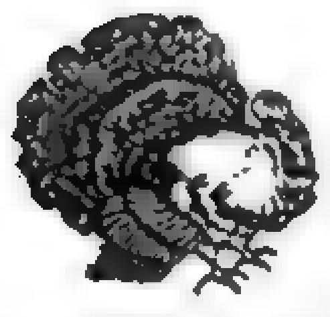

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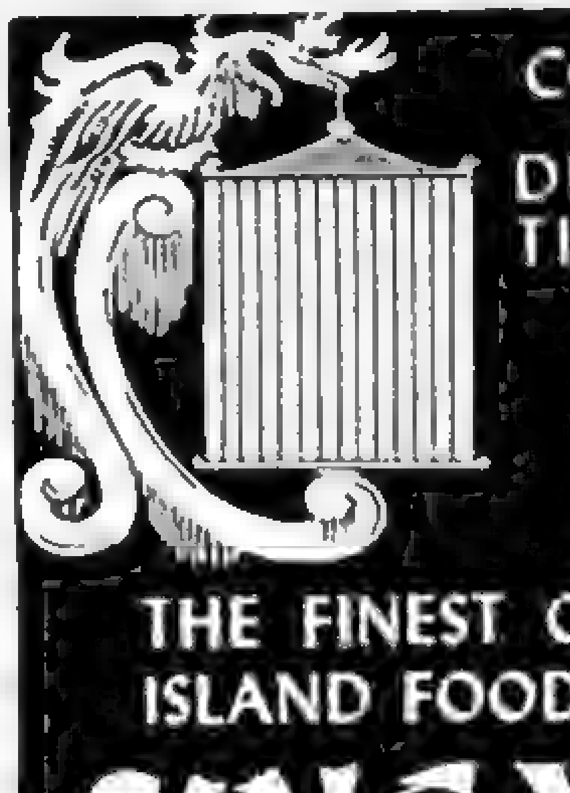

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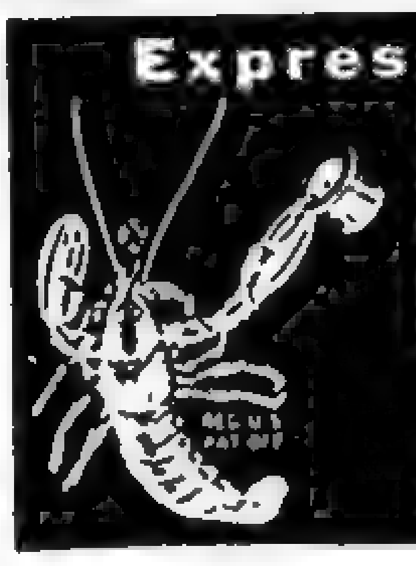

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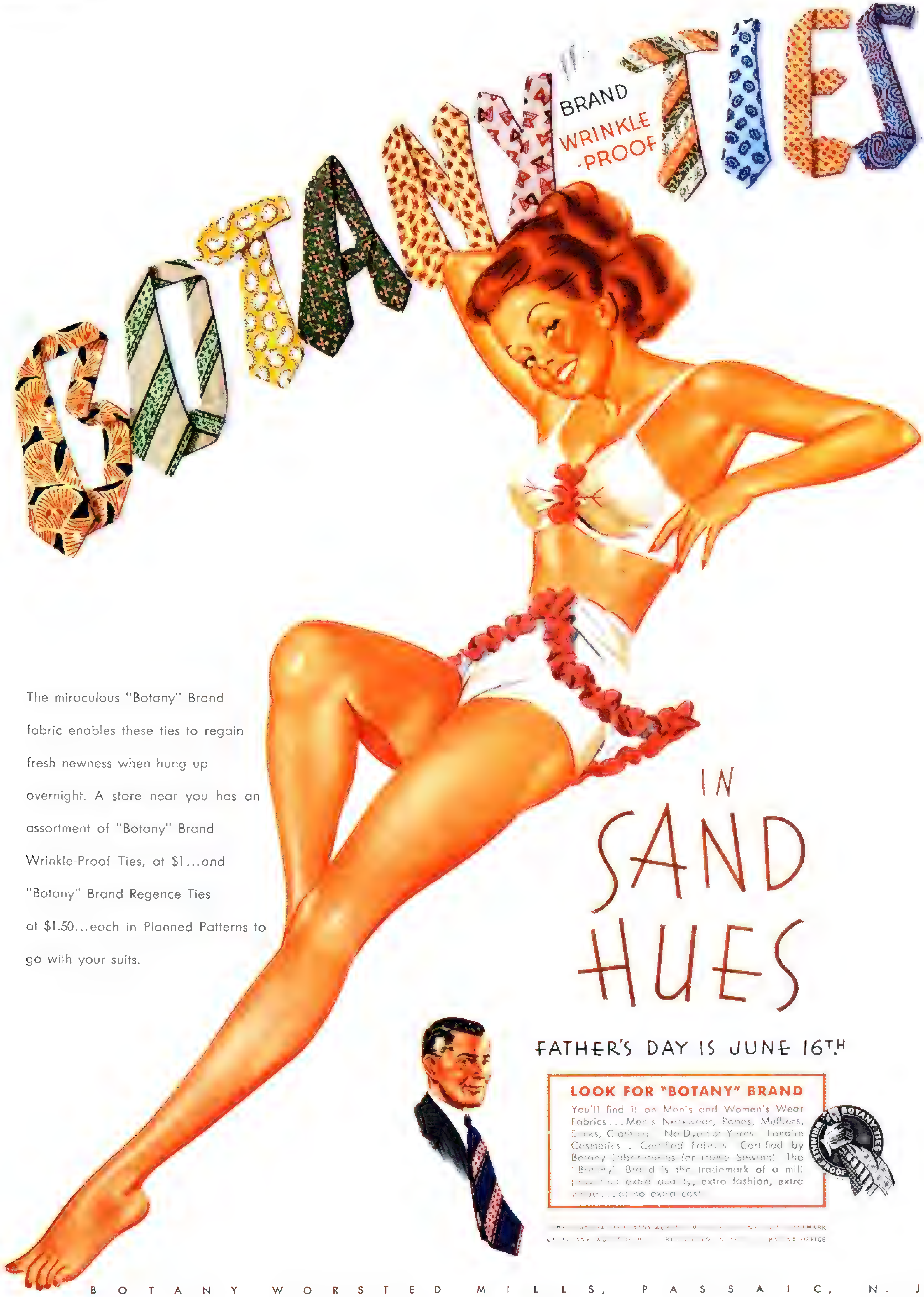

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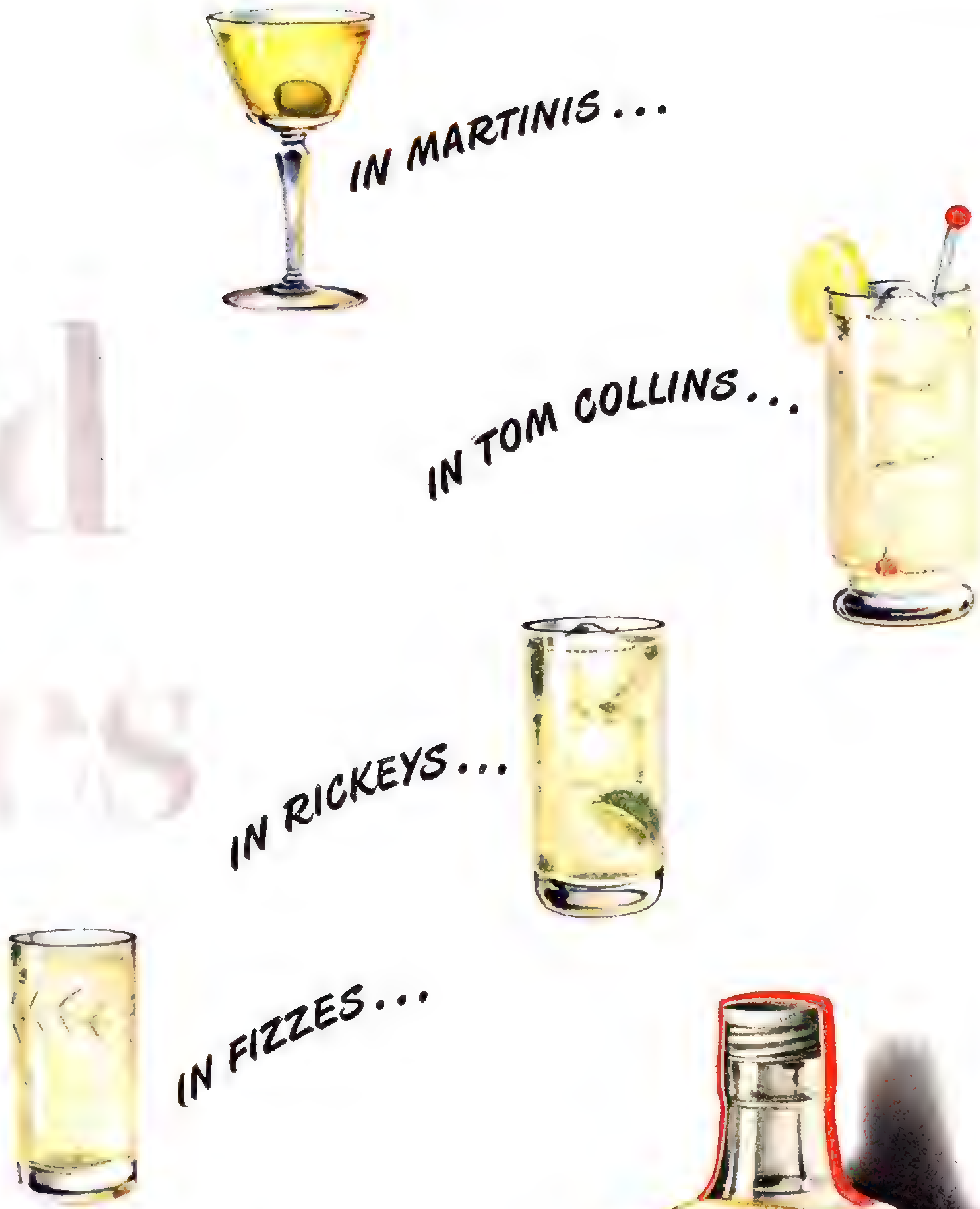
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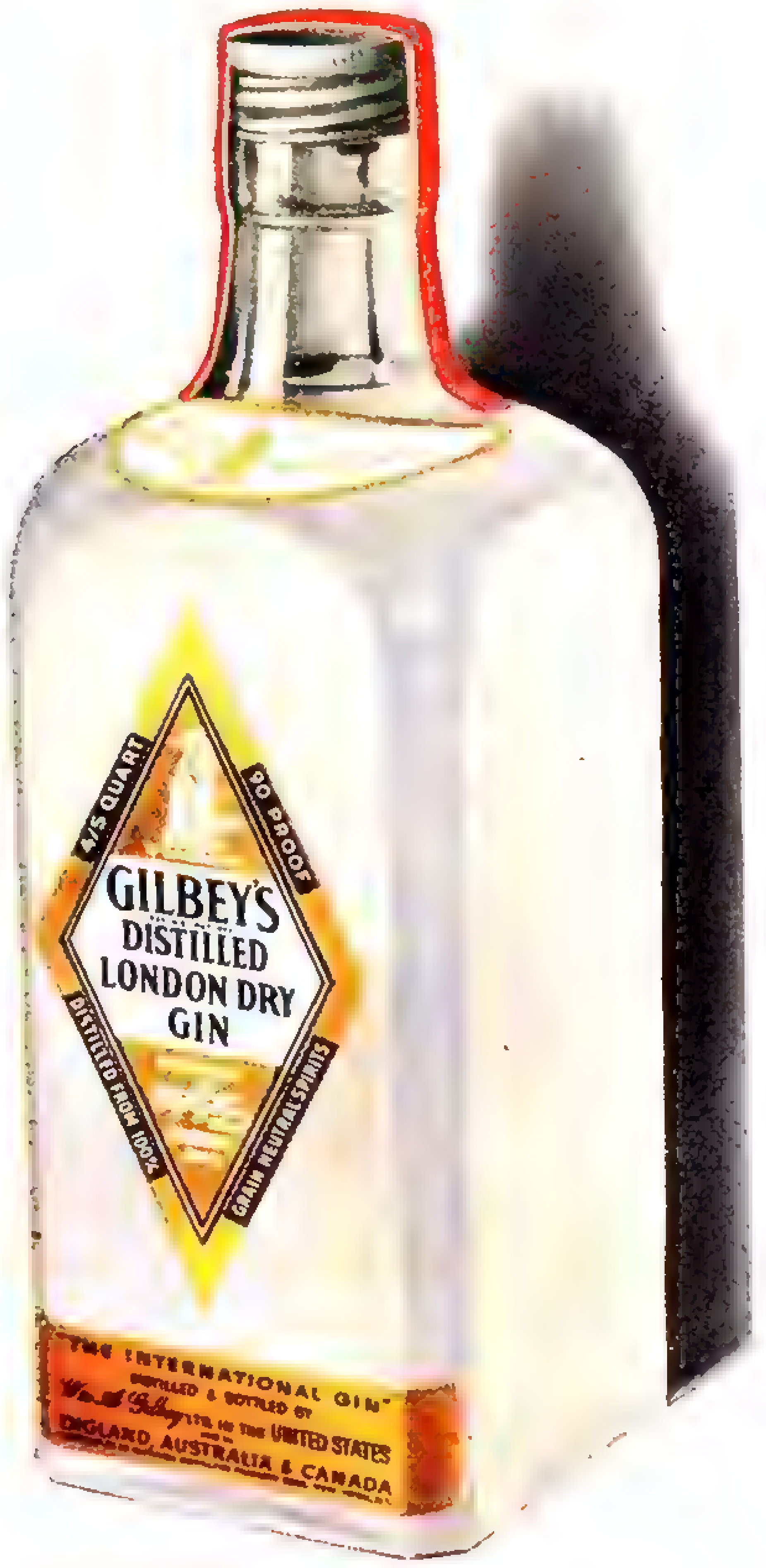
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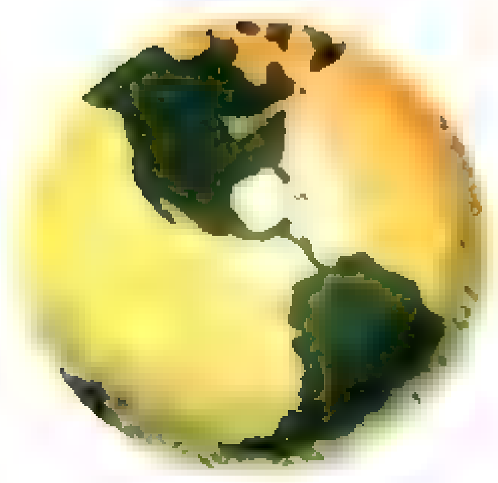

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

A covey of Americans, armed with Yankee dollars, are living a life Riley would envy in tres-gay and inflated Budapest

High Time in Hungary

by ARNOLD GINGRICH

SADER

This article is the first by Esquire's European editor, forwarding his home thoughts from abroad. His manuscript, written in one country, was postmarked in another, and he was last heard from in a third. When next he finds a spot to rest his typewriter (perhaps in country No. 4) we may expect another report. May it be soon. —THE EDITORS

THERE is an expatriate poet of some prewar fame and greater postwar ignominy who once wrote an archaic little rhyme that included the lines . . .

> *". . . but I would rather have my sweet,*
> *Though rose-leaves die of grieving,*
> *Than do high deeds in Hungary*
> *Beyond all men's believing."*

These lines are not now inscribed above the portals of the American military mission in Budapest, but they might as well be.

And it is appropriate that an expatriate poet wrote them. For of all the places where there arose a clamor of G.I.s' demands for speedier redeployment, Budapest was conspicuous by its absence.

The members of our military mission there, which is not large and hardly overburdened with work, are quite frankly not concerned about how soon, if ever, they can go back to America.

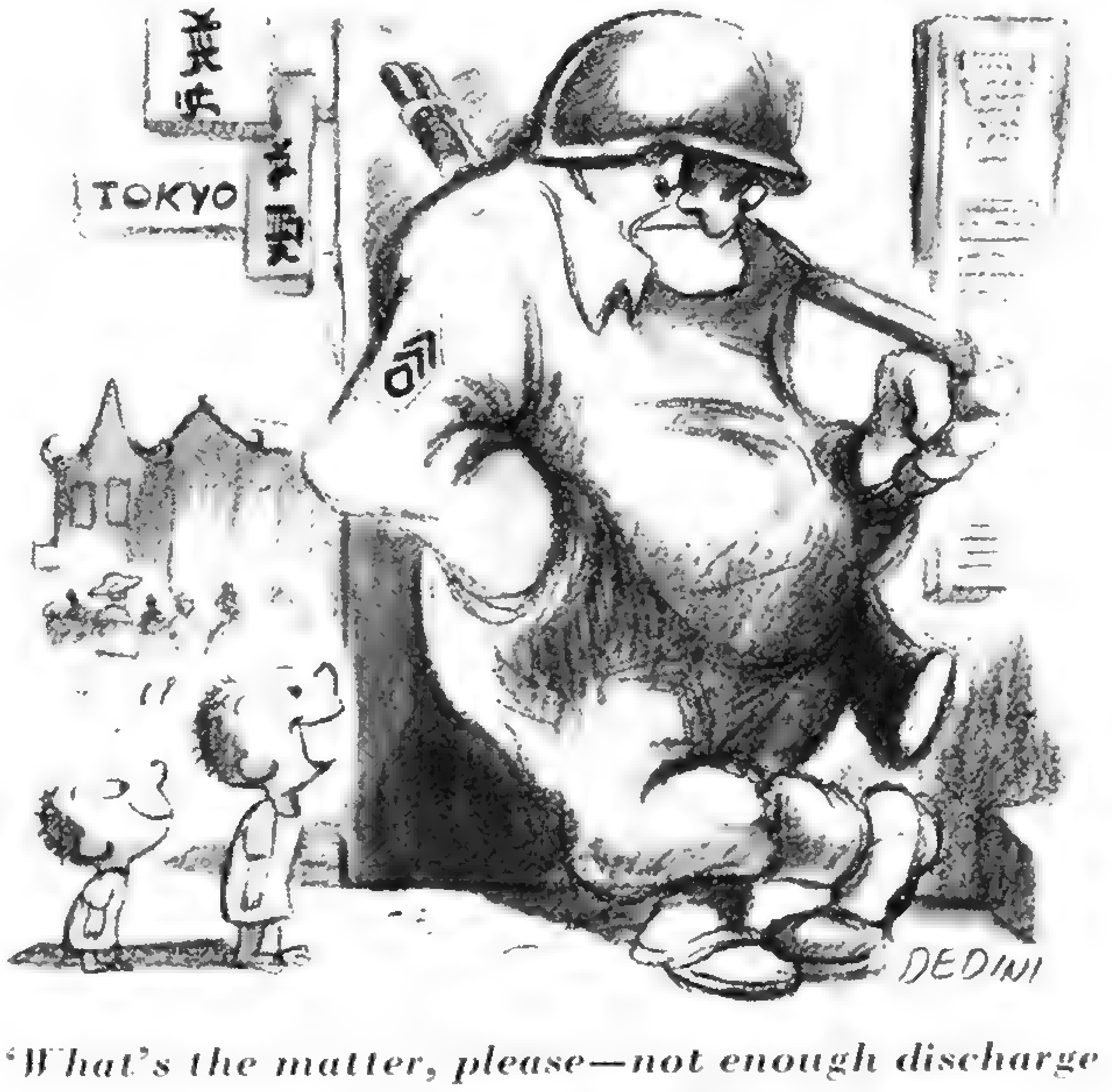
"Hell," said one who might very well have been speaking for most, "I should worry about going home! I never had it so good." The mission's work was defined by one of its members, with perhaps only slightly more cynicism than accuracy, as the duty of saying "Yes" to the Russians. This takes a minimum of time, and leaves a lot of the day and all of the night for the enjoyment of as hectic a round of gaiety as New York, for instance, even in the heyday of the speakeasy twenties, never could have duplicated.

To match the present insensate pursuit of pleasure in Budapest you would have to add to the flagrant flaunting of law in Prohibition New York of the Flaming Youth-Jazz Age the frenzied finance of Berlin in the bushel-basket-of-bills phase of the Inflation Period that followed the first World War.

For Hungary is going through the final rocketing phases of an inflation that simply can't last indefinitely but, until it ends, will apparently go on endowing the dollar with a daily increasing and now almost dizzying power. In one week this winter the Hungarian pengö, which before the war was worth five to the dollar, dwindled from 810,000 pengös to the dollar on Monday to 960,000 to the dollar on Saturday afternoon. And it is in this intoxicatingly powerful dollar that the Americans in Budapest are paid, unlike their colleagues in uniform in Western Europe, who are paid only in carefully controlled and officially stabilized monies of the countries they occupy. Thus Budapest has, in the members of our military mission, about a hundred and fifty new millionaires. This small and select group, which is top-heavy with high brass, has only a relative handful of G.I.s. But the latter are in a sense the most select of this envied clique of potentates in uniform, for most of them were chosen for assignment to Budapest because they had already been there before the war, or at least came from Hungarian families and could speak the almost impossibly difficult language. These are the boys who are really cashing in for tomorrow, whereas a lot of the officers are only wistfully hoping that, somehow, tomorrow will never come. For while the officers may have a more dazzling collection of babes to keep him more or less constant company, the G.I. is apt to have the added, and much more lasting, enjoyment represented by a collection of deeds to apartments and office buildings tucked away in his hip pocket. But both of them can, with rare exceptions, agree that in America they "never had it so good."

And as tales of how good it is in Budapest keep drifting back to other points in Europe, Vienna gets filled with more and more Americans in uniform who are lined up waiting their turn for a Russian permit to pass from the Inter-Allied Area represented by Vienna into the wholly Russian area of occupation in which Budapest lies. The Vienna Press Camp, for instance, is chronically crowded with correspondents waiting for Russian clearance to Budapest. This is never easy to get, and seems to be granted, revoked, revised or recalled, with a wholly mystifying lack of logic. Added piquancy is lent to the business of sweating out a Russian pass to Budapest by the fact that the Russian guards at their various road blocks and control points between Vienna and Budapest have an uncanny knack for throwing into jail those correspondents who have perfectly valid Russian permits, treating them with a brusqueness which is only exceeded by the genial hospitality with which they welcome those correspondents whose credentials are as palpably phony as a twelve-dollar bill. This has led more and more correspondents (goaded by wires from their home offices which have ordered them to Budapest and can't understand why they keep on hanging around Vienna anywhere from three weeks to three months, and also worried by the fact that the long awaited Russian pass may not be respected by the sentries when and if it is ever received), to take a chance at traveling the 250 kilometers from Vienna to Budapest with next to no authorization.

Usually any correspondent who has a car and finally gets a road pass is ganged by other correspondents who want him to take them along. More often than not he does and more often than not it works. One correspondent who had twice gone through with slightly phony papers without being jailed, *(Continued on page 149)*

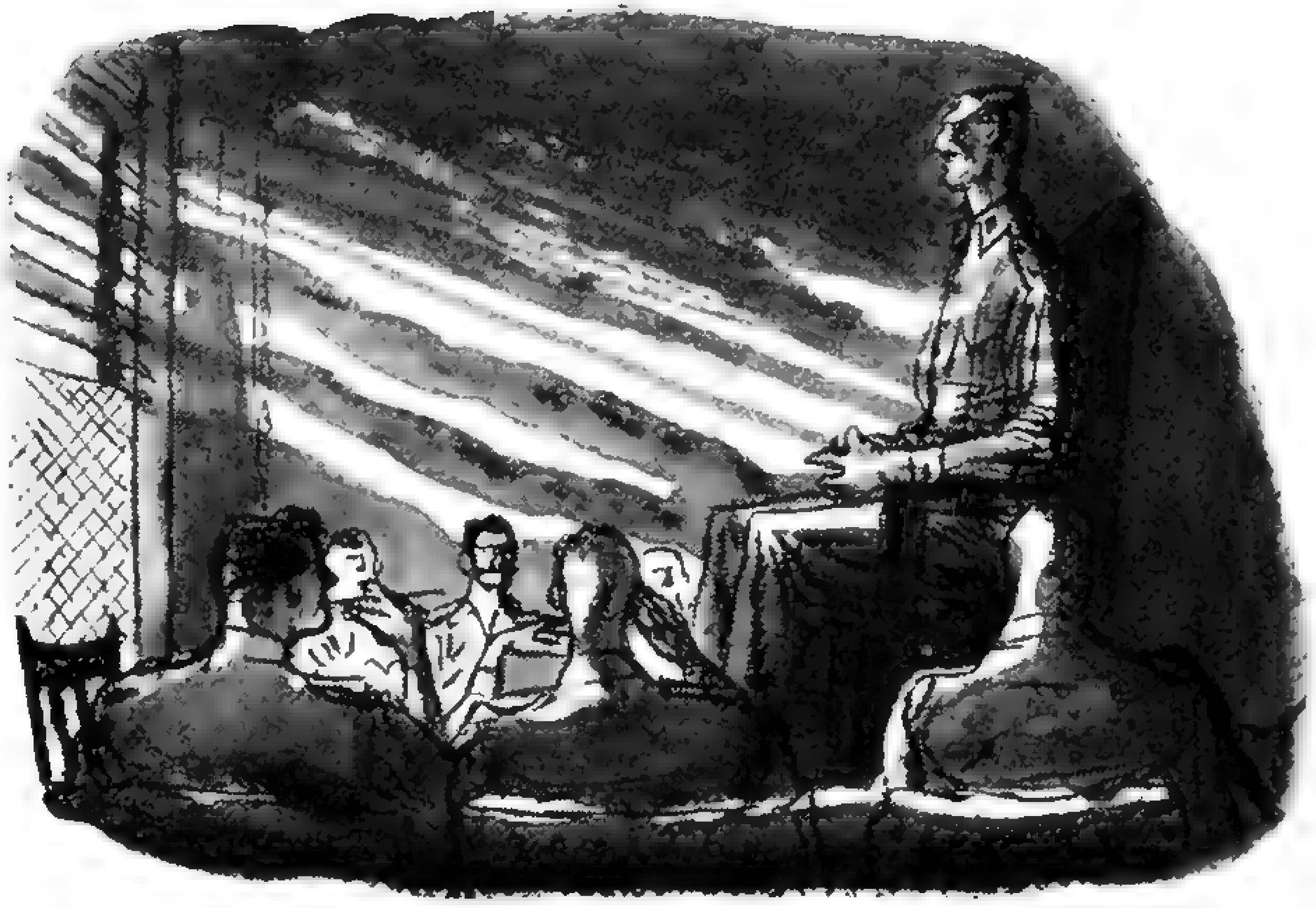


"What's the matter, please—not enough discharge points perhaps?"

They accused him of leading his men into danger and then running away under fire

The Case of Captain Thompson

by JOSEPH EMERSON NEWTON



GREENHALGH

After the war on Okinawa they came for Captain Thompson. They put handcuffs on him, and led him under guard to the tin-roofed shack where the general, the colonel, and the major were waiting to hear his case. But before he entered, one of his sergeants routed out some men and lined them up, and as Captain Thompson passed they presented arms in his honor.

All day long Captain Thompson sat white-lipped and silent while men and officers of his command testified that he had led his men too far forward on Iwo Jima, and then had run to the rear when the going was hot. The last witness before this informal court was the sergeant who had brought out the men to present arms as Captain Thompson entered to stand trial.

He sat down facing the general, the colonel, and the major, and the major asked him how long he had been in the Marines.

"I was at Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood, sir."

"How long have you served under Captain Thompson?"

"Since 1941 at Quantico."

"Have you ever noted any signs of cowardice in Captain Thompson?"

"He is a bastard, sir."

"That is not the kind of language to use before this court."

"He's a bastard just the same, sir."

"Please relate facts only, Sergeant."

"When this bastard took charge and commenced to give orders—"

"Sergeant!" The major's voice rose to a scream.

The general cleared his throat. "Let him tell it in his own way."

"He was a second looie then. He got his commission by reading about war and jumping hurdles in the officer's training school. I've had shavetails in my time, but this little squirt was the worst. He strutted about like a damned general!"

The major gasped. The colonel's shoulders shook as he made aimless marks on the scratch pad before him. The general made strangled noises in his throat. A ghost of a smile flickered over Captain Thompson's strained face. The general finally managed to speak.

"All right, Sergeant, go ahead. Tell your story in your own way."

"He went around making life miserable for all of us, and we all hated his guts before a week was out. Then we went to Guadalcanal.

"We landed on the beach, but I was more interested in hating little Lieutenant Thompson than in being scared of Japs. Most shavetails straighten out after a time. They forget how important they are when they go into action. They are so scared they forget their little gold bars. But Lieutenant Thompson got worse the closer we got to the Japs.

"We went into the jungle, and we went on until Japs popped up from behind every bush—"

The colonel asked, "Do you think he led you too far forward?"

"How the hell was he to know where the Japs were when the brass hats didn't know themselves?"

"That's a point," the general remarked.

"Did you notice whether Lieutenant Thompson was afraid?"

"He was too busy nagging us to be afraid of Japs, and we was too scared ourselves to notice if he was shaking too.

"Well, we dug in as soon as we found Japs, and the rain came down in that goddam jungle, and Japs shot at us from trees, from swamps, from huckleberry bushes, and they killed us off one by one. But they missed that bastard Thompson every time, and he was always coming around and telling us to dig our foxholes deeper, and for Christ's sake keep our heads down so the snipers wouldn't plug us. He said we didn't have much ammunition coming up, and that we were there to use it on Japs and not on land crabs. He was so ornery we woulda shot him, seeing as how the Japs missed him. But we was too busy shooting at the Japs.

"One night the Japs really came over. Their officers waved their damned swords and egged them on, and it was a picnic. I never saw so many Japs in all my life. My gun got so hot I had to stop firing, and the other guys had to stop firing because they had no more ammunition. We closed with the Japs, and I laid out a lot with my bayonet, and then I sort of sat down in the mud because I'm not as young as I used to be, and I was winded.

"Lieutenant Thompson was right in the middle of the show. He had Japs around him like dogs around a bear, and the moon was filtering down through the trees, and the mist was curling up from the ground, and it was like a movie. But I didn't go to help him because I was all in, and I wanted him killed anyway.

"Then I figured that wasn't the way to feel. He was the purest bastard that ever came out of officer's training, but he was my shavetail, and he wasn't a Jap. That was the only thing to his credit. He wasn't a Jap.

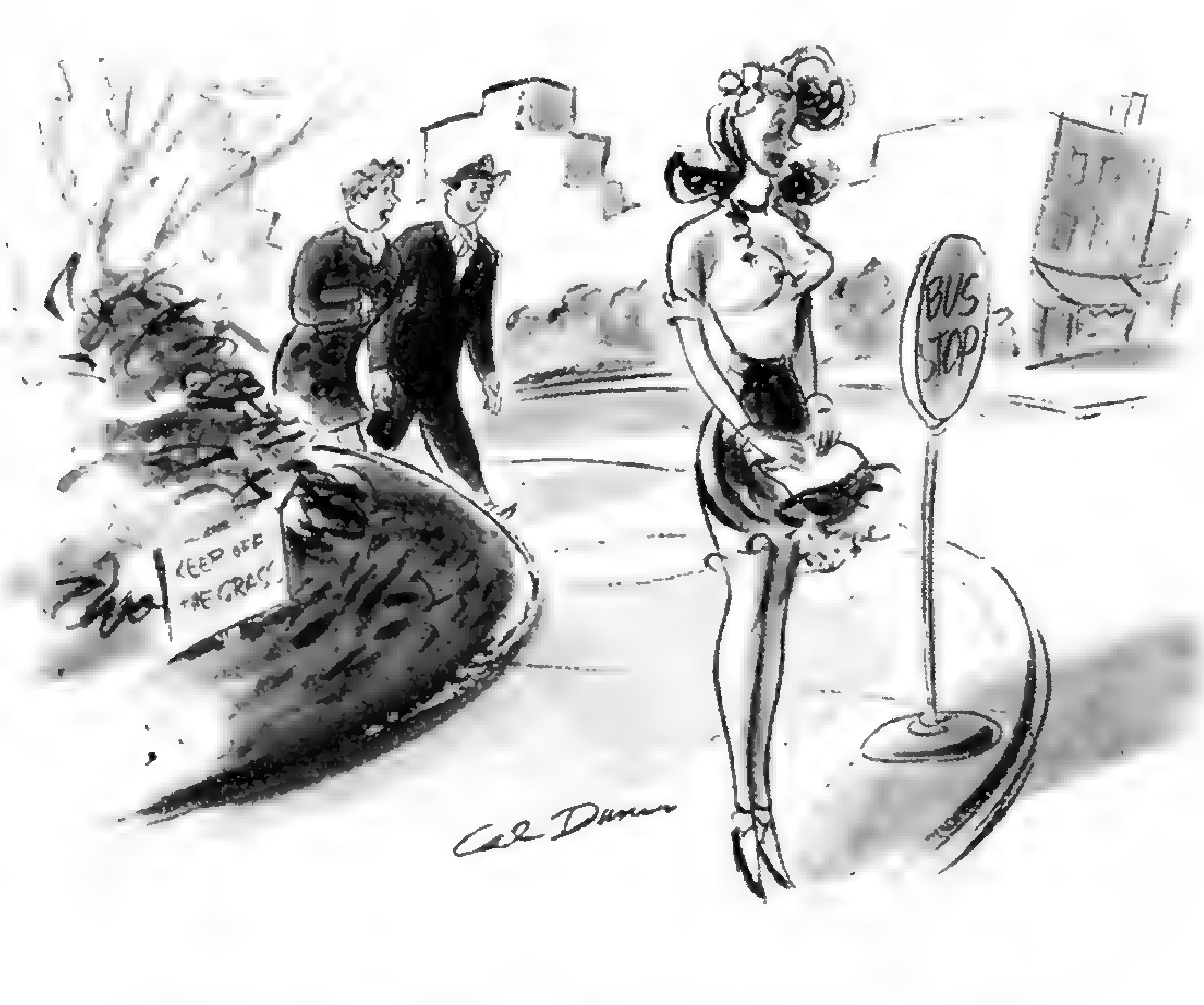
"So I staggered to my feet and went over in his direction. But he didn't need my help. He had dead Japs in piles around him. Then the rest of the Japs went back into the jungle, and Thompson looked over the scene and said, 'How in hell could he be a lieutenant when he didn't have no men any more.' He was so mad that he cried. He walked back and forth and cried and bawled us out. But we was too tired to shoot him, and there wasn't enough left to really fill him full of lead the way he deserved. Our company wouldn't make a good firing squad. We was about all dead or wounded."

The colonel said, "Wasn't there some question of Lieutenant Thompson's going up too far?"

"Yes, sir. The brass hats said something like that. They ordered us to draw back."

"Wasn't it a bit careless of Lieutenant Thompson to lead you so deep into the jungle?"

"Well our first orders were to advance until we



"Well, all right, since it's Father's Day—just one low whistle!"

contacted Japs. That's what we did—we contacted them all right."

"No sooner did they pull us out from Guadalcanal for rest and reorganization than Thompson was promoted to first lieutenant. Now when officers move up in grade they are apt to become more human, but Thompson became worse than ever. He was twice the pain-in-the-neck, and he just loved to jump on the fifteen of us who were left over from his old gang of Guadalcanal. He pestered, and nagged, and bullied. He read us the regulations before breakfast. He drilled us in the morning. He drilled us in the afternoon, and then at night we couldn't even have a good crap game without him butting in and seeing if we was behaving ourselves. Then we landed on Tarawa."

The major said, "I have in the record that Lieutenant Thompson was reprimanded officially for leading his men into a dangerous position on Tarawa."

"Official, hell! Just because some fool clerk enters something in the books don't make it true. How could we be led into a dangerous position when there wasn't a position on the whole island that wasn't dangerous?"

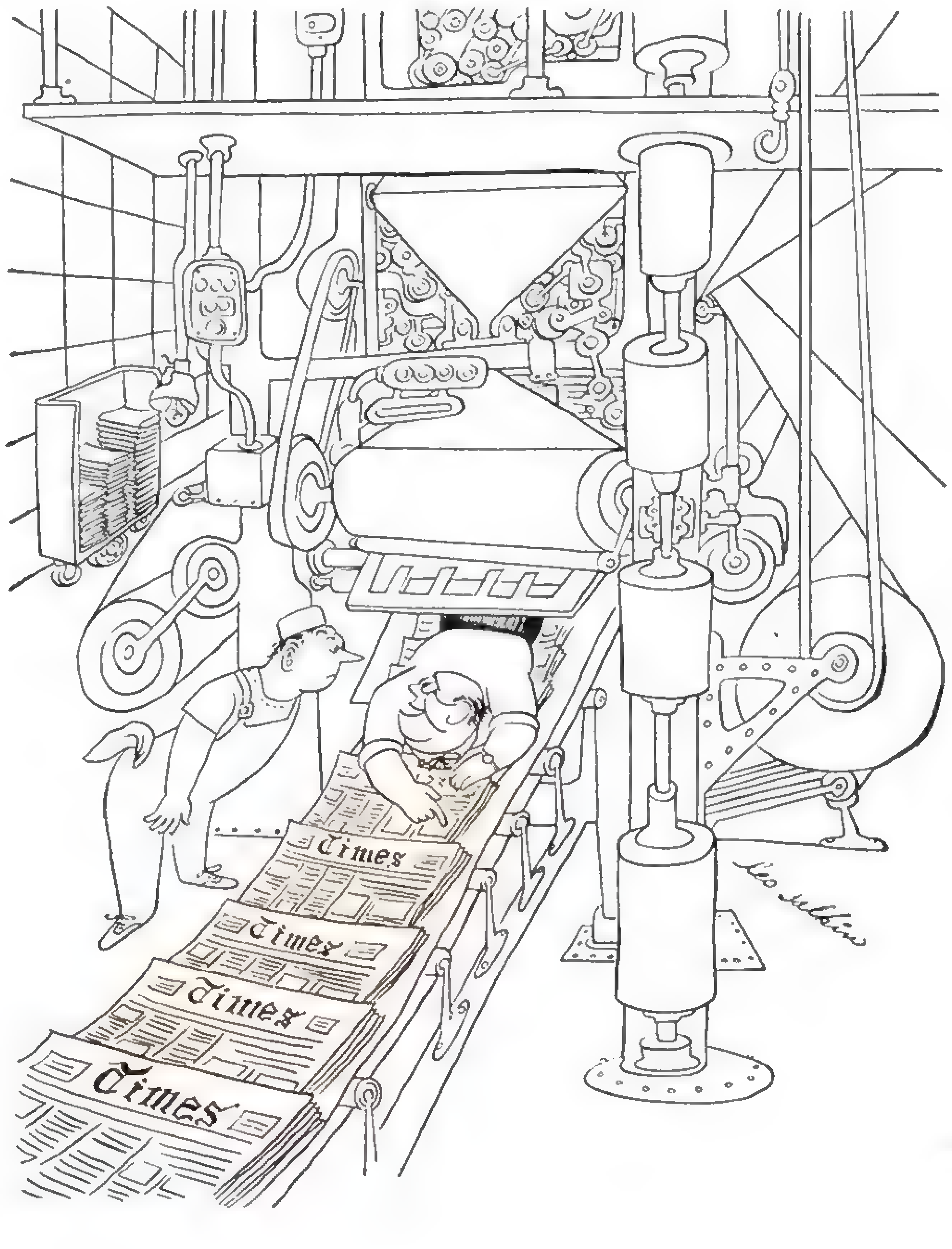
"A good point," said the general.

"Yeah, he swore at us, picked at us, and yowled and poked us until he got us off that beach and in among the pillboxes. We was being killed right and left, but we wasn't being killed as fast as we was back on that beach. We was pinned down until we could hardly breathe. There was one big pillbox right in front of us, and the tanks hadn't come up, and the flame throwers hadn't come up, and it was giving us all hell.

"Then when I was lying there in the sand, and shooting in the direction of the Japs, and wishing I were some place else, I got lonesome, and then I found I was lonesome because that snake, that skunk, that toad of a Thompson wasn't around. It was lonesome without him hollering insults in my ear.

"You can get used to anything, and we old hands was used to the little bastard. It got to be fun to watch the new kids react. Thompson would come down on them like a ton of bricks, and they'd get red in the face, and clench their fists, and bite their lips, and then they'd realize that they couldn't sock him because he was an officer. I think our gang did so well on Tarawa because everybody imagined that the Japs were Thompson, and they bumped the Japs off faster than they would have done otherwise.

"Then I looked up, and who should be on top of that big pillbox but Lieutenant Thompson. How he got there, and why he wasn't killed I can't figure out to this day. The little twerp was leaning down and throwing grenades into the portholes, and pretty soon the Japs were all dead.



"It's all right—I'm just checking my story"

"After that we moved up some more yards, and everybody was being killed, and the more men he lost the madder Thompson got. You would think he would be sorry for the guys who got it. But not him. The fewer men he had to boss the bigger the fit he threw. He was crying he was so mad."

The major said, "Perhaps he was afraid of being killed, too."

"Nuts, sir! He couldn't be killed because he was too tough to go to heaven, and too mean to go to hell.

"You can imagine how I felt when I was going to Iwo Jima to find my new captain was none other than that little louse, Thompson. I was the last of the old gang of his from Guadalcanal, and he never let me alone. He was always hanging around me and making nasty remarks. He could do a better job of swearing on me than on the new guys because he knew more about me. He knew how I drank liquor so bad at Quantico that my toenails just about flew off. He knew I was so scared in the jungle of Guadalcanal that I wet my pants. He knew I was so scared on Tarawa that my mouth was so dry I couldn't spit. He knew all those things, and a lot more, and he wouldn't let me rest. I couldn't go to sleep without having him fussing and fuming around.

"But the new guys and officers weren't taking his guff the way the old guys did. They were laying for him, I tell you, and the first chance they got they were going to get him. They weren't going to shoot him. They were too smart for that. They were going to wait and get him on the spot.

"Well, Captain Thompson got us ashore on Iwo Jima, and soon he had us right up on the ridges."

"Too far again?" the major asked.

"Somebody had to go up those ridges, sir. How was we to know that the Japs had tunnels all through those ridges, and were under us like rats in their holes? How was we to know that just when we thought we was getting somewhere the Japs popped out of the ground behind us, and there was hell to pay?

"Well, about this time I had had enough. I had crossed the Marne at Château-Thierry. I had crossed that wheat field in front of Belleau Wood. I had taken it in the jungle of Guadalcanal. I had taken it on the sand of Tarawa. But Iwo Jima was too much. It was a mess of ashes and cinders and mountains and ridges. It was the Devil's own workshop. I just sat down behind a big boulder and said 'To hell with it.' Life was too short for this sort of thing.

"Of course, all this while they were catching blue blazes up the ridge. The Japs were jumping out of the ground. It was like having corpses hop out of coffins. It was that unexpected, and everybody was catching hell.

"Just at this time Captain Thompson missed me, and he suspected I was fed up. He had been badgering me about my age for a long time. Well, he came down the ridge looking for me. He wasn't leaving the scrap. He was looking for me, and when he found me sitting on my fanny behind a nice cozy rock, he was so goddam mad that the sonofabitch just sat down and blubbered.

"Now, sirs, when they marched him off here to stand trial, I got to thinking about how he stood up in the jungle, and laid out more Japs than I did; and how he got on top of that pillbox on Tarawa and chucked grenades in at the Japs; and how he climbed the ridges of Iwo Jima when I was too scared to move.

"So I routed out my company, and I made them spruce up, and get their guns. I put some old time spit and polish into them, and also the fear of God. I got them down here, and when my captain came by with the handcuffs on, and with guards around him, like a damned criminal, I made my company stand at attention, and present arms.

"Now when I think back on all of it I know that he was mean to us because he was so worried about us. He was just a clucking mother hen over us, and when his men were killed he cried because he missed them, and was tough because he didn't want us to know how much he missed them, or how much he worried about the new guys who came into his command. He didn't care how much they hated his guts if he could just make soldiers out of those college boys and office clerks. He is a bastard because he is nothing but an old woman underneath, and I know now that when he ran down the ridge he thought I was killed, and when he found me and saw I wasn't he cried because he was glad.

"But that is not why I made my company present arms. I made them present arms because a brave man was dragged down by jackals. I made them present arms to honor a brave man, and in honoring him I was honoring all the brave men who fell at Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood, and on Guadalcanal, and Tarawa, and Iwo Jima. I made them present arms to remember those brave men, and I think it is a hell of a note that they have been forgotten so soon."

For a moment there was silence in the tin-roofed shack. For a moment it seemed haunted by the pitiful shades of the dead. For a moment it seemed filled with the stricken light of half-forgotten battlefields.

Then the general stood up. He cleared his throat, and cleared it again. He stood there a few moments before he finally managed to say:

"This case is dismissed." ###

One dose of its pleasurable poison is all the average adventurer should risk

The Casbah: A Witch's Brew

by **BERT HICKS**

KAROLY

G.I.s and British Tommies who wrested North Africa from the Axis in the leaner days of the late war will recall the Casbah of Algiers as a hush-hush half-world they wanted to see but couldn't. For this den of a thousand and one enigmas was "off limits" to Allied troops and for every possible reason.

Military authorities have been known to bar areas to G.I.s for reasons known only to your maiden aunt, but in the case of the Casbah, the Devil himself would have seconded the motion. The Casbah is strictly strong stuff, like vodka straight or a pipeful of opium. There are those who have taken of it too frequently and become trapped in its fiendish grip. Algiers' alter ego too often produces a hang-over which can be eased only by more of the same; its victims have been known to wind up a night of ungodly pleasure by lying very still in one of its very dirty gutters.

Ugly and evil-smelling as it is, the Casbah presents one of the world's freshest visions when viewed from a distance. If the sun is high when you enter the harbor of Algiers, French North Africa, your eyes will be drawn to a hill set against the horizon, an incongruous bas-relief at odds with its surroundings. You will see a cluttered potpourri of pink, yellow, lavender and grey structures, each seeming to be piled upon the other, steaming in the hot, white sun.

What you are viewing is the Casbah, a Bagdad on an Algerian hill. It is peopled by virtually every nationality on earth, a city within a city, a city of sheiks and louts, lacquered Eurasian damsels, intrepid mokos, veiled honeys, spectres hidden in the layers of the haik, wretched human flotsam, adventurers and adventuresses . . . a heady, dangerous slice of life which, if sampled in a manner I shall proceed to prescribe, can be a chapter out of the *Arabian Nights*.

Literally, Casbah means citadel, and that is what it was originally, and in a sense still is: the fortress of tens of thousands of offspring of a hundred miscegenetic combinations babbling in a score of languages. On some maps you will find it spelled Kasbah, on others Kasba. After your visit there you will probably concoct your own spelling for it.

As your ship noses into a perpendicular dock, immediately before you and to your left is the French city of Algiers. It joins beyond the Casbah, slightly to your right, to encircle the hill. High up on the hill and dotting the foreground, sparkling in the brightness of the sun, are the smooth, round domes of mosques, the Moslems' temples of worship, looking like the profiles of sweater girls.

Of course your first undertaking upon landing is to get located. In the sloping hills to your left there are a number of exclusive hotels, their gardens wonderfully manicured and their rates very steep. In the winter wealthy Europeans flock to French Algiers, attracted by the climate and the scenery of North Africa. Elsewhere, sprinkled throughout the city, are a number of excellent pensions and more than passable second-class hotels, most of them near the heart of town.

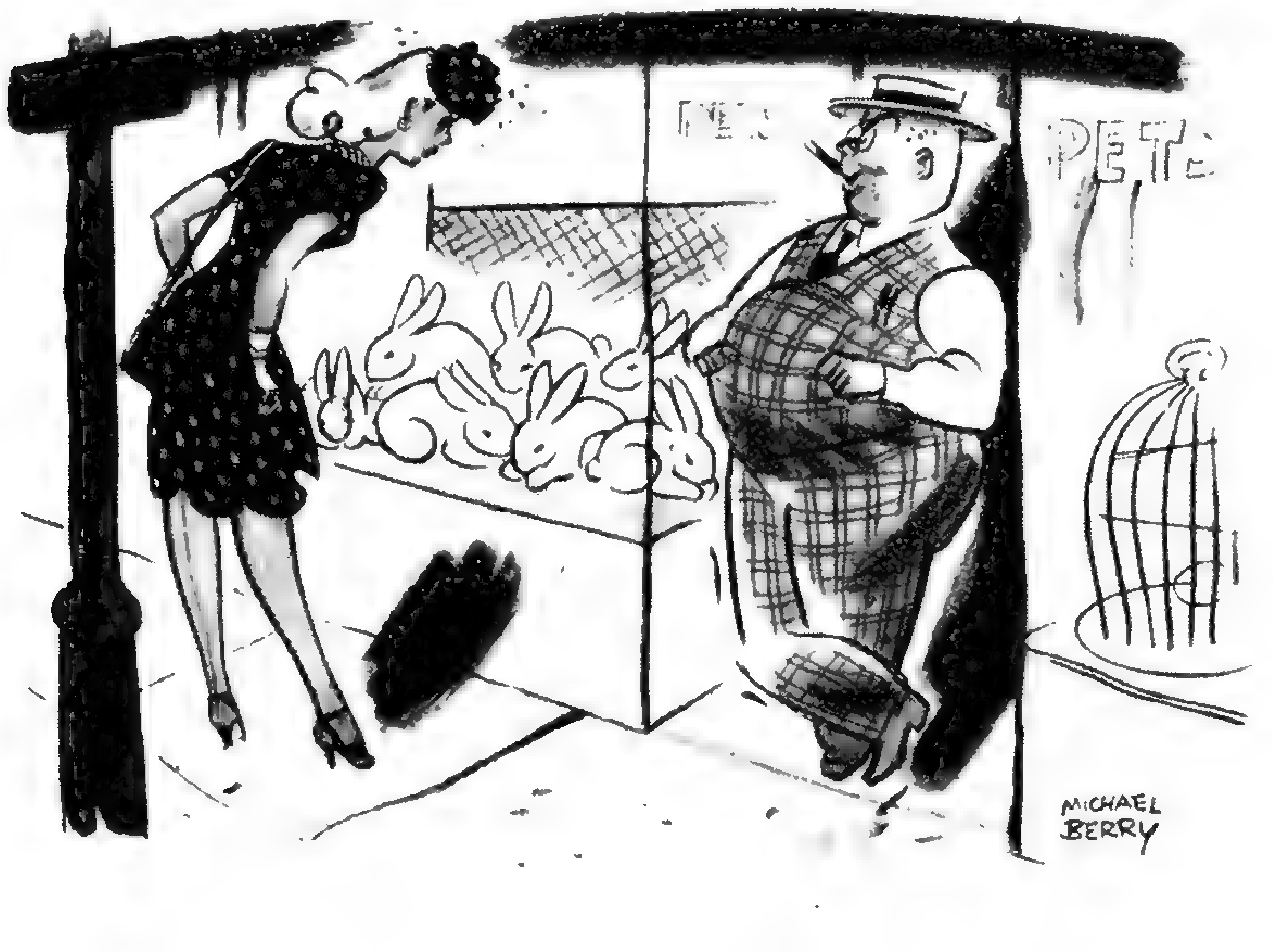
Probably before you can reach your hotel, and certainly the first time you venture forth, you are going to be assaulted by numerous self-styled guides. Urchins, Turks wearing fezzes, scoundrels in sartorial splendor, pimps young and old, and moderately solid citizens will offer their services. Among them is the worthy who is going to escort you through the Casbah. My advice is to choose a fellow who is a shade more than willing but is not effervescently willing, a guy who does not shout elatedly about wonderful bargains and does not try forthwith to drag you into all the shops along Rue Bab-Azoun, street of the arcades. Instead, he waits for you to state your wants and desires and leads accordingly.

On the night before making your plunge into the Casbah, sleep in your street clothes. Avoid, by all means, looking as though you had just stepped out of one of those sartorially irresistible pages of Esquire. Wearing a good suit is all right—no one is going to stop to examine the material—but if you do your adventuring behind an unkempt front, you will get considerably further and for less money.

The plunge into the Casbah is sudden, like stepping into an elevator shaft. You are magically shot out of a world you knew and felt you understood, into a myriad of narrow, slithering, tortuous, shadowy alleys. Your guide directs you up a cobblestone path into a deserted mews. On either side there are massive, mute doorways, and you are in the midst of dreaming up mental pictures of life beyond the portals, when the silence is scratched by the sound of a gramophone playing an Oriental melody.

Presuming you left your wife at home or at the hotel—and this is definitely a man's city, this Casbah—your guide will pause before one of the massive doors and rap on it with his cane. As it swings open you gasp, for within there is a great flood of sunlight bathing a patio filled with potted palms. Up to this point your olfactory senses have been violently assaulted, perhaps even to the point of near nausea, but here is a delightful oasis in a desert of abominable odors. On either side as you enter are stairs leading to a balcony extending 'round three-quarters of the patio. You climb the stairs slowly, looking down at the patio and the antique fountain in its center, breathing in its curious fragrance. By now a slightly worn and tired female has attached herself to your guide, and following them, you are escorted to a room, bowed into a massive divan by a servant, and just as you are sinking into an ocean of soft pillows and getting your bearings, a door at the far side opens and there enters the inevitable enchantress.

In all probability your newly-arrived hostess will be attired in a flowing dress of silk or taffeta, sometimes velvet, decorated by a wondrous array of brilliant colors. She is young, somewhere in her teens, twenty at the most, and along with a cup of Turkish coffee, she presents you with a smile which is as artfully provocative and restless as any you ever dreamed of. At (*Continued on page 142*)



"Buy a pair of rabbits, miss, and raise your own fur coat"

Laboratory specimens
painted by
J. FREDERICK SMITH

Sage advice to returning G.I.s concerning a strange new creature they will encounter

How to Recognize a W-o-m-a-n

by PETER BOWMAN

You're walking alone in broad daylight with no firearms now, Joe, and there's no artillery support or armored elements within miles. But don't be frightened, Joe. Just turn casually and take a good look around you. See those ears that stick out and the noses that protrude and the miscellaneous portions of anatomy that attract your attention? These are civilians, Joe, and while some of them are drab and undecorative, with physical rotundity a principal characteristic, another group of a more flamboyant protective coloration, softer to the touch and quaintly bulging in unexpected places, will pervade your active consciousness.

These latter, Joe, are women. W-O-M-E-N.

What is a woman? Plato, who usually knew, called her a disease. He held that a masculine failure in life was reincarnated as a woman to make the punishment fit the crime. St. Jerome, with the annihilating charm of complete candor, declared that women were directly inspired by the devil. Schopenhauer claimed that a woman was the natural enemy of man. And Tertullian, gay flatterer, cried, "Woman, you are the gateway of the Devil."

What is a woman? From far off Araby we hear, "These four must always be flattered: the king, the child, the sick and the woman." Our Romanian brothers ask, "What sort of man is he who is not worth at least ten women?" It is Chinese conviction that, "Two women in a room are two too many." Including the Scandinavian we find that, "If women were of glass you could still not see through them." The Turk, terrible or otherwise, avers, "Three evils, water, fire, woman." Russians agree that, "To dance on eggs and to handle women requires seven years' study." Thus, starting at any point and traveling swiftly in any direction, we find the natives unfriendly, the translations bad and the women dangerous.

What, oh, what is a woman? As we pretend to know her, a woman is a distinct species living among men, easily within reach, yet strangely inaccessible. She is contractile, or capable of movement, and indeed, lacking convenient man-propelled conveyances, is often seen walking erect on two feet. In physique she is well-molded, proportionate, a marvel of plumbing and architecture, and although undergoing normal physiological changes manages to remain the same for long periods. Her life cycle corresponds roughly to that of man, and its traditional "seven ages" are held to be, 1. Baby; 2. Child; 3. Girl; 4. Young Lady; 5. Young Lady; 6. Young Lady; 7. Young Lady.

As to habitat, she is omnipresent, omnific, omniform, omnipercipient, omniscient and omnipotent. A side show at Creation—lo, a three-ringed circus now! With the dawn of civilization she prepared man's breakfast of meat and morals, saw him off to his diurnal toil with a list of errands to perform, and when he returns with the setting of his dominant sun she will tuck him in the lower berth of

What is a woman? *She is called a Belle, Jane, Lulu, Jezebel, Moll. Is she a proper noun? She is called a biscuit, veal cutlet, tomato, fruitcake, tart, dish, cookie, sweet-patootie. Is she an article of food? She is called a chicken, minx, duck, filly, hell-cat, vixen. She is also called a skirt, petticoat, piece of goods.*

WORLD ATLAS

If ladies be but young and fair they have a gift to know it. —Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Neither a woman nor linen choose thou by a candle. —John Florio (1553-1625)

an inferior sex and sit up to write his biography on his typewriter.

You have heard about her. You have read about her. You have seen photographic representations of the way she looks, or artists' conceptions of the way she would prefer to look. But will you know her when you meet her face to face? Will you be able to point her out with the confident ease your friends are bound to admire?

Following, then, is an outline of a woman's parts, both visible and reputational. Study them. Commit them to memory. And when the supreme moment comes and you are called upon to draw the line of biological demarcation, meet the test with an expert's unfailing accuracy.

A woman is bounded on the north by the hair of her head and on the south by the soles of her feet. In between, the terrain may be rough and rock-ribbed or exquisitely undulating, depending on the development of natural resources. In area, it comprises head, trunk and extremities, which themselves are divided into geographical sub-sections. Here is a survey of her real estate:

At a little below your own eye level, situated on a slender, easily gripped base called the neck, you will find her face, countenance, visage or outward aspect. This is oval in shape, covered with complexion, and consists of a fascinating mixture of what is, what should be, what appears to be and what would be desired. At its optical center you will find a pair of eyes, much like your own, but whose primary function is to notice a multitude of unnecessary and often embarrassingly personal details. At intervals they close briefly in what is known as "blinking," and after a fractional respite from the strain of too much observation, they open in what is known as a "twinkling." The significance of the latter, its effect upon you and the course of action appropriate to the occasion, is a study in itself and will require a more scientific approach than can be touched upon here. The center of the eye is called a pupil. This term has another application, namely, "a ward, or young person under the care of a tutor," the similarity being that in both cases considerable effort must be expended toward making the pupils behave. Covering the organ of sight is the eyelid, a ridge of skin that is seldom recognized as potential mischief until it is too old to spank, while above the eye is a thin line of hair, either natural or pictorial, whose capacity is to lift itself in an arching symbol of a woman's power to make you feel like a fool.

Below the eyes is an organ of endless variety in size, length and shape, called the nose. It is used principally for breathing and smelling, and it projects outward from the face in order to get a better grip on the air. The nose has a considerable utility in certain parts of the world where that of the female is rubbed by that of the male to indicate affection. In our own civilization, however, physical contact by the female nose is confined to the female thumb.

What is a woman? *Is she an item of apparel? She is called a twist, twirl, trick, flapper, whelp, tramp. Is she a form of exercise? In addition and miscellaneously she is called a bimbo, lass, wench, colleen, maid, damsel, nymph, maness, beldam, dame, damozel, hag, gib, sylph, maiden, lassock, doll, gal, midge, babe, coquette, frail, flirt, jade, trull, grisette, strumpet, demirep, larette, meretrix, broad and siren.*

I expect that woman will be the last thing civilized by man.
—George Meredith (1828-1909)

A woman brings to man his greatest blessings and his greatest plague.
—Euripides (480-406 BC)

The mouth may be found under the nose, and is the opening in the face by which the female receives food and utters sounds, mostly uncontrollable. It is the envelope of a civility, the scabbard of a sarcasm, the candy-coating of a compliment, the silver foil of repartee, the coffin of a refusal, the beribboned box of an acquiescence. Bordering the mouth are two reddish-hued lips which are almost constantly in motion, producing the raw material out of which silence is seldom created. As a supplementary activity they perform a dazzling accomplishment in geometrical genuflection called a smile, which is achieved through assiduous practice and to which you will be exposed at strategic moments. The lips are also used to effect a process termed kissing, in which they are puckered up and compressed against your own in an occupation thoughtfully provided by nature as a solution to the problem of what to do during conversational lulls.

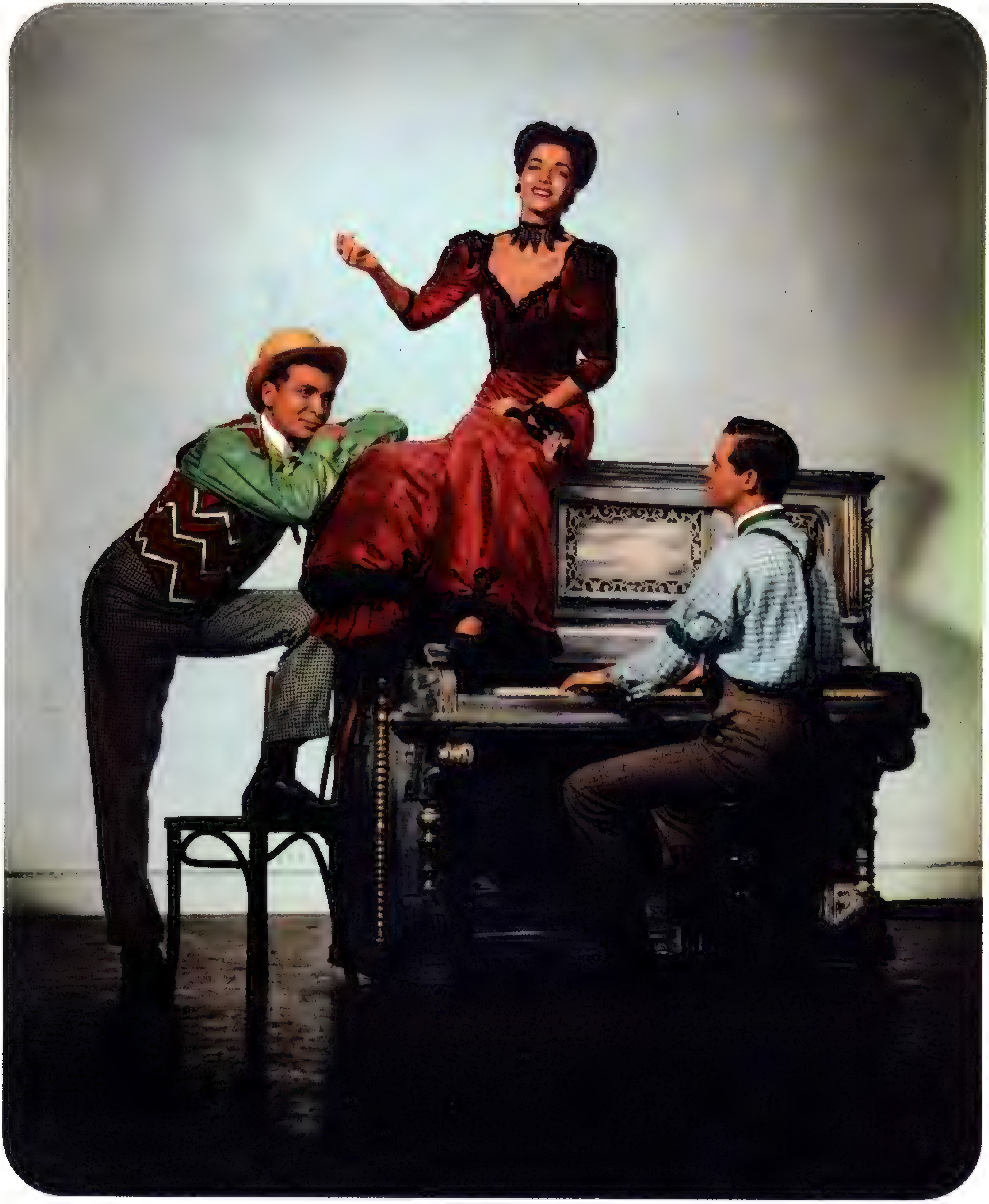
The right and left sides of the face join at the lower jaw at a place called the chin, and while most of the other parts of the face come in pairs, this item enjoys the unique privilege of being either single or double, depending on dietary indiscretion. It is believed that a square, prominent chin reflects strength of character, but wearers of receding ones have been known to be equally stubborn.

On top of the head is a rich growth of slender, thread-like filaments called hair. This may be seen in almost any color, shape or length and when blonde is said to be irresistible to bald heads and bank accounts. A permanent wave, or "perm" is generally the most popular, if not the universal coiffure, and marks in its capacity of Great Leveler a tremendous step toward the social world at which the feminist aims but which only bees and ants have so far achieved. For the most part, the hair hangs down over the ears of the female, which are located at an intermediary point on each side of the head. These are the auditory centers, or organs of hearing, but as has been pointed out by a contemporary, the significance, to a woman, of having two ears and only one mouth, is completely lost.

So much for the head. The body of a woman is composed of front and back, extending from the shoulders down to the waist and thence to other more interesting portions of her anatomy. The waist is the narrow part of the body which encompasses its mid-section, and when it stops growing at both ends it starts growing in the middle. Below it are the hips, which form the upper, fleshy part of the thigh and which have a minor function—the support of the girdle. On the posterior of the trunk is the back, which covers the region from the base of the neck to the buttocks, or that part of her body it will be your pleasure to contemplate after she has taken real or imaginary offense.

The most important organ inside the body is the heart, which by dilation and contraction circulates the

(Continued on page 120)



Stage Door Esquire

SHOW BOAT

Photograph by Stone Bauman-Greene

In January the Kern and Hammerstein revival of *Show Boat* steamed into New York, bringing back to Broadway one of America's best beloved musicals, songs that have the customers wallowing in nostalgia for the twenties, and several performers who have been missed of late. Among them, Carol Bruce, recently of Hollywood, who carries off the piano-sitting-and-My-Bill role even to the satisfaction of those who keep fresh flowers before the memory of Helen Morgan. Also returning to the stage is Buddy Ebsen (in the gaudy getup and straw bowler, at left) whose long-legged, easy clowning and dancing are just as good as in his pre-Coast Guard days. The gentleman displaying the fancy sleeve garters, and vamping till ready, is Max Showalter.

GREENHALGH

The Water's Not So Cold—Once You Get In

Perhaps, as a nation, we are just learning that people everywhere are like us

by **CHESTER MORRISON**

ONE day we stood on the Outer Drive in Chicago, looking out across the lake. It had snowed in the night and the lake looked as though it might be frozen over all the way to Mackinac. Sea gulls were walking on it—at least they seemed to be walking—and the girl said, "The lake gets more and more icy when there's no wind to whip up the water."

When you get to know this girl, you begin to listen for more than meets the ear. That is one trouble with women. Once in a lifetime some girl will say something devious and it turns out to be just right, if only you had known what she was talking about at the time. And all the rest of your life you have half an ear trained to hear something she never meant in the first place.

So we shivered away from the lake and had lunch, and all the time I was trying to lift something out of her conversation, but she didn't say anything to drive that first crack out of my mind. The lake gets more and more icy, she had said, when there is no wind to whip up the water.

I tried to think of her in a bathing suit, and lingered over that thought for a while. I tried to hear her saying: "The water gets warmer and warmer when there's no wind to sharpen the air." I seemed to hear her saying, as everybody else always has said: "It's cold at first, but it feels fine when you get in."

And then I realized that I wasn't thinking about her at all, but just about what she had said. Actually, I was thinking about this lovely country to which I had just come home. America gets more and more icy, I thought, when there's no war to whip it into a lather. Home is more and more comfortable when there's nobody to bother you. Life is cold at first, but it feels fine when you're alive all over.

I thought about that odd thing all Americans feel when they get to places where the people speak another language. We always think the children are very clever to be able to speak Greek or French or Arabic at that age.

Much later comes the realization that it is not the children who are clever, but we who are stupid, not to speak the language at our age.

And if you live long enough you discover that it isn't necessary to speak Spanish, or French or Italian. All you have to know is that people are more alike than anybody, if you give them half a chance; and that where you have lived all your life is just like a place you never saw before, and that the people in the other place are just like you.

For instance: I was in England when the voters turned out Churchill and elected Attlee. It was just like voting out Taft and electing Wilson. To us Americans in England at the time it came as a large surprise that Americans at home thought England had gone to hell and that Mr. Attlee probably had a bomb under his work shirt and no doubt was paid with Moscow gold.

As a matter of fact, if you looked through our own books for a counterpart of Mr. Attlee, you would come up with Calvin Coolidge. What happened in England was precisely what happened here in many an election of our own. People thought Churchill was a great man while he had it, but they had just got tired of Churchill and they wanted to play around with somebody else. So they did. That's all the social significance there was in that election. Not many Englishmen who voted Churchill out of office thought they were voting for a revolution. And they were not. Things are going on there now just like always.

The same thing happened in France, once the people got a chance to vote there. The national government of France is notoriously complicated—to use a polite word—but the local governments are simple and straightforward and usually honest. That may be the reverse of our own experience, but the French always do things differently.

The same thing happened in Italy, except that in Italy the people are so used to voting as they're told that their votes don't mean much yet. There is, as the editorial writers keep saying, a "trend to the left" all over Europe. However, if they would go there and have a look they would see what happens is that people just get tired of looking at one politician's picture in the papers, so they elect another picture.

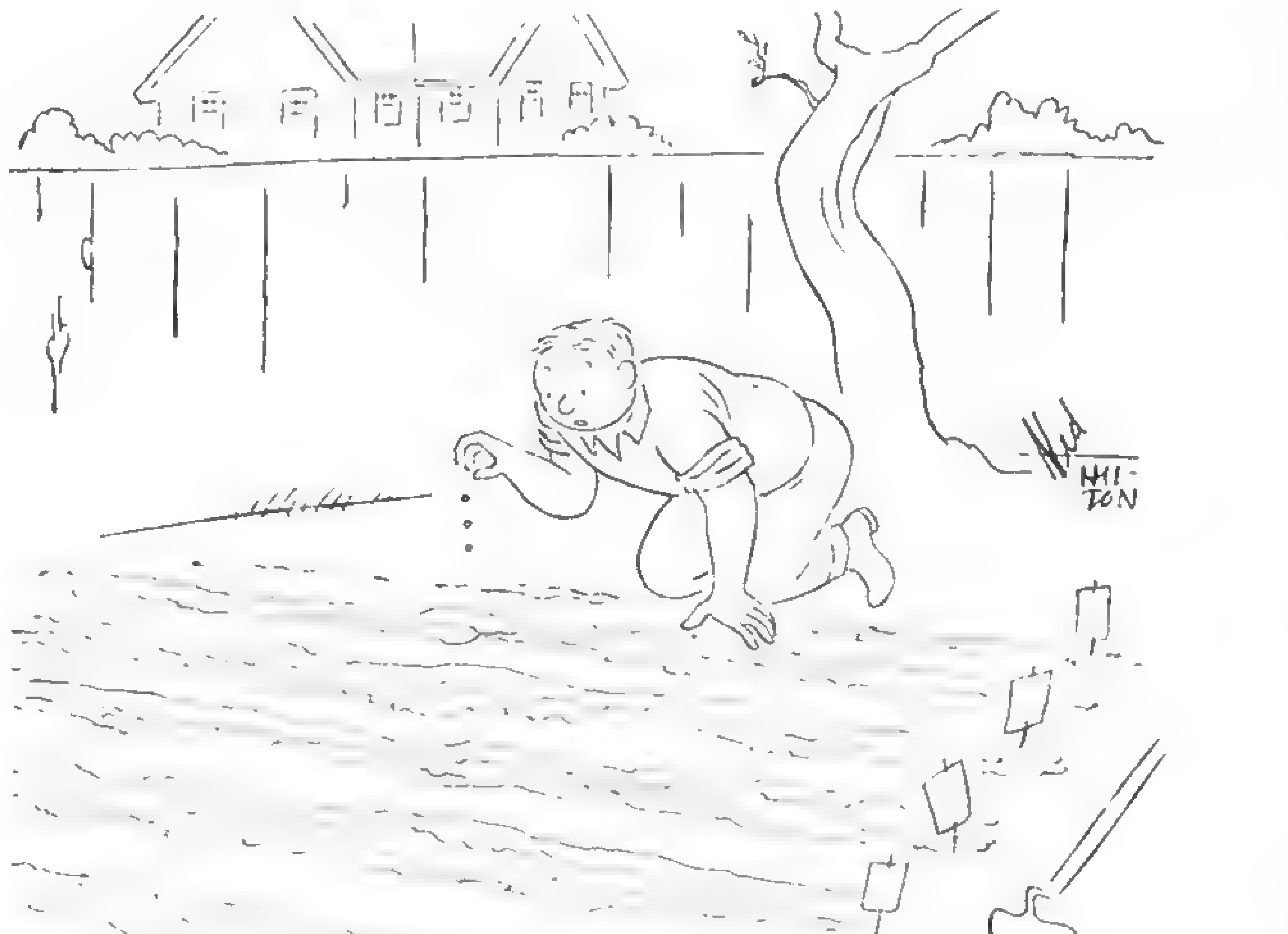
But we have to be different. It is very important to everybody that we be different. For once in our generation it is very important to everybody that we pull up our socks and get moving. Twice in my own generation millions of Americans have gone away and come back. When they are fresh home they have ideas in their heads. But we live a lazy, comfortable life, like the peasants of Italy or Spain, or like babies in a nursery.

Our trouble is, so far as other peoples are concerned, that we are not accepted by other peoples at our own valuation, but by the measure of what we do as members of the World Club. Life is not all meat and potatoes, and by now we should have learned that free competition does not mean every man for himself. One of these days we might conceivably get stuck again on a country road with a flat tire. It's always nice at such a time to have a neighbor come along with a jack.

People who have got their finger on the pulse of the American people—which is a figure of speech I always have liked, because it is so silly—tell me that the American people are sick of the war; that they are tired of reading about the war, and that they will not even go to a movie about the war. I think these professional pulse-takers are crazy, and that maybe they have not got their finger where they think they have it.

People are sick of battles and shooting; they don't like to read about bayonets, maybe, or about how wonderful it is to fly up in the air and drop bombs somewhere near the target. People may be sick of hearing about the technique of battle but they can't afford to be sick of the war because the war is still going on. The worst part of it is still going on.

Chicago, for instance, isn't just Chicago any more. To one set of people it has become a sitting bird—an easy target—once people have learned how to fly their bombers the short way across the North Pole. To me it is any of half a dozen towns scattered around the world. It is living, for example, under the name of Lyons in France. Lyons is the center of a country, just as Chicago is. And



"One for the rabbits, one for the worms, and one for us"

because it is the center, it is a railway junction. People who grow food products ship them to Lyons, and the railways in turn take them somewhere else so that people who need them can buy and eat them. Chicago is the Lyons of the United States.

New York is masquerading under the name of London. Norfolk, Virginia, is called Marseilles in another language. New Orleans is Toulon, and it doesn't make a great deal of difference whether the cathedral is called St. Patrick's or St. Peter's. The cathedral is standing there representing the same, imperishable thing, which is the hope and belief of all us simple-minded people that things will be better in the sweet by and by. Although there are those who think it might be better not to wait, but to do something about it now.

People who really had the rough side of warfare are beginning to wonder now whether it was worth while. They too are sick of the fighting part of war, and they have started already to rebuild the bridges and the houses that war took apart. They are beginning to wonder in Europe whether it was worth while to save what is called Civilization when all that is left of Civilization's material comforts are American, and when America and Americans are already talking glibly about forgetting the war.

We have people of our own coming back home now who know what Lyons and Naples and London are really like. They know Copenhagen and Stockholm too. Copenhagen and Stockholm—whatever the political considerations may have been—are luxury towns now. They are high on the list of desirable places where a few lucky soldiers are sent to rest.

The soldiers love it—for a couple of days. They can get steaks and fruit and vegetables as good as the stuff we get here. But after a couple of days the soldiers acquire a kind of contempt for places like that. They begin to think maybe life is not all hot baths and beefsteak, and that maybe they were suckers to endure fantastic discomfort in one place while baths and steaks were going on all the time somewhere else.

A lot of soldiers are coming home puzzled about things like that, although they may not tell you so. A lot of people around the world may be thinking the same things about our country that rest-camp soldiers think of Stockholm and Copenhagen and the French Riviera.

And if we do believe that our way of life is the best in the world, if we really do think that peace grows out of plenty, maybe it's time we started exporting more of our benefits than we have done up to now.

The water's always a little cold at first, but it certainly does feel fine once you get in. ⧻

The Indian had a magic wand, and when it worked it did a lot of wonderful things

As True as I'm Standing Here

by ROBERT FONTAINE

WILSON

"I DON'T want to get married," I told the strange man in the heavy fur coat. I was sitting in Central Park and it was beginning to snow. Deft, embroidered flakes were melting on the tip of my nose which shone in the electric light.

My friend had sat down beside me a moment before and had immediately begun a conversation. Out of sheer loneliness I had answered him in short, crisp, lemon words.

"It's June in Miami," the stranger said and he smiled in an odd way and with the whitest of teeth.

"That's nice," I said, shivering a little. "It's December here."

"June is the time for weddings," the man observed. "Ugh."

"What's the 'ugh' for?" I asked, turning down the rim of my hat so the beautiful snowflakes wouldn't land on my nose.

"I'm an Indian," the stranger said, "but no one will believe it if I don't say 'ugh' every now and then."

I chuckled in spite of myself and began talking of Louise. Louise the fair, Louise the lovable, Louise the lily maiden of the Three Kittens Club. Louise in the small chorus of the flower show, putting to shame any words or music or dances that could be created, putting to shame any artificially imposed pattern by merely walking, revealing, smiling, glowing, existing.

"What was a man of your modest means doing in such an expensive club?" the alleged Indian inquired.

"I was tired of keeping books. I was tired of debits, credits, due from banks, undivided profits, depreciation on furniture and fixtures and reserve for other expenses. I took my week's salary and blew it there. Afterwards I walked home with Louise because she smiled at me. She says she didn't know why she smiled at me when there were men in the club who were worth millions. I don't know either."

"It's June in Miami," my friend repeated. "Why don't we go to Louise's apartment and ask her to marry us in Miami tomorrow."

"How do we get to Miami tomorrow?" I asked. "And how do I support her after we're married?"

The self-confessed red man lifted high a strangely knotted cane.

"My magic wand," he said with a wide smile. "A wave and your wishes come true."

"I wish hot coffee and solitude," I said.

My friend waved the wand. Nothing happened.

"It doesn't always work," he said, not at all upset.

"That's what I thought."

I got up, but he pulled me back with the strongest of arms.

"I swam like a fish. Raced like a hare. Ate like a buffalo. And dreamed like an angel. Why I am as strong as the strongest dream in your heart and as rich as a king."

"I bet they don't let you escape the next time," I muttered. "I bet they put you in a strait jacket and give you insulin shocks."

He laughed good-naturedly. "I'll buy you a drink."

I went along with him over to the St. Moritz and we each had a cognac. It was very warm and golden.

Louise was with us in my heart. You could feel the warmth from her soft, silken leg, carefully unsheathed every second, as she walked across the night-club floor while the small band played *Sweet Lorraine.*

Female created He her and saw that it was good and saw that everyone else should see that it was good and it *was* good. Amen.

"Put them all together," I told the Indian. "Put the blue of mountain lakes and the cream of soft velvet and the scarlet of the most scarlet moss rose and the golden-brown of burned honey and you have a fair but not adequate thought of her face. Put them all together, the dream married men dream an hour after their wives have gone to sleep and a cigarette smolders quietly in the ash tray beside the double bed; the dream of young boys passing a corner on a windy day when long legs flash mischievous dreams teased by truant winds; the sighs of old men in rich clubs after heavy port as the melody of a perfume comes through the open window past which loveliness has just gone . . . put them all together . . ."

"You should be writing advertisements for lingerie," the Indian said. "Have you got a dollar-and-a-half on you?"

"I've got a week's pay on me. But I thought you were rich."

"Rich men never carry money."

"Okay," I said. "No harm done, Laughing Pigeon. I enjoyed your company and the opportunity of speaking my heart's thoughts for once in my life."

"The night is young. The world is new. The atoms that destroy a city can make another singing universe of love in minutes."

"Ugh," I said.

We went along until we got to Fifty-second Street and then the pink and green and violet electric kisses of the neon lights drew me down that boogie-woogie shim-sham, Sweet Man street and along came Laughing Pigeon.

"Beautiful," he said. "Like the dances and dreams and music of my ancestors."

He peeked in every door and stood at every photograph.

When we came to the Three Kittens we each had two drinks at the bar which I paid for after the bartender refused to cash a check for three dollars for Laughing Pigeon.

"My name is Gold-in-the-Black-Earth," the Indian corrected at one time.

"Okay, Laughing Pigeon," was all I said.

We got to a table through the crowds because the Indian wanted it and I slipped the head waiter five dollars. The Three Kittens Trio was playing a new song: *What's the Difference if It's Good or Bad?*

"Why haven't you married this girl long ago?" the Indian said. He still had his fur coat but he had it thrown back over his chair the way a woman does and he had a long black braid.

"Listen, Red Man," I said, fairly intoxicated. "This squaw has all the braves in the world at her command. Orchids descend on her to suffocate, diamond gifts burden her soft golden-downed arms and ivory throat, mink embraces her."

"You talk like a very young man." Laughing Pigeon lit a long pipe with ribbons and feathers on it. "When the world was young and the Indian was king of his land the heart of a woman was won with song and whisper and laughter."

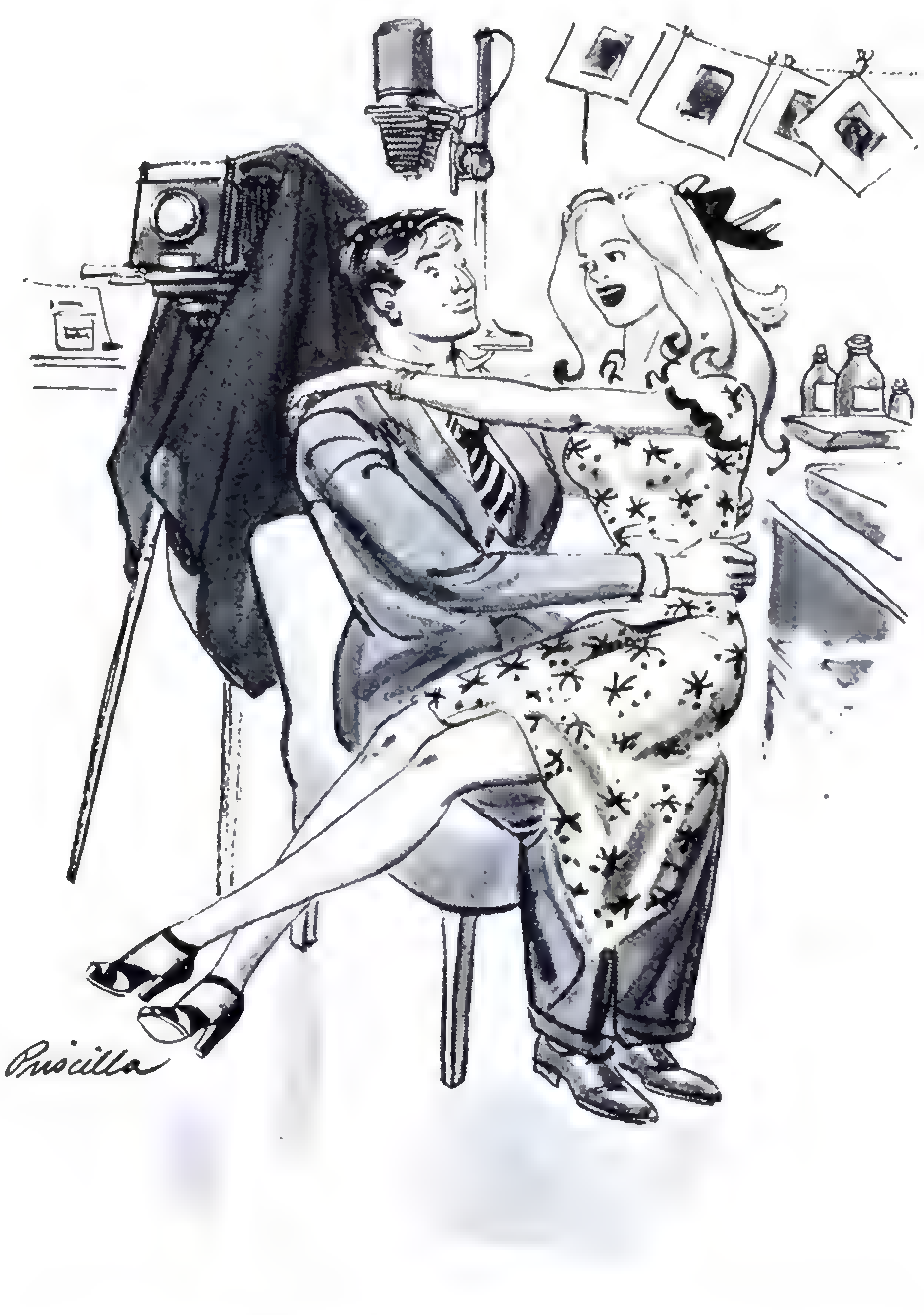
I had another drink on that foolishness.

"The orchids will die," he murmured, this Indian. "The mink will be pawned. The diamonds will be sold. The heart will go on being hungry. You are looking at the face and body of a beautiful woman as if the wonder were not in her heart and her soul and the deep mystery at the bottom of her eyes."

I turned around and saw that Louise had come out at the head of the chorus and was smiling at us.

"Yes," the Indian said, "I saw her. I knew her. She loves you."

"I suppose you waved your magic wand?" My tone was sceptic.



"I never realized photography was so much fun"

"No. I believe in simple things like miracles. You prefer the complexities of mental torture and humility and yearning. She loves you. Q. E. D. I studied at Carlisle."

Oh, well, sing me a song of the world in June. Like green and Nature whistling like a schoolboy through the throats of many a brown and happy bird and the brooks imagining themselves violins serenading violets. For I am filled with cognac and the very slim white hand of Mlle. France is stroking the bare flesh of my heart and Louise is in an aura of gold and the Indian in a dream.

The truth is, and I know it somewhere else, that the Indian is broke, no doubt, and I am drunk and broke, too, and Louise smiles at me because I am young and tender and what can she lose being kind?

But how can the truth concern me? The truth is also that the world is filled with hate and greed and blood and violence and the violet hardly dares raise her head. But Louise refutes the truth as the stars refute it and the cognac.

I don't know what rainbow I rode through with my friend, Laughing Pigeon, but we were suddenly at Louise's apartment and we had a bottle of Martell and a lot of ice-cold soda which I vaguely remembered paying for.

I opened my eyes and I felt Louise's warm hand on my forehead and twenty-seven multicolored skyrockets went off in my heart.

Then I had another drink and the world which had been dancing gently for me turned inside and became solid.

"Your friend has been telling me how he struck oil and became the richest man in Oklahoma," Louise said and her voice was the tinkle of fine glass.

"My friend is nuts," I said. "We have all struck oil. In our dreams. We have all married you in our dreams. I arise from dreams of thee in the first sweet sleep of night."

"We're going to Miami to get married," Louise said.

"Goody-goody," I replied. "If Laughing Pigeon will wave his magic wand I'll go with you."

Then I went to sleep. I had thereafter a dream or perhaps not a dream. But we were in an airplane and the Indian was piloting it and after a while we were among flowers and trees and the air was warm and soft as June. And always I was floating on cognac and talking softly and signing papers and touching the hand of Louise. We were in a bright church from which doves flew and the stained glass of the window looked not into streets but into a new, clean world not known before.

Then I awoke and I was in my room and I could smell eggs and bacon cooking on a double burner I had bought a few weeks ago.

"What the hell is going on?" I shouted. My head was bursting, half with beauty and half with agony.

Louise walked out of the kitchen. She looked lovelier in a simple dress and an apron figured with violets than she did in a night club.

"You were intoxicated by the high altitude," she announced. We went over a storm near Philadelphia."

"I went over a lot of storms," I said. "What happened?"

"You married me in Miami because it was June there, the Indian said. He owned an airplane and we rode with him. He gave us a check for ten thousand dollars for a wedding present. A good check."

I took half a quart of milk, two raw eggs and a jigger of brandy and I mixed them well and drank.

I shut my eyes tight for a moment and put a record on the phonograph. It was Burl Ives singing very simply and soberly:

"I gave my love a cherry without a stone . . ."

When it was done I kissed Louise.

"What did you do with the check?"

"I tore it up," she said.

"That's good."

"Between us we make about eighty dollars a week. What do we want—orchids, mink and diamonds? Or good food, good wine, love, laughter and a hand to hold in the violet dusk?"

"I like my scrambled eggs very dry and with just a pinch of sugar," I said, as true as I'm standing here. #

Philadelphia Pepper Plot

Deploring what will happen to Quaker City citizens when Zanuck stages the world premiere of *Centennial Summer*

by JACK MOFFITT

Where can you expect a safe and sane Fourth, if not in Philadelphia?

As this is being written, studio grapevine—usually more reliable than studio announcements—says Darryl Zanuck's Twentieth Century-Fox is considering a tie-up with the Pennsylvania Railroad to hold the gala world premiere of a picture called *Centennial Summer* in the City of Brotherly Love on the nation's birthday. Philadelphians scarcely can be expected to realize their peril. They last were exposed to a gala world premiere in 1778, when Major John André opened *The Mischianza*. The major atoned for everything two years later on a New York gallows. But he didn't have the Pennsylvania Railroad on his side. Mr. Zanuck may make a clean getaway.

Fox became interested in world premieres some years ago, when everyone said its *Dante's Inferno* should have been previewed on the original locale. This logic was so unanswerable, rival companies took advantage of it. When Paramount's *Union Pacific* was opened, all railroad employees, from Los Angeles east, were costumed in the mode of the last century. For the first time in history, gandy dancers staged a masquerade ball. Nor were these joys confined to the lowly. The best people of Omaha became walking billboards by growing whiskers and firing blank cartridges at each other—all for the glory of Old Paramount. The acme of elegance was reached when a publicity man was allegedly shot in the foot by Lucius Beebe. The poor guy didn't know Lucius was loaded.

Other premieres have been equally gaudy. To the residents of the Quaker City, one can but say, "Thou ain't seen nothin' yet." Of course all this may fall through, but let us consider the historical consequences if it doesn't.

The bosky quietude of Penn's Woods will be shattered when the Pennsylvania ships herds of movie critics into Philly. The pundits from Bucks and Lancaster counties will moo pleasantly as they climb from the steam cars to accept free eats and drinks. But the big city sacred cows will be more querulous. With each nibble at a dining car radish, they will haughtily imply that their opinions cannot be bought with rare viands. Free highballs will be sipped with looks of secret, whimsical amusement. These expressions will have been donned earlier in the day—long before the critics had any idea of what they were going to be secretly amused at. Though few have had experience criticizing railroads, all will manage to give the impression that they were born in lowers on the Blue Train, and grew up in drawing rooms on the Flying Scotsman.

And there will be jealousies. An awful moment will occur at Bookbinder's Restaurant when the editor of *Movie Mania* finds that her rival, the editor of *Sacred Screen*, has inadvertently been favored with a larger portion of red snapper. After special brigades of Fox diplomats have been told off to soothe both ladies, a new climax will arise when a feminine columnist, yearning to reconvert a barn in Greenwich Village, unscrews the hinges from Independence Hall. The local D.A.R. will expose this desecration, and, in turn, will be attacked by correspondents for *New Masses*.

The publicity men will be faced with the unhappy problem of restoring the national relics, while assuring each faction that it is right. In fact, these public relations experts will be kept so busy preserving peace among the press that they'll forget all about the public, until they are reminded of it by the expectant clamor of the Wanamaker salesgirls, *Saturday Evening Post* sub-editors and penny wrappers from the Philadelphia Mint, who will be lined up along Broad Street, awaiting a glimpse of the fleshpots from the Hollywood Babylon.

Now comes the most ticklish moment in any gala opening. For days the *Bulletin*, the *Inquirer*, and the *News* will have tantalized these citizens with lyric descriptions of a big free street parade. The Pennsylvania Railroad will keep its eye on Fox, and vice versa. When a parade is owned by two great corporations, there is always a chance that one of them will swipe it.

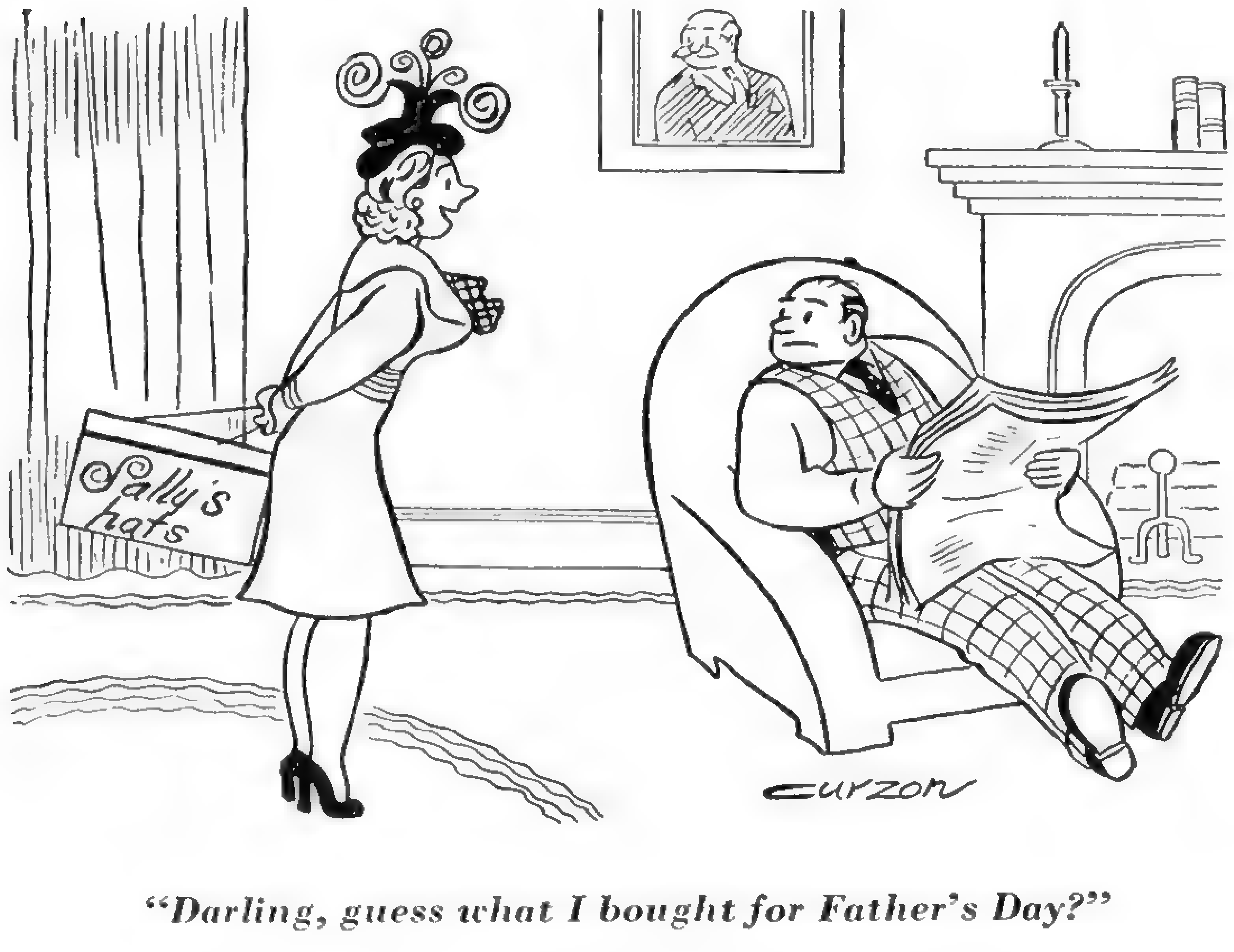
This may depend on the condition the cops are in by the time the train gets there—and on who has been plying them with refreshments. A well-oiled motorcycle escort will take off in any direction its benefactor heads it. Once, in the broad daylight of Kansas City, I saw a General Electric publicity man steal a street parade from Warner Brothers. The rollicking flat feet decoyed the unsuspecting Bette Davis and her fellow stars (including Tom Mix's horse) to a suburban salesroom displaying iceboxes, while, downtown, thousands of pilgrims from Tonganoxie, Kansas and Peculiar, Missouri, waited in vain for their idols.

Should the Pennsylvania's minions pull off a similar coup and whisk the parade away to the company's local roundhouse, the results will be tragic for the Philadelphia movie addicts who adore Jeanne Craine as a Louisa May Alcott version of Venus, and who look upon Cornel Wilde as the second coming of Apollo. The parade offers them their only chance to venerate their deities. At the premiere, few real fans will be allowed in the theatre.

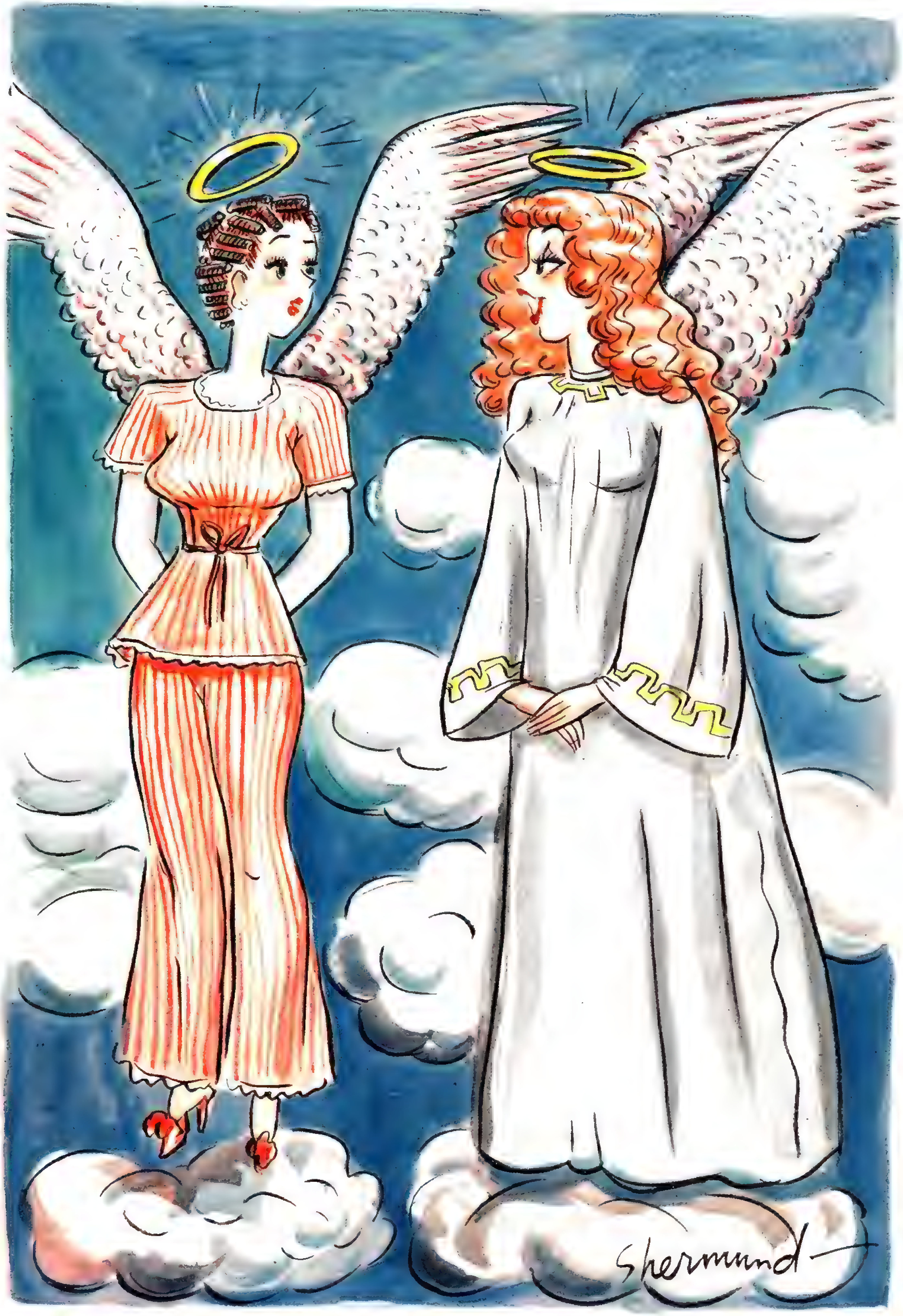
A curious snobbishness converts these festivals into elaborate conspiracies, whereby the studios snub their customers. The choicest seats will be fawningly pressed upon Main Liners and moneyed horse wranglers of the First City Troop of the Philadelphia Light Cavalry. Proud matrons will arrive at the theatre saying, "Really, my dear, I never go to the movies, but after all, this might be amusing—in a crude sort of way." The remaining tickets will go to politicians, civic leaders and other magnificoes who have been coming in on passes since the days of *The Great Train Robbery*.

While this is going on, the faithful out on the sidewalk may start asking themselves, "Is this tripe really necessary?"

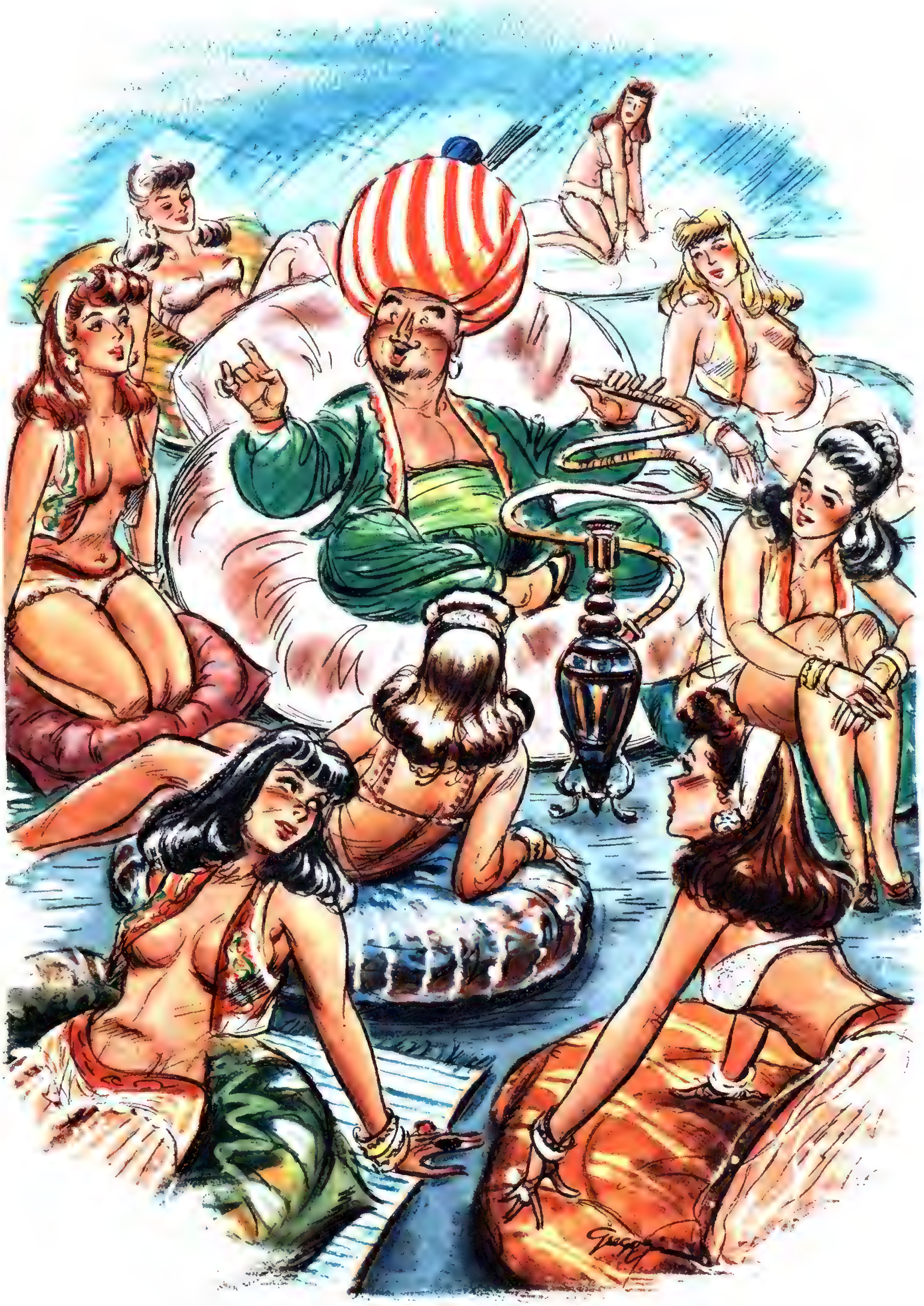
Probably it isn't. *Centennial Summer* is a pleasant dramatization of Al- (*Continued on page 161*)



"Darling, guess what I bought for Father's Day?"



"You're new around here, aren't you?"



"I've got a little surprise for you girls tonight—a movie about how they make automobiles"

Money Makes the Mare Go

DAILY DOUBLE
REISMAN

Millions of sensation-hungry and gullible Americans bet over five billion annually to "improve the breed" of running horses

by WALTER STEIGLEMAN

An Associate Professor at Indiana University, Walter Steigleman bases his statements about horse racing upon twelve years of scholarly research and an intimate acquaintance with hundreds of people who comprise the bright and shady sides of the sport. These include jockeys, owners, trainers, race track officials, racing commissioners, law enforcement officers, touts, tipsters, turf writers, handicappers and betting commissioners. He has reviewed some 4,000 betting systems and devised a mathematical system of his own. *Money Makes the Mare Go* is the first of a series of four articles which will run consecutively in Esquire. —*The Editors.*

When the field pounds down the stretch in the Kentucky Derby, riding in the saddle is the sixty-four-dollar question—the 64,000,000-dollar question.

Some 90,000 shrieking fans who call out advice to horses and jockeys have a 500,000-dollar stake in the answer to the question of which horse will nod first to the judges. Throughout the nation, 25,000,000 have more than 100 times that monetary interest in seeing the breed of horses is properly improved that day at Churchill Downs.

From Gertie, the stenographer who puts fifty cents into the office Derby pool, to veteran bettors who "lay it on the line" in bookmaking parlors, the whole nation bows in the direction of Louisville and yells, "Come on, something!"

The welfare of the horse is not neglected once the garland of roses is draped around the winner's neck and the jockey has confided to the radio audience: "Sure, I knew all along he was a great horse."

Horses are permitted to shift for themselves on Sunday. But every weekday the business of improving the breed gets more attention than a presidential message on the state of the union.

Unless it is Saturday or a holiday, 25,000 or fewer go to the individual tracks to pay their respects in person. And 1,000,000 other bettors, most of whom wouldn't recognize a race horse if it stopped them on the street to ask directions to the nearest stable, offer their contribution toward the improvement of the breed through 15,000 bookmaking parlors located in every fair-sized city of the United States.

Those fans who flock to the "scene of action" at the tracks are playing *Jingle Bells* on the pari-mutuel betting machines to the tune of almost 1,400,000,000 dollars annually.

But for every dollar wagered at the tracks, three to five dollars are bet through bookmaking establishments, although the bookie business is illegal everywhere except in good-time Nevada and in the manuals of most police forces. Taking the lowest estimate, it means that every year over 4,000,000,000 dollars are bet by people who never see a horse except in the home-town Memorial Day parade.

There are two stories to this racing picture. First, there is the story of racing as a sport, for the throaty roar of "They're Off!", the maneuvering of jockeys for position, the rhythmic strides of the horses, and hoofs pounding down the stretch as loudly as the hammering of bettors' hearts give many a fan his greatest thrill.

In a minute or two, the player will be wearing a new suit or a barrel. Monetary investment merely adds to his zest, for few spectators are as phlegmatic as the New York sportsman who, with 25,000 dollars on the nose of a horse, watched the animal dash under the wire by less than the width of a Five O'Clock Shadow whisker.

"I thought he was a better horse than that," said the plunger casually as he turned from the rail and headed for a friendly chat with the cashier.

Although racing is a sport, it is the wagers that keep it going. Race meets without wagering have been attempted but the sheriff soon became the only spectator, because the public was apathetic about improving the breed if the horses' temperatures could not be taken at the betting booths.

As soon as a way was found of massing the public's dollar in the interest of the horse, this modern "pony express" trail spread from coast to coast. From the potato hills of Maine to the smudge pots of California, the nation's standard greeting became "What looks good in the fourth today?"

The men who supervise racing are the successors to a long line who entered the sport on the rallying cry of improving the breed of horses and sport for sport's sake. These men frankly admit that racing today has become a multi-billion dollar business. Their efforts to keep it honest are not only dictated by tender sentiment; they have no desire to break the machine that outlays the goose with the golden eggs. In general, they succeed fairly well except for certain tricks practiced by shrewd owners and trainers and abetted by big-time gamblers. When billions of dollars get together, there is bound to be clever talk and applications for lend-lease.

Most of racing's monetary picture, however, is painted illegally by men whose code is the old bromide: "Never give a sucker an even break." These are the bookmakers and the touts and tipsters who mulct 50,000,000 dollars or more yearly from gullible bettors on their promise of being able to "fix" races, "buy" jockeys and tap mysterious fountains of "inside information," even if they have to place a dictaphone in the horse's stall.

How much taxable income bookmakers accumulate in a year is a mystery to everybody, including the Internal Revenue department. Some of these bookmaking parlors are furnished more luxuriously than were brokers' offices before the Wall Street boom

Barsotti Keller

"I can remember when she used to be a nervous bride"

went bang in 1929. A number have special parlors for women where milady may sip free cokes and munch sandwiches on the house while she tries to dope out something good on which to ride the household budget.

Records seized in a Washington, D. C., raid showed one parlor was doing 25,000 dollars' worth of business a day. Many bookie offices every afternoon have 200 or more patrons milling about to place bets before the wire man yells, "They're running at Maryland." Many do business only by telephone and customers maintain charge accounts as they do at department stores. Others send out runners who make the rounds of offices daily to contact the regular clientele.

Some bookies maintain rooms in office buildings with such legends on their doors as *Roofing Company*, *Egg Exchange*, or if the bookie has a sense of humor, *Insurance Company*, or *Investment and Financial Counselor*. Other bookie establishments are merely little rooms tucked in the rear of cigar stores, pool parlors or lunchrooms.

No matter where a taxpayer lives in these United States, he still can exercise his privilege of making a contribution toward improving the breed if he has a nickel for a phone call or the stamina to walk a block or two downtown. And he doesn't miss anything by not being able to take his contribution in person to the track.

For bookmaking parlors have 12,000 miles of leased wire which keep them in touch with every track in the United States. When the odds change at the track, they are flashed nationwide. And when the horses break from the barrier, a running description keeps the bettor informed of the progress of his investment, so that the unlucky player in a bookie parlor can tear up his slip just as fast as a man at the track makes confetti of his pari-mutuel ticket.

Eight years ago, the national organization which had a monopoly on the distribution of race information dissolved itself in a Chicago federal court where its head was on trial for income tax evasion. One of the leaders in the fight against it hailed the consent decree as "forever banishing from the American scene, the bookie parlor which bred loafers, created embezzlers, and broke up homes."

A month after, the improvement of the horse was proceeding with old-time vigor. Stories of bookie raids again became so routine that only a few ever made the newspapers. Even blasé Chicago had to laugh at the audacity of one bookie who set up business in a vacant lot where patrons lolled in beach chairs under gaily-colored umbrellas while a loud-speaker brought them the results of horses' improvement at every major track.

"It was just like a revival meeting, Your Honor," the arresting officer told the court. The judge ordered the bookie to drop ten dollars into the collection plate, and he was out in time to give his congregation the results of the last two races.

During the war, federal agents were called into a score of defense plants, including the factory making one of the nation's most secret weapons, after foremen complained that workers were leaving assembly lines to dart into washrooms and dope out horses while friendly bookies sat around to record their contributions on behalf of the breed. A syndicate in one Chicago plant was doing a business of 8,000 dollars a day until the FBI persuaded the bookies that the nation's best bet was a bomb right on the nose of Hirohito's white horse.

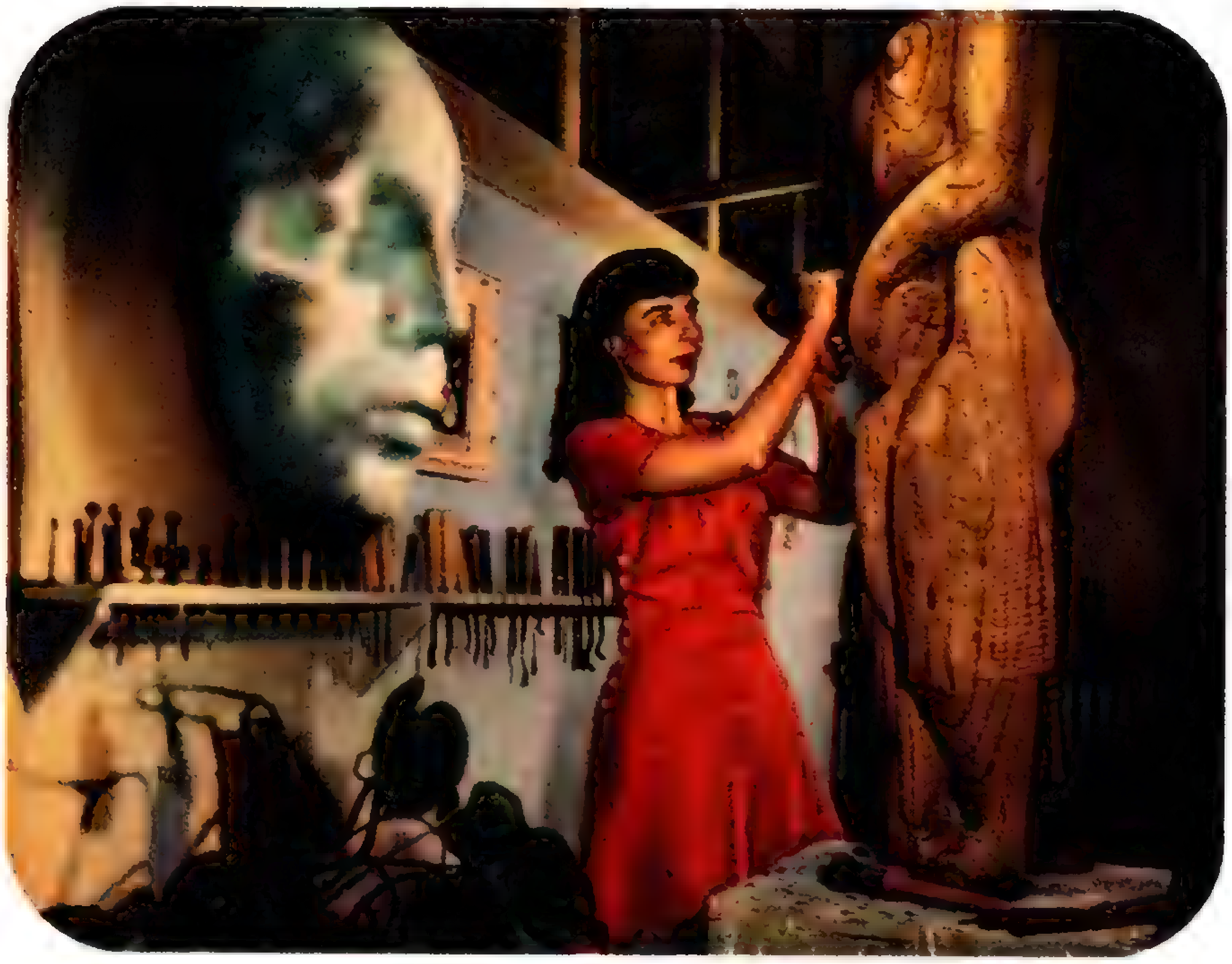
Today the whole country is dancing to the tune of "horses, horses, horses, crazy over horses."

In Hammond, Indiana, a three-man crew parked a locomotive on a yard siding and disappeared into a small building two streets from the tracks. Three hours later, they sheepishly recrossed the tracks, boarded the feebly puffing engine and shuttled off. Over in the yardmaster's office a frantic dispatcher made an entry in his log sheet that solved the case of the missing locomotive.

Down in Hammond City Hall, a police magistrate noted on his docket that three railroaders, who temporarily abandoned their iron horse for one of flesh and blood, had posted twenty-five dollars on a charge of frequenting a horse-race parlor. With this notation went others against a score of patrons, including a seventy-one-year-old man who used the unwagered portion of his monthly relief check to post bond, a Chinese who made laundry marks on a racing paper, and two housewives who dropped in for a flyer on the bangtails before hurrying home to pay tribute to the mechanical age by opening a can or two for supper.

While the railroaders were pleading with the magistrate that a belching locomotive can't be left parked like a flivver on a city street, thousands of other players over the nation were going unmolested about the business of looking after the horse's welfare.

It was an average day. In Washington, D. C., the mother of two children admitted in court that daily bets of 75 to 125 dollars on horses had galloped a 45,000-dollar hole in her accounts as bookkeeper for a manufacturing company. A Jamaica, New York, bank teller ended fifteen years of trusted service by taking 8,100 dollars' worth of samples from his cage and wagering it on a "sure thing" that ran fifth. A Detroit labor leader was the victim of a "slowdown" conspiracy among horses that ate up 16,745 dollars in union dues. On the West Coast, a laundry company manager who expected to "clean up" on an infallible race system found his accounts had a 25,000-dollar shortage which would not come out in the wash.



HINKER

Mitzi Solomon—a sculptor not a sculptress

A serious artist who has exhibited at the Whitney Museum and has a one-man show currently touring, Miss Solomon objects to the label "sculptress"—which she links with "ladies who paint china." Born in New York City 28 years ago, Mitzi studied painting at the Art Students League when she was 11, became a professional sculptor while attending Columbia University (where she's acquired an M.A. in fine arts and one-half of a Ph.D.). She has lived in Paris, designed clothes, conducted therapy classes in wood carving for wounded veterans, lectured on art—and looks like a movie starlet. She works regular hours in her studio where she's shown above, wielding her two-pound hammer on a new piece in Australian blackwood called Memorial. *The mask in the foreground is* Aspect of Pain.

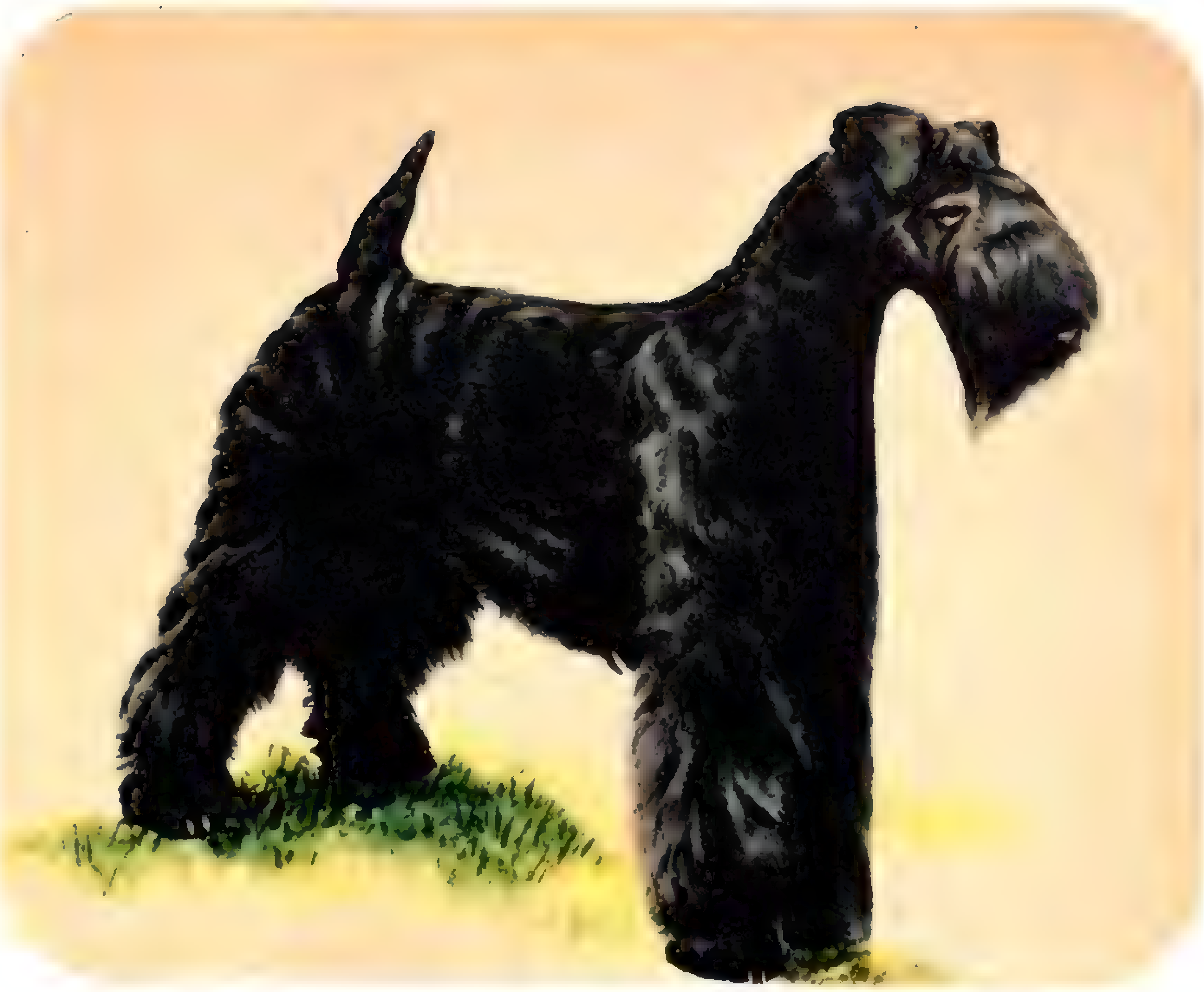
A congressman caught in a bookie raid appealed his ten-dollar fine on the grounds of congressional immunity and laid his arrest to political enemies. A California radio station interrupted its noonday devotion hour to flash the latest racing results from the East. The wife of the convicted "master mind" of a Nazi spy ring filed suit for divorce in New York on the charge that her husband had mortgaged their home to spy on horses which had developed a counter-espionage system of their own.

Bookies had some bad spots, too, that day. Four, including two women, were fined 6,000 dollars in Baltimore. And city fathers, believing the four policemen whose names were found in a memorandum in the bookie office were not selling tickets to the annual benefit ball, began an inquiry. In Chicago, a grand jury, continuing its investigation of Cook County's 1,000 bookies in which nine policemen were involved, learned that one of the betting parlors did a business of 362,000 dollars in nine months. Boston authorities, tapping the vaults of half a dozen bookies, hit the daily double by uncovering 300,000 dollars in cash. A New York bookie was seized as he plied his business almost under the window of the mayor's office in City Hall.

From Maine to California, with branch lines south, the whole nation was putting two dollars on the nose of a horse and settling back to yell, "Ride him, boy!"

The backbone of this multi-billion dollar a year racing business is the tracks, for even the most enthusiastic players concede horses need some place to parade the results of their improvement, like graduation day in the local high school. Twenty-three states permit their citizens to take a monetary interest at tracks when horses display their wares, but only eighteen of them have sufficient racing days to make pari-mutuel receipts a separate item in the official budget.

There was a time when the racing season appropriately started on April 1 and ended on Thanksgiving Day. Soon after the first robin



Champion That's That of Delwin

Owned by Dorothy Kennedy

The Kerry Blue Terrier is rugged and long-lived; at the ripe age of eight, he is, so his breeders boast, easily mistaken for a pup. Official national dog of the Irish Free State, he sprang from the mountain districts of County Kerry over a century ago. This gentle terrier with a knowing nose and aptness for training began as a retriever of small game and birds and a herder of livestock. Then he performed so handsomely at his first Dublin show that English visitors, as well as Irish fanciers, were quick to adopt him. Since his recognition by the American Kennel Club in 1924, U. S. breeders have promoted the Kerry both at field trials and bench shows. His soft wavy coat (which seldom sheds) may be any shade of blue so long as it's uniform. He's a popular house dog and fits in anywhere—including your heart.

shook the Dixie dust from his feathers to settle in a northern tree, the horses pranced to the post at Bowie, Maryland, to unwind the cold kinks from their legs, and bettors started massaging bank rolls grown fat during the winter hibernation. Through the spring and summer, meets spread over the East and Midwest until the horses returned to Bowie in late November to say au revoir. New Orleans and Agua Caliente in Lower California did hold winter meetings in those days, but whether it was horse racing depended upon how you interpret the Constitution. New Orleans since has given back the thirty pieces of silver and is now reaping the rewards that come from a righteous devotion to a great cause.

Along in 1931, Florida made a miraculous discovery. Some good friend tipped off the tourist bureau that winter visitors were returning north with a dollar or two above the bare price of their railroad tickets. Immediate steps were taken to remedy this deplorable situation.

If sunshine benefited the tourist and gave him a vigorous and healthy look everywhere except around his money belt, surely the ultraviolet rays were of lasting benefit to man's good friend—the horse. With northern capital supplying an extra dose of vitamins, Florida set out to make a belated but lasting contribution to improvement of the breed.

Hialeah Park at Miami was converted into a fairyland track, weaving such a spell of enchantment that ordinary two-dollar bettors awakened to find themselves in front of the fifty-dollar mutuel windows. Gentle breezes rolled in from the ocean to cool the brows of bettors tearing up mutuel tickets after the last race, and pink flamingos, skipping about the infield, matched the complexion of players who had a hot tip in the fourth. As the prologue and epilogue for Hialeah, the less luxuriant Tropical Park was renovated within a real estate man's stone throw of Miami, although nearsighted taxi drivers insist it is fifteen miles. There, early visitors tuned up for the coming gay Hialeah season and unwound again in the spring after the best horses had followed the robins north. So well has Hialeah performed its missionary work that in the forty days of the 1946 season, visitors tossed 53,380,000 dollars into the track collection plates. But Santa Anita made Florida's contribution look like small oranges by feeding its pari-mutuel machines a 140,656,000-dollar kitty in fifty-five days.

So beneficial to horses are those Florida rays, that a third track has been added: Gulfstream Park. There is no excuse now for a winter visitor to return north burdened with a single dollar.

A few years after Hialeah opened, a spy from California paddled his canoe through the Everglades to run down a mystery rumor. He rode frantically back to California with news that Ponce de León's land had found the secret of the eternal youth of bank rolls.

California set to work quickly to harness its sun in the interest of the horses and to give fading radio comedians a new option on life with a complete repertoire of jokes about Bing Crosby's racers. Three new tracks were built, and one, Santa Anita, matches or excels Hialeah's beauty, depending upon how the Mississippi divides you, because California, always overdoing things, has both a mountain and an ocean. And for good measure, Santa Anita threw in a 100,000-dollar handicap, for a time America's richest turf stake. Pounding hoofs resounded in Hollywood louder than falling options as movie stars hastened to Santa Anita to learn about photo finishes and show Florida it was a land of small oranges and squirty grapefruit.

Owners and trainers, accustomed to tucking away their charges after Bowie, shook the moth balls out of the horse blankets and headed south and west. Now with Florida and California offering purses that match any tracks in the country and with repentant New Orleans back in the fold and a new track operating at Hot Springs, Arkansas, a bettor can keep his pocketbook in action from one New Year's Day to the next.

Who started this great sport of offering the jack-pot prize to the person correctly answering the recurring sixty-four-dollar question of which horse will speak first to the judges? The ancient Egyptians and the old Romans had plenty of opportunity to test the axiom that all horse players must die broke. The Romans, lacking in imagination, tied a chariot on behind the horse, and the way some run today they apparently have not become accustomed to their new freedom.

After the horse for centuries had given his all for men, the sentimental English decided to do something for the poor beast besides giving him a pat on the nose and a lump of sugar.

Every time the bugle call of *Boots and Saddles* sends the horses to the post, the American player pays silent tribute to a small group of English gentlemen who about 1174 laid out a course in London to better the lot of the poor horse by improving his breed and giving him social prestige. So earnestly did they take their self-appointed mission that their descendants today call American thoroughbreds half-breeds because they claim that during the Civil War the great, great granddaddies of present American racers roamed about like traveling salesmen and often took the long way home at night while returning to their stables from Red Cross dances. America may spend more money improving the breed, as they do on educating youth, but to the English it's not the size of the tuition but the thickness of the ivy on the college walls that counts.

Some of those twelfth-century English nobles backed up their opinions with five guineas or so to give the horses an incentive for improving. But they, like their American cousins in early days, were forced to take a day off from hunting, quarreling or flirting to go to the track if they wished to advance the poor beast's cause.

Yankee ingenuity and a Cincinnati telegraph operator put science to work more than forty years ago on that wasteful manpower problem. Like the invention of the steam shovel which did the work of fifty men but drew 400 loafers to watch it huff and puff, telegrapher John Payne showed the nation that if only 20,000 or so could go to the track, 1,000,000 or more could make their contribution and still be home in time for dinner.

He devised the method of transmitting a "play by play" account of races which now brings the track to every main street in the nation. Along came another gentleman, Frank Brunnel, who popularized racing papers which now have developed into a necessity for every player. For a quarter, a player can buy a racing paper the next day and hold a scientific post-mortem over the remains of his two-dollar bet. The paper will tell him where his horse was at every step of the proceedings from the time the bugle sounded until the horse finally tiptoed back to the stable, and professionals will diagnose whether it was a case of the horse being outclassed or whether he just developed an "I don't care if I do, and I don't care if I don't" complex.

The same paper brings hope again to the player, for it provides him with the opinions of experts as to what the horses might do that day. And to prove the opinions are based on something more than the twinge in the handicappers' bunions, it offers almost a complete history of each horse from the day it first appeared in public wearing a bridle. In one line of type for the horse's last eight or ten races, it tells the date of each race; its post position that day; the track; distance; time of the winner; condition of the track if fast, good, sloppy, slow, muddy, heavy; closing odds, whether the horse was a long shot or the favorite; weight it carried; if a full-fledged jockey or an apprentice was riding; its position at start, at the pre-stretch with number of lengths behind the leader, position in the stretch and distance behind leader, and position at finish with lengths behind the winner; type of race; speed rating for the race; the winner of the race, and the names of the horses that finished second and third; and the weight they carried so a player can compare the loads.

And then in two other lines of type it tells the horse's age; if he likes to run in the mud; the weight he will carry today; the names of his father, mother and grandfather, his breeder, owner and trainer; and the number of times he raced in the past two years with his record of finishing first, second and third together with the speediest time he ever ran the same distance as today's race. This player's digest version is given for every horse running that day. As an afterthought, the racing paper throws in such good advice as "Hold on to Your War Bonds," or "Join the Red Cross."

When telegrapher Payne's idea brought the race track to every main street, it produced revolutionary changes in the complexion of the horse-playing crowd. The only conception of a horse by a bettor today is that it is an oblong animal with four legs which lives in a stable, eats oats, pulls butcher wagons and goes to races on its day off. Early turfites passed many hours in conversation about each horse's chances of crossing the finish line first. The horse's ancestry was more important to them than the antecedents of a candidate for the D. A. R. They looked into the performances and temperament of the horse's father, mother and grandfather more carefully than a Civil Service investigator scanning the membership roster of the Communist Party. Only at Saratoga Springs, New York, was some of that old-time flavor retained as patrons overwhelmed the resort in August to be refreshed at the baths and cleaned at the track. A losing bet at Saratoga meant an opportunity for an enjoyable post-mortem with other sufferers from equine astigmatism and the harvest moon shone down benignly on winner and loser alike.

Today a player flies blind to the track or to the bookie's and simply asks: "What looks good in the fourth?" He has no interest in dragging a horse's relatives into the proceedings unless there is a way of cashing a bet on them, too. In a national contest, thousands displayed their ignorance of the American turf by listing the Irish Sweepstakes as America's leading races.

Historically, of course, we took our first horse tip from the English. The pounding of the hoofs on the early London course echoed several centuries later in the New World. One of the first acts of Governor Nicoll, after he had driven the Dutch from New York and set up his own UNO, was to call his "stove league" cabinet together to discuss the prospects for getting the sport started in the land of fresh wampum. The good people were called together in February of 1665 to hear the governor proclaim that he was authorizing a race meet "not so much for the diversion of youth as for encouraging the bettering of the breed of horses which through neglect has been impaired."

While the governor was remedying this neglect, some loyal subjects were embracing the opportunity to improve the condition of their worldly goods which also had been impaired. Many a saddle and pair of boots along with gilders and guineas changed hands after Captain Salisbury drove home first on Hampsted Plaines. Rumor has it that the governor, too, went home jingling a fair number of guineas in the royal breeches, but whether it was luck or the first "inside feedbox tip" in America, history doesn't say.

Within a few years, racing hoofs flashed over the meadows of Virginia, the sand dunes of the Carolinas and through the streets of northern cities. One of the first formal courses was laid out on the farm of Trinity Church in New York. It was managed by an innkeeper. There is no record of whether the minister served as judge or steward, but years later the Rev. Hardy Cryer of Tennessee put the clergymen up in front of turf leaders by purchasing half interest in Leviathan, a horse that was the Whirlaway of his day.

The outraged congregation demanded Parson Cryer give up the racing game, and the good minister assured them he would comply if they found a way to keep his half of the horse in the stable while his partner's half went to the post. Seeing that the parson was determined to enter the "Wages of Sin" handicap, many of his parishioners climbed aboard and his collection plate on Sunday was a good indication of what Leviathan had done that week. The Rev. James Blair who helped get William and Mary College established was just as adept in horseology as he was in the classics, and some credit him with organizing the first jockey club.

George Washington was a regular rail bird at Annapolis but probably there is no truth in the rumor that the sleepy little Maryland town is exchanging one of its "George Washington Slept Here" plaques, for a "George Washington Bet Here."

The forerunner of modern tracks opened in the early 1860's at Saratoga Springs where both bettors and horses still walk leisurely. One of Saratoga's events, the Travers Stake, older than the Kentucky Derby, has been run continuously except for six years when reformers figuratively locked the stables at every New York track.

Racing for years to come, however, was fated to be a gentleman's game because no one thought the little fellow was interested in putting in his two dollars' worth of improvement, and knew no way of accepting his small offering had he tendered it. Generations which knew nothing about OPA's, assembly lines and FOB Detroit, may well be pardoned for overlooking the opportunity for a mass mustering of pocketbooks. As late as 1939, the small player at New York tracks was treated by the bookies as if he used the wrong soap on his undies, and his two dollars seldom were accepted unless he had the exact change and caught the bookie in a charitable mood.

Kentucky tried to make much of its first Derby in 1875 but it was strictly a shoe-leather and horse-and-wagon race. While Louisville whooped it up, the nation remained apathetic to anything coming out of Kentucky unless it were securely bottled and corked. Eastern papers didn't mention the first Derby until the day afterward and then it was referred to merely as "an extra race of the day." Louisville reporters used a column and a half to extol the beauty of Kentucky women before they got around to admitting there were horses, too, at Churchill Downs.

While turf writers for years concentrated on the ladies and made racing a strictly "top hat and striped pants" affair, owners and track operators clung to their concern about improving the breed. Then along came a cynic, probably the fellow uncouth enough to ask "Why?" when told the show must go on. He suggested the best way for a practical man to improve the breed was to stick to the old formula of having a good mare meet a great horse and let nature take her course. An even bolder cynic ventured to ask what a better race horse could do except to run around a track, for he is too fragile and temperamental to earn his oats in any other pursuit.

Mr. Average Man finally got a word into the argument. The legalizing of racing in many sections as envious states hurried to tap the golden flow of revenue, the widespread use of pari-mutuel machines which permitted the little fellow to step to the window without tipping his hat to bookmakers and bowing twice in the direction of the Kentucky breeding grounds, and easier transportation showed the public the error of its ways in believing racing was the sport only of kings. Track operators, seeing that they could breed golden geese in incubators, began to reason that if a crowd of 10,000 improved the breed, an attendance of 40,000 would produce four times the improvement and pari-mutuel machines were set up like assembly lines in an auto factory. At first the public came in small groups, until someone tipped it off there was a monetary reward awaiting those who stuck a pin through the program and hit the horse that improved most. Finally, Payne taught the little fellow how to make his contribution during his lunch hour. Historically, the horse has been man's principal beast of burden. Now he finds himself saddled with the household budget, too.

(*The second installment of this series, entitled* Win, Place and Show, *will appear in August.*)

SURRENDER
PERFUMES
MICHAEL BERRY

"Is it unconditional?"

By the Rockets' Red Glare

The news that rockets were used as weapons long before this war may surprise even G. I.s

WHOOOSH, go the rockets. Ahhhhhhhhh, goes the crowd. July Fourth, as ever was. July Fourth, and rockets. As they burst among the summer stars, it is inevitable that great numbers of spectators will air their tonsils in the traditional way, making the noise that is reserved only for doctors and for this special occasion. But a more thoughtful few may be silent, thinking perhaps of a beach in the far Pacific or a slope in Italy. Rockets have a new meaning for Americans today.

Fireworks, although an American tradition, did not begin with us. The Chinese who invented gunpowder and went to meet his ancestors in the same blaze of glory was the true source. Somewhat later Roman businessmen sat at the Circus Maximus munching the first-century equivalent of peanuts while their eyes popped at wondrous fiery displays. And in Florence 500 years later the artist who dreamed up huge glowing figures with fire gushing from the eyes and nostrils, and streaming over spears and swords, was the Salvador Dali of the day.

In England, France and Germany fireworks were reserved for the El Morocco and Stork Club crowd only. When it came time for a royal wedding or major state occasion, a gaudy show of pyrotechnics was thrown in for the Main Street folks. And when the court obstetrician could tell a perspiring king, "It's a boy," all hell broke loose as the spectacle department shot the works.

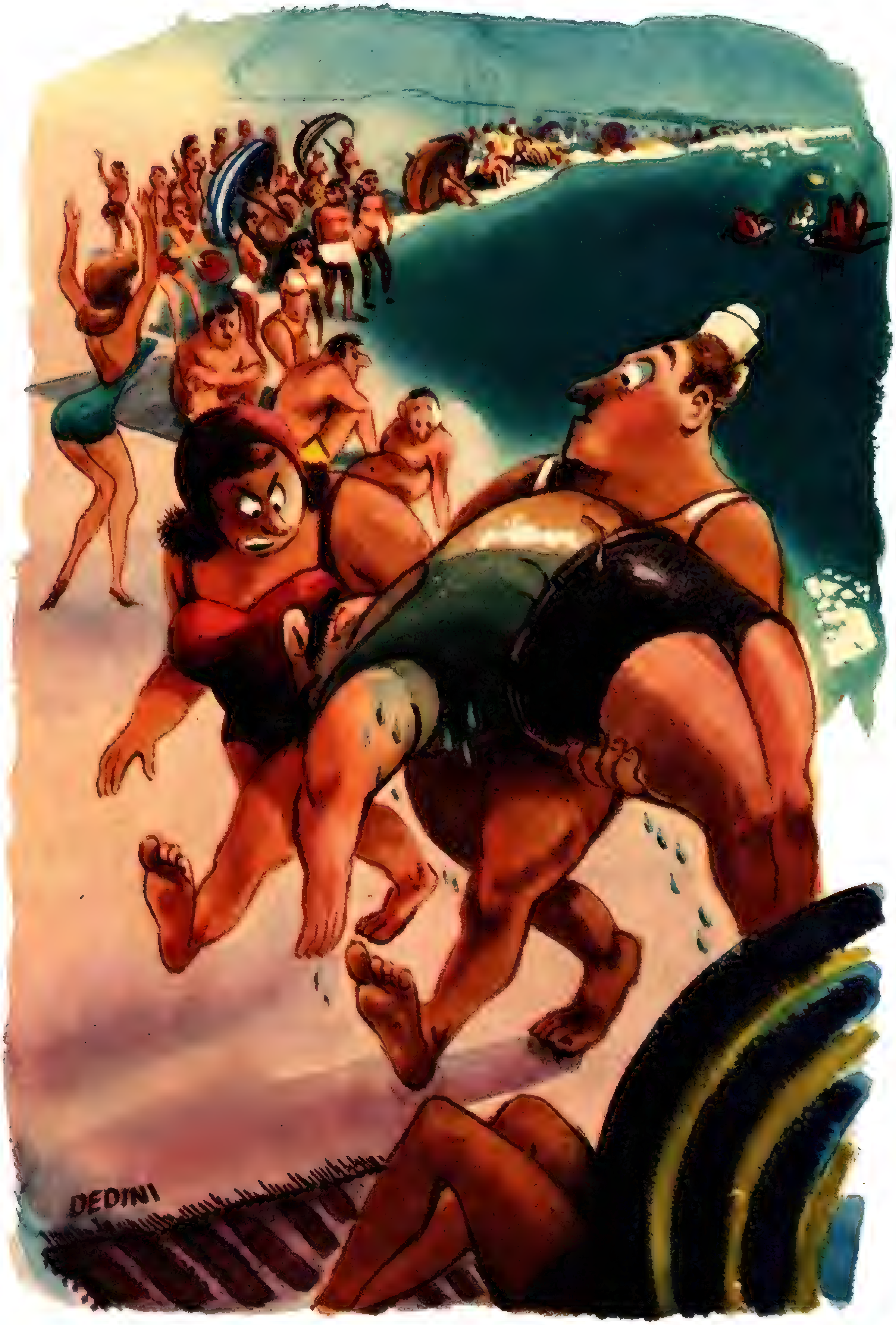
A Hindu ordnance genius of the eighteenth century was the first to perceive that an exploding rocket was far from beautiful when viewed from in front. He demonstrated this to the British in the Indian mutiny of 1799. An unfortunate group of Tommies had the unpleasant distinction of being the first casualties of the new secret weapon, as they looked—for one terrible moment—straight at the nose of his metal-capped bamboo projectile, in its flaming rush toward their destruction. The impressed British soon had their top research men experimenting with rockets as offensive weapons. Shortly afterwards, they tried out rockets in the 1806 siege of Boulogne. Startled French civilians were blitzed by several hundred incendiary rockets, arched into the city from small boats laying two miles off shore. No less amazed were French poilus in the Battle of Leipzig, who waved the white flag at a British Rocket Brigade. Rockets helped put the Americans to flight at Bladensburg, in 1814, as the British swept them aside and went on to burn Washington, D. C.

It was during the following campaign, on the night of September 14, 1814, that a Baltimore lawyer named Francis Scott Key watched the shelling of Fort McHenry from the deck of a British warship to which he was confined. Fiery rockets lit the scene—not flares or signals, but incendiary shells. While the guns boomed, Key, a man of calm patriotism, began writing the verse of an anthem by the rockets' red glare. The next day, after American shore batteries had repulsed the attackers, *The Star Spangled Banner* was completed.

As other weapons were developed rockets stood still, surviving as Coney Island and Fourth of July spectacles, and in minor roles in signaling and firing life-saving lines. They never made a headline in World War I.

But in World War II rockets roared out of the laboratory with a whoosh to make history—the bazooka, the rocket-firing ship, the rocket planes were bad news to the Axis. The Nazi answers—V-1, the doodle bug, and the Luftwaffe's jet-propelled fighters—were also considerably removed from the firecracker class.

But now this year . . . peace . . . July Fourth . . . once again, rockets. ###



"Oh, John, you're always doing something to spoil the day!"

A pair of shoes and three lines of David armed the old Frenchman against the Boche

A Rod and Staff for Jules

by W. A. S. DOUGLAS

MATULAY

That first Saturday in recaptured Paris was one of the loveliest days I have ever spent in France. We had rolled in during the night on the heels of the French 2nd Armored Division which had been accorded the honor of making the triumphal entry into the capital.

The midday sun was pouring down on the Avenue Scribe and the Place de l'Opéra. I stood in front of the Scribe Hotel which had been assigned as correspondents' headquarters and wondered if among the thousands of happy, though obviously half-starved, Frenchmen I would come across a familiar face. How many of my old Paris friends would be alive after four captive years under the Germans?

I came to notice a shabby old man who kept passing by and staring at me. At least I thought he stared more at me than at Bob Casey of the Chicago *Daily News* or at Ira Wolfert of the North American Newspaper Alliance, both of whom stood with me sunning themselves and using Casey-Wolfert French on the laughing, milling throng.

The most noticeable thing about this bent old man was a large, irregular spot on the right side of his coat. The suit he wore had once been blue but had turned in most places to a sort of green. At last he stopped in front of me and spoke hesitatingly.

"Monsieur Douglas?" he asked.

"Right," I replied. Here was a man whom I should know. I noticed that he was emaciated to the stage of being a near-skeleton.

"Jules Simon?" He said his name hesitatingly, hopefully. "The travel agent. You and Monsieur Webb Millaire. Remember?"

He was talking of Webb Miller, European General Manager of the United Press, who was the first newspaperman casualty of the war.

"Why, Jules!" I cried, stretching out my hand—and then without thinking—"They sure made a mess of you, Jules!"

He burst into tears, and the curious crowd started to thicken around us. I ran him up to my room, opened rations, heated them over a sterno can, fed him coffee, beans and hash. I had to take the food away from him after a while because he would have made himself sick.

I remembered Jules Simon when he was fat and prosperous, and earlier when he was young and slim, a "clean" Paris guide. By "clean" I mean that Jules showed nice things about Paris to nice people; he peddled no dirty postcards, conducted no tourists through bordels. He knew Paris and he did very well through connections with American newspapermen, who invariably recommended him to tourists.

After the meal I poured Jules a shot of brandy—out of a bottle General Patton had given me, so I know it was good. He started crying again when I told him Webb Miller was dead. You could see the Germans had done things to him, for Jules had been no weakling. I remembered he must be about fifty-five but he looked at least seventy. I suppose, by comparison with others of his race, Jules had had an easy time during the occupation. But what he told me gives you the measure of what an easy time for a Jew in occupied Paris really meant.

The large spot I had noticed on Jules' blue coat turned green, came from wearing the yellow, "Star-of-David" sleeve patch Germans used for marking Jews. He had removed it five days before the liberation, when he had secured a rifle and ammunition on the strength of his Croix de Guerre of World War I. In his old suit with its ugly patchmark Jules had fought beside the police who were among the first to resist.

Jules had the patch in his pocket, wrapped around his old Croix de Guerre. He did not hate the patch. He told me it would always keep him humble and thankful to God for His mercies. He said his wife felt much the same about her patch.

Back in the thirties, Jules Simon had prospered so well as a tourist guide that he opened a travel agency. Old clients sent him new clients and foreign correspondents kept pushing along the visiting firemen. He had his car, his little apartment across the boulevard from his office and his country villa at Joinville-sur-Marne.

The Germans were aware that Jules knew the city as did no other man. He was drafted into the army transport office and detailed to teach the nooks and angles of captured Paris to truck drivers and imported policemen. There was no treachery in Jules' doing such work. I am sure that had he been asked to give important information he would have refused. He and his wife were allowed to remain in the city, and he was paid a meager pittance for his work. He was permitted to retain his apartment, but it was stripped of its period furniture, which some German officer fancied, and shipped to his home across the Rhine. His villa at Joinville was summarily confiscated because he was a Jew and through a series of deals became the property of a man who seemed to be as good a patriot as Jules. Jules must now go to court to fight for its recovery.

During the occupation, the Jews had to wait at the end of queues for food, permit applications, seats in the métro and in the busses. The badge worn by Jules made him conspicuous. Often, as he neared the head of the line, a German soldier would send him back to start all over.

Jules had once wanted to do some extra huckstering in the evenings. He spent a month of nights and early mornings in line trying to get his permit. On the thirtieth day, after he had been sent down the line thirty times, a Gestapo agent took him by the neck, cursed him for his persistence and kicked him across the prefecture courtyard. Jules had limped ever since. He always will limp.

Trachtenberg

I gave my old friend a cigar after his meal, remembering how much he used to enjoy them. He took a few puffs but it was no use; he couldn't stomach it. So he laid it down and sat staring at his shoes.

"You see," he said at last, "I've still got them."

I looked at his worn, scuffed shoes. And then I remembered.

Before I had left for the States after the disastrous Summer of 1940, Jules had asked me twice, when I had planned short trips to London, to bring him a pair of English shoes. Both times I either forgot or, what is nearer the truth, didn't bother about them.

Back in the States, I had got to thinking about Jules and his request. Matters were probably going hard with him, so I went to a store in Chicago and got him the best pair of shoes in the place. I told the clerk what I had in mind. I don't know his name or address, but I'd like to tell him this story, just as I'm going to tell it to you now.

"By golly you did get them after all?" I said to Jules. The food and brandy and the talk had done wonders for him. I gave him a fresh cigar and he smoked it right through. It was the shock of our entrance into Paris that had knocked him out. He wasn't beaten at all.

Jules told me that but for the shoes he would long ago have been walking barefoot or with his feet wrapped in rags. The clerk who sold me the shoes had advised me to send them to Jules in care of our Paris embassy. He figured that Jules would very likely turn up there on the hunt for odd jobs. That's exactly what happened.

"The best part of the gift, however," Jules went on as we sat there smoking our cigars, "was not the shoes themselves but the little note which I found in one of the toes. I had to show it at the embassy after I found it, but that was all right."

Now I knew I had put no message in those shoes. But I said nothing, as Jules opened an old note case and produced a piece of paper worn through at the folds and repaired with gummed strips. It was the fourth verse of the Twenty-third Psalm: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Nobody but the shoe clerk could have put that Bible verse in Jules' shoes.

"You know," said Jules, "neither my wife nor I were what you might call devout people before this trouble came upon us. I had learned that verse when I was a child, never realizing that it would come along to me while I actually walked in the valley of the shadow just as it says—and that it would become our rod and staff. We used to repeat it together, my wife and I. It did wonders for us."

He told me he had got into trouble with some German officers while riding in the métro one night. He had been pushed and in turn—despite trying to avoid it—could not help pushing against these officers. So he was arrested and brought before a deputy commandant who forbade him to use the subway trains, ordered him to walk in the street gutters and to use the sidewalks only when he was going into or coming out of a building. So for two years Jules walked in the uneven, filthy gutters. That's where my shoes came in. Their stout, honest structure kept him on his feet as he staggered through a sluice beside people who were permitted to use the smooth concrete of the walks.

But Jules stood up as well as the shoes. What kept his heart up was the Bible verse which that unknown Chicago shoe clerk sent along to a man he had never seen.

"The words were a beacon which lit my path," said Jules in his flowery French, "though I walked in the gutters of Paris. They were also a rod and a staff in my hands. And on my feet were my good American shoes. I was in truth armed against my enemies." #

The waterfront reporter sensed a story in the killing of the captain's mascot

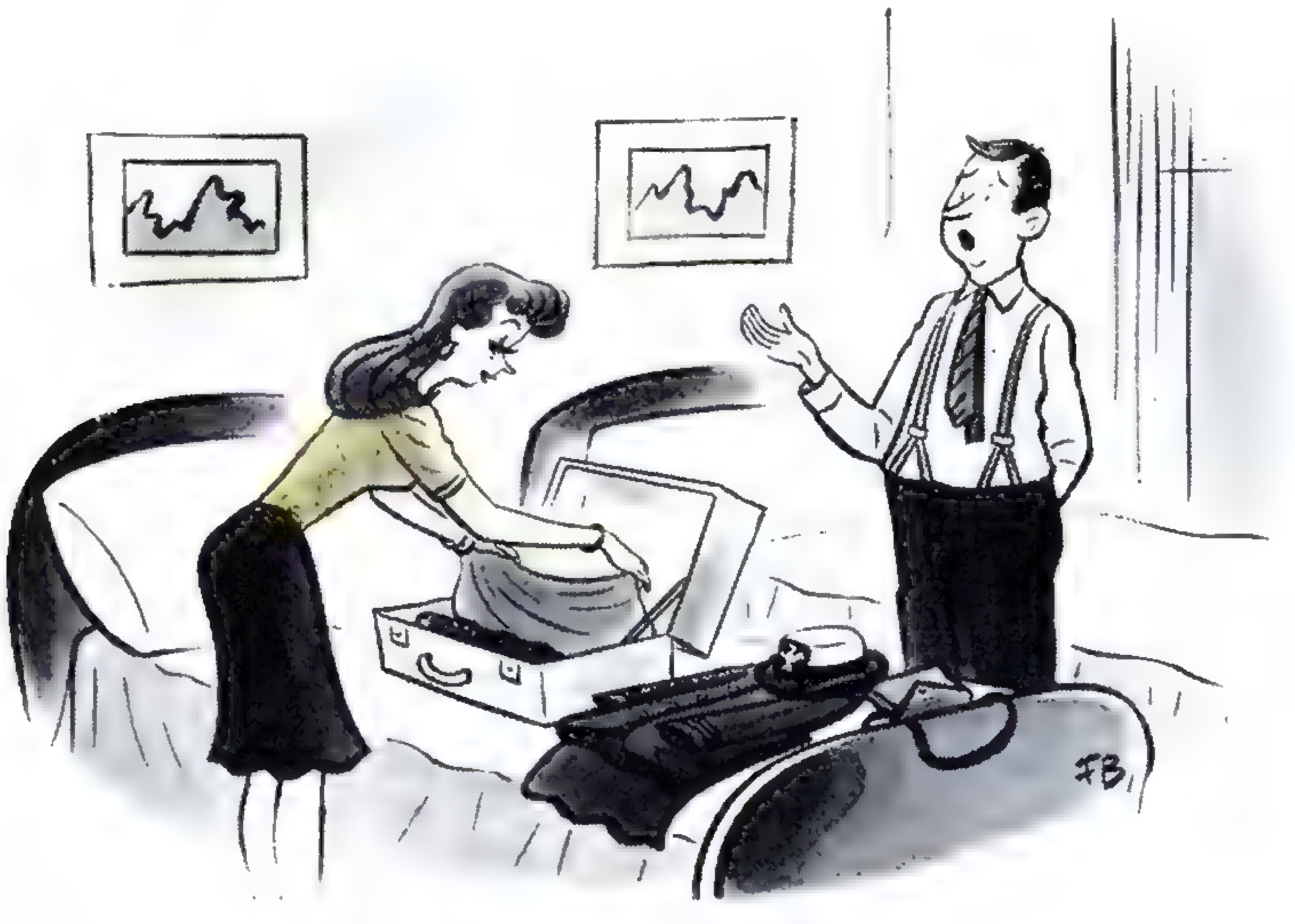
The Cat in the Crow's-Nest

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

BACON

If some old wharfspinner began telling this I would give you the wink, and you would know enough not to believe him. I have been around this waterfront so many years the gulls know me by name, and I know every tall storyteller from Bodkin to Baltimore. I would give you the wink and we would cut our painter and be on our way.

This isn't a haunting story of the days of sail. It happened so lately you could easily call on the longshoremen who know about it, and check the story for yourself. If it hadn't been for my own skepticism the story might have been lost, for my disbelief caused me to check and recheck every angle not once but a dozen times.


"I'd much rather you invite your old shipmates over for the week-end than to have you go running off to some reunion!"

We'll pick it up from the beginning . . .

One morning in the Spring of 1939, the city editor told me the S.P.C.A. was investigating the hanging of a cat aboard a British ship the *Hartlehaven,* down on Pratt Street. It was a fine warm day, so I skipped the usual beef, and went down there. Sure enough, there was a large, grey-striped tomcat, strung from a line lashed to a brace jutting from the crow's-nest. An S.P.C.A. man held it over his shoulder as he climbed down the mast. There was a black crescent on the cat's head. The great yellow eyes were still open.

All the S. P. C. A. man knew was that they'd had a call from a woman who saw the cat as she passed along Pratt Street. It was the captain's cat; the captain had been gone all night and wasn't due aboard before noon.

"Busted his head in first," the S.P.C.A. man said.

"Yea," I told him, "a thorough, workmanlike job."

"You could tell who done it," he added, "because that guy would be scratched up some. A cat this big must have been good for a fight."

The cat's hypnotic eyes stared in a deep, burning yellow fire, with jet pinpoints, suggesting the jungle inflamed. I shrugged.

"Whew," I said, "get him out of here."

The S.P.C.A. man hauled the cat away in his truck. I headed for the galley for a cup of joe, and got the cook talking. He said the captain loved the cat, and there would be the bloody hell to pay.

"Loved 'im like a brother," the cook said. "That bloody cat 'ad the best we 'ad on ship. 'Im always was up on the bridge, 'anging by the ol' man's feet, he was. Ol' man says that cat brought him luck."

I asked about the luck. Cookie declared the captain would stroke the cat's fur when they'd run into a blow, saying they'd never have to worry with that cat aboard.

"Almost lost 'im once," Cookie revealed. "Last trip in New York, 'e gets ashore and the pilot is pullin' us into East River when the old man discovers kitty ain't aboard. Old man made the pilot come to anchor, and he orders a boat over and goes ashore 'imself. The tugs was tootin', and a pilot boat comes out to raise hell, and the Coast Guard is screaming about blocking the fairway, but in a bit the old man comes back with the cat. You could hear the old man and the pilot swearin' clear to the galley.

"Coming down from New York it blows 'ard and we're rollin' like a cork. Ol' man says not to worry, kitty will get us through. Well, we gets through, and when we comes in the newspapers 'as ships founderin' up and down the whole Atlantic."

"Who killed the cat?" I asked him point-blank.

"T'wasn't nobody uv the crew, uv that you may be sure." He looked toward the pier. "Somebody out there, they done it."

"You mean one of the longshoremen?"

"Ya."

"Which one?"

"He ain't there today."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause the only man in the world who 'ad it in for that cat was out there. 'E's a big man. . . ."

"But why?"

"'E had a bit of a monkey, a marmoset you call 'em, and 'e 'ad it with 'im yesterday and the cat got it.

"Saw 'im with my own eyes. The cat comes flyin' off the bridge and leaps onto the pier and kills it. This one what owns the monkey, 'e kicks the cat, but the cat drags the monkey away in 'is teeth. The big man 'e comes runnin' aboard, a'cursin' and swearing that 'e'll get that cat. He couldn't find 'im though. 'E must uv come back in the night and killed the cat and 'ung 'im aloft. . . ."

I stood by until nearly one o'clock. When the skipper, a drawn-faced man around fifty, came aboard, he went to his cabin. Finding the cabin door open, I walked in.

"Who the bloody hell sent for you?" he flared.

"Nobody," I answered, "I'm from the newspaper. I wanted to find out about the cat . . ."

"You get the hell off this bridge and off this ship," he said, leaping to his feet.

I backed off. "I'm only trying to help you find who did it."

"I know who did it, the damned contemptible rat. I'll kill him and I'll kill you if you don't move on."

He started for me. I ran out and down the ladder. Some of the crew were gathered at the foot. They were blank-eyed.

On the wharf, I found Tony Immanmello, Leo Samsel, and Chew Habvich. They said the only man in the gang who hadn't shown for work was Blackie Woyniaushiak. When I asked them why, they said they didn't know, but they did say that Blackie had had a marmoset and it had been killed the day before by the captain's cat.

"You—up there—quit clowning!"

I tried to find Blackie at his house on Gough Street, but his wife said he'd come home after a fight, packed his clothes and left.

"After a fight?" I asked.

"Yea," she said, "looked to me like a woman done it. He was scratched from ear to ear and his clothes was torn and bloody. He probably had it coming to him. He was mean that Blackie, a meaner man there never was."

I called in, feeling chipper because I'd run down the story. The city ed cut me off with a "nice goin', forget it." He couldn't see any reason to print a lot of threats, and since no arrests were made, the story might backfire. I dropped it, though I did see the skipper the next afternoon. He was on the wing when the pilot was taking the *Hartlehaven* away from the dock. Blackie wasn't there, but Tony was. Tony reported the ship was nine hours late in leaving because the old man had been out all night searching for Blackie.

"He must be crazy, that skipper," Tony said. "Went around to Blackie's house and scared the hell out of Blackie's old woman and the kids. And he tells us, yelling like a damned fool from the bridge, that he'll kill Blackie, or get someone else to do it for him."

I thought of the fire in the cat's eyes and I shuddered a little. Would a man really kill another man because of an ugly big cat?

As I told you, this all took place in the Spring of 1939. I was around the waterfront for quite a while after that, but Blackie never came back. Then, when the first reports of torpedoings started rolling in after the war had started that fall, one of the first among the missing was that skipper. He went down with the *Hartlehaven.* I thought I should turn out a squib and let Blackie know he could come back to Baltimore, that although nothing had been forgiven, it was safe again. Or that the skipper had really missed his good-luck cat. . . .

By and by, we got into the war, and I was in it and you probably were, too. I came back to the paper once I was discharged, and worked temporarily on rewrite. A month ago, my hair stood on end.

The Eastern Police District reporter called in an item about the death of Michael Woyniaushiak, aged thirty-seven, of Gough Street. A cable had snapped and flung him up against the mast, and hanged him from there.

"I knew this guy," I told the reporter. "Where did it happen?"

"On a Limey ship," he said, "the *SS Hartlehaven,* down at Pier 6, Pratt Street."

"You must be wrong," I said, "the *Hartlehaven* was sunk early in the war."

"Just a minute. . . ."

He came back to the phone. "No, pal," he said, "the cops who were out on it are still here and they say it was the *Hartlehaven.*"

I wrote a short on it and hurried down to Pier 6.

It was the *Hartlehaven,* just as unkempt as ever, being loaded just where she was taking on cargo that time seven years before. "Say," I asked the gangway watch, "I thought this ship had been sunk during the war?" The watch turned to a British sailor standing beside him, and he volunteered the information:

"She was, matey, but we pulled her up again."

"Wasn't the captain killed?"

"Yes, him and most of the crew was killed, but we got the ship up again."

I brushed past them to the forward well deck. Tony and his gang were bunched at the forepeak. They were being questioned by an insurance representative. Each man stuck to the same story. . . . Blackie had been acting as signalman between the winchman and the gang ashore. Yes, the booms and blocks and tackle had been inspected. Those who were on the wharf said they heard the cable snap and saw Blackie struck by the end of it. The cable had hit him in the throat and slashed his jugular vein, then it had wound around him, lifted him off his feet and hurled him fifty feet up into the crow's-nest. There's where they found him, in a bloody heap, with his legs dangling.

The man on the winch, Alphonsus Littman, added one detail.

"Just before it happened," he said, "I got the signal to hoist. I shoved the lever. I saw Blackie curse and pick up a piece of dunnage and throw it at a big grey cat. When the cable broke, I ducked and I didn't see anything else."

"What cat?" I asked him.

"That one," he replied, pointing to the shelter deck.

I looked. Something tingled through me. I looked at Tony and the others. It was a large grey-striped cat with a black crescent on its forehead. It stood, burning yellow eyes piercingly gloating at us.

"The same cat," Tony said.

I couldn't believe it. I walked swiftly to the bridge.

"Captain," I said, "where did you get your cat?"

"I have no cat," he answered.

"But the one on the ship?" I said impatiently.

"We have no cats on this ship," he replied.

I asked him to come with me and have a look, but when we got there the cat had gone from the shelter deck. We searched the ship. We asked the crew. They'd never had a cat, each man insisted.

Tony and the gang and I looked for weeks for the cat, but have never seen it, nor the like, since Blackie was hanged, so thoroughly and workmanlike. #

OLD STEEL ENGRAVING

Salute to the brilliance, force, wit and charm of Miss Stein's personality, with a tear for her prodigal waste of talent

Gertrude, Alas, Alas

by ELLIOT PAUL

Two Cockneys in a railway car got into an argument as to whether a very respectable-looking man with a clerical collar, sitting at the other end of the car, was or was not the Archbishop of York. They made a bet and one Cockney walked the length of the car, apologized, told the solid-looking citizen about the bet, and waited hopefully for an answer.

The gentleman in question looked severely at the Cockney over the rim of his pince-nez and said: "B—r off, will you!"

The Cockney went back and said to his friend, who had bet that the stranger was *not* the Archbishop of York: "He won't tell us."

I am reminded of that story whenever it is suggested to me that Gertrude Stein has been perpetrating a hoax for the last forty years. A few feature writers have asked her that question point-blank. She has always avoided answering the question.

Her closest companion for more than two decades has been Alice B. Toklas, whom Gertrude has made almost as famous as herself. Gertrude dominates Alice, makes all the decisions, takes all the praise or blame. Throughout their career, Alice has graciously accepted the role of disciple, with no expressed wishes of her own, never questioning Gertrude's judgment or whims. She has never ventured to give advice, or even traffic directions when Gertrude was driving their Model T Ford. When others are present, Alice frequently addresses Gertrude as "Lovey," and if this is not done for effect, it is practically the only thing not done for effect by either of them lo, these many years. They believe in doing things for effect, and that the effect should be mildly provocative and confusing. That is the way Gertrude likes to live.

Having a comfortable income from sources that require no care, Gertrude could have lived almost any way she wanted to. She excelled in philosophy as a favorite student of William James at Radcliffe, and was one of the most promising students of brain surgery and related sciences at Johns Hopkins. She proved, while still in school, that she could write clearly, convincingly and well and could find a ready market for her works. Any of the careers suggested by those beginnings seemed too easy to Gertrude. She knew there were plenty of conscientious writers and gifted scientists. What she did not see, as a young woman in looking around her, was a single human who seemed to be doing what he or she pleased, without dictation or hindrance. She was not willing to admit that a woman with moderate means, good health and fair intelligence could not live for herself and amuse herself without an illusion that she was essential to society.

"Nothing is meaningless if one likes to do it," she once said.

Wars, depressions, artistic and literary storms, and revolutions come and go. She remains the same—solitary (except for Alice who has practically submerged herself in Gertrude's personality), mysterious, forceful and conspicuous. I doubt if Garbo, Shaw or Einstein has had more publicity. Gertrude frankly loves it. But she has never gone out of her way to get it. Publicists have always come to her. And while they came to scoff, they remained to admire and went away with a haunting feeling that they had been in contact with one of America's most remarkable women of all time. They never knew any more about her writing or her intentions than when they arrived. But she is always so charming, so witty, so kindly and tolerant, so versatile, so unexpectedly diverse in her interests, that it takes a dull person, indeed, not to find some common ground with Miss Stein.

In saying that she was "solitary," I don't mean to suggest that Gertrude has not had plenty of company. Probably she entertained more Americans, from all walks of life, in her Rue de Fleurus studio, between World Wars I and II, than any other American celebrity. And I keep referring to her as "American" in spite of the fact that she has made but one short visit to America in the last forty years. Characteristically, Gertrude remained where she was and let America come to her. She speaks French with an American inflection and a slight flavor of the California she abandoned as a girl. She looks, as Jimmy Cagney remarked, very much like Spencer Tracy and dresses quite as informally.

Not a few of the American "exiles" in the carefree and foolhardy 1920's played the heavy man of letters in the most flamboyant European style. Wherever you found Ludwig Lewisohn, for instance, you would be sure to encounter a flock of writers with various accents, haircuts, and axes to grind. The talk would be of the latest editions or translations of the work of *le maître* (the master) and, in so far as the satellites dared, of the latest editions or translations of their own works, if any. In groups of the advance guard, like the Surrealists, literary talk was taboo. The few timid Americans who were admitted to the circle sat very still and listened to the Gauleiter, who then was André Breton. The talk was of revolution and violence, although Stalin had declined to admit them in a body to the Party. When Gertrude Atherton or chaps like Thornton Wilder disembarked, they saw to it that they were met by reporters of the New York *Herald* and the Chicago *Tribune*, and, if possible, the humbler Paris *Times* and the ultra-British *Daily Mail*. They were listed as "among those present" at the teas and receptions given by the late Mrs. E. Berry Wall, Mrs. Tryphosa Bates-Bachelor and the other prevailing lionesses of the American colony's high society.

Although Gertrude Stein was on speaking terms with almost all the ambitious women who wanted to boost their social standing by giving free handouts to the French, Austrian, Spanish and Russian aristocracy, she never took them seriously and never permitted them to exploit her fame or popularity or amazing conversation. As a matter of fact, Gertrude was on speaking terms with the genuine French old families who seldom, if ever, received Americans. Gertrude endeared herself to these descendants of noblemen who still loved France by her work for the French wounded and later the American wounded in World War I, during which she raised a great deal of money and herself drove an ambulance at the front.

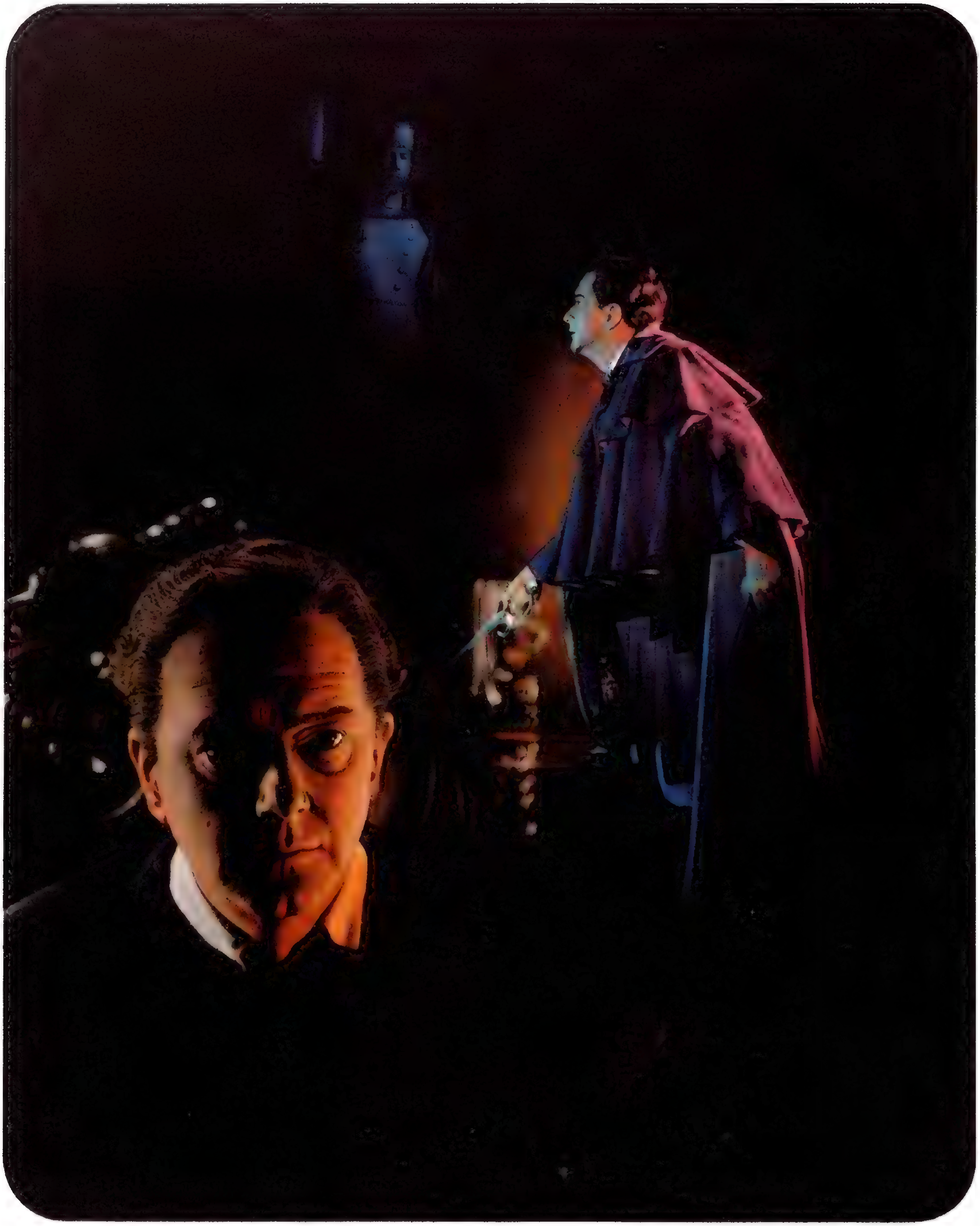
It is almost maddening to think that a writer of her talent should have seen so much so well and should have stubbornly refused to write about it. I have seldom felt sadder than when I read Gertrude's *Wars I Have Seen*. In danger every moment as a famous Jewish fugitive from the Nazis who occu- (*Continued on page 189*)

AMERICAN BEAUTY

Jane Russell

Photograph by Tom Kelley

The first thing that a breathless movie audience sees of Jane Russell after waiting three years for *The Outlaw* is her eyes. These are okay, as you can judge above, and subsequent reels reveal her other well-publicized charms. Jane was working as a ten-dollar-a-week receptionist when Howard Hughes picked her from a photograph for the lead in his Western epic. She's not exactly a Cinderella, however, for she had been groomed from childhood for an acting career and had been a star performer in school plays in Burbank, California. *On Men:* "I prefer the rugged outdoor type who excels in athletics, provided he has intelligence and is a gentleman." Vital Statistics. *Height:* 5'7"; *Weight:* 127; *Bust:* 36½"; *Waist:* 26½"; *Hips:* 36½".



Maurice Evans' (and Shakespeare's)

HAMLET

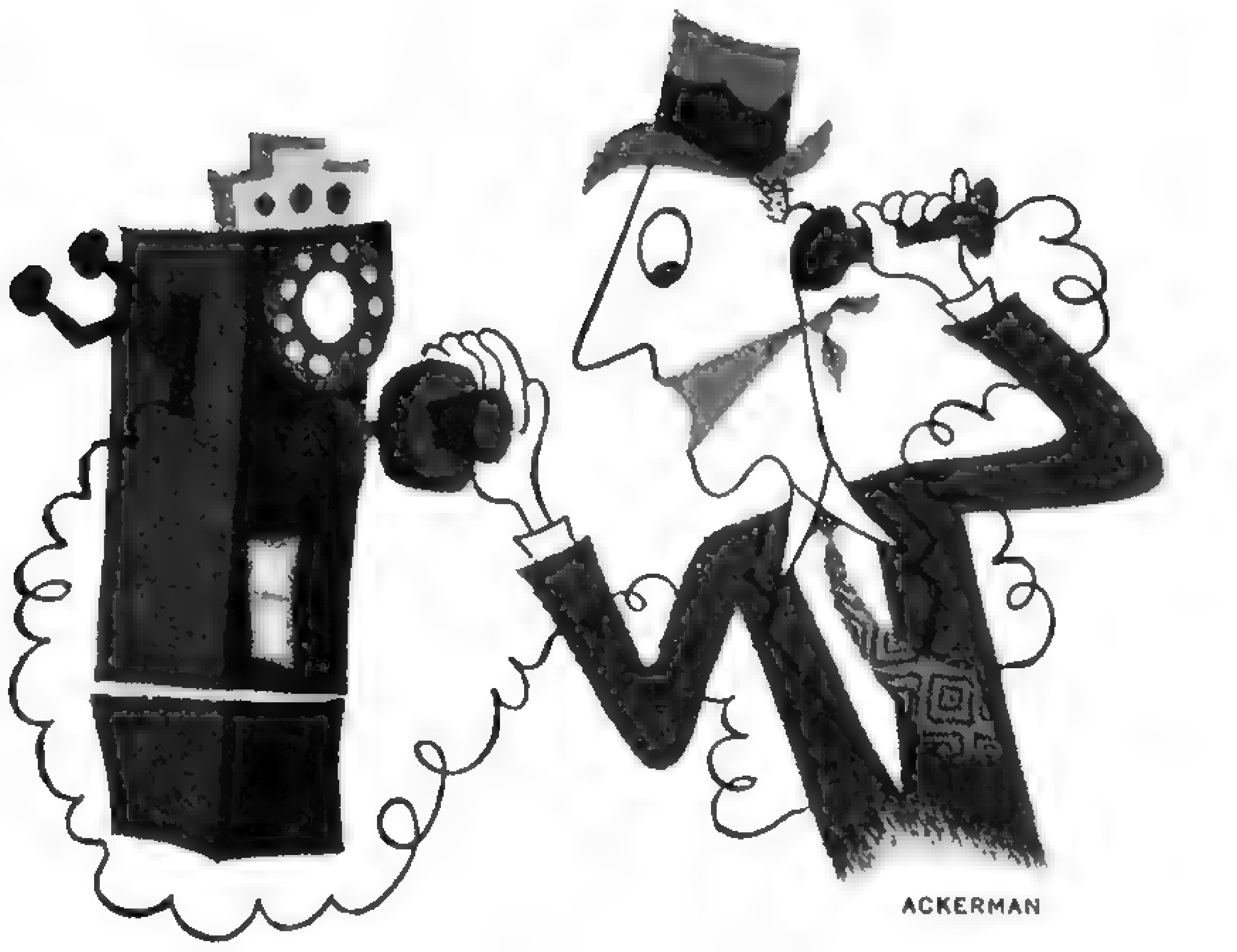
Photograph by Ed Rinker

"To be, or not to be . . ." As seen in his streamlined *Hamlet*, which enjoyed a long New York run and road tour this season, Maurice Evans ponders the celebrated question. Army officials also did some dubious pondering when Major Evans first proposed the Melancholy Dane as Special Services entertainment for G.I.s. The major got his way and set out for a Pacific tour with a version geared "for the uninitiated"—often performing with coffee cans for spotlights and props hammered out of shot-down Zeroes. The "uninitiated"—both G.I. and civilian—loved it, proving the bard still clicks. Victor Thorley, the ghost above, is fresh from the wars. Incidentally, seven G. I.s were "converted" from the Army cast for the Broadway production.

Don't be surprised if your mother-in-law trips you up in this devilish, new way

Watch Out for Wire Tapping

by **HERB GRAFFIS**



THERE is no limit to which science won't go in helping you be trouble to yourself and everybody else.

It used to be that a gentleman could pick up a telephone and be fairly certain that he was talking only to the party on the other end of the wire, plus possibly a few telephone operators. These operators, contrary to masculine legend about feminine gabbiness, have the rare capacity of being able to keep their mouths shut.

Of course, there was some wire tapping. Sinister parties would hook in on other sinister parties, or the law would surreptitiously eavesdrop by wire on suspected wrongdoers. Wire tapping eventually was outlawed by the curious process of reasoning that we apply to so many other noble things in this fair land. By ruling that wire tapping was illegal the law handicapped only itself. Wicked persons continued to tap wires.

Among the uses to which this nefarious practice of wire tapping was put was taking advantage of the confidence of trusting bookies. Deliberately erroneous race results were sent into the horse parlors. Perhaps you wouldn't think that sportsmen could sink so low, but you must remember that horse tracks are for the improvement of the breed of horses and not for the improvement of the breed of humans. Nevertheless, these wire-tapping villains would utter false statements upon receipt of which the horse parlors paid off accomplices of the wire tappers who immediately decamped with their dividends. Imagine the consternation of the honest and ingenuous bookie as he heard the valid results come through the wires shortly thereafter.

That procedure was virtually eliminated by the progress of radio. The challenge of radio has been met in various artful ways by characters who wish to deny a respectable bookie the opportunity of making a living for himself and the precinct captain.

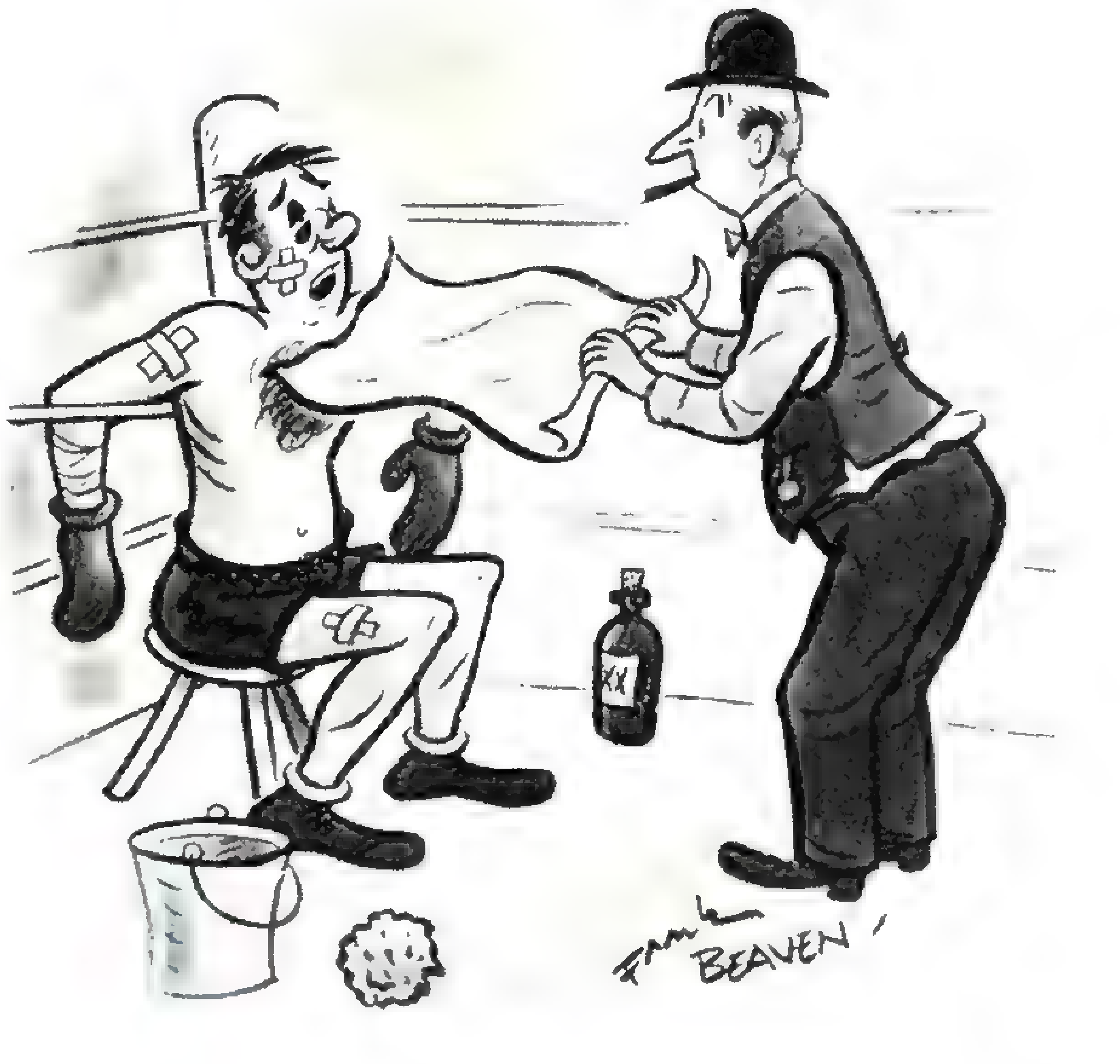
So much, in a cursory manner, for the persistence of wire tapping amongst persons of ill repute.

Of more intimate interest to our law-abiding citizens is a novel form of wire tapping addiction that makes a fellow queer for tapping his own wires. This psychoneurosis, not long ago, reached the stage where the Federal Communications Commission was called in to determine whether a businessman had the right to eavesdrop on himself.

What got the FCC into this question of whether or not a person had the right to violate his own conversational privacy was a scientific jimcrack for confusing people by making things simple. It was a phonographic device that, when wired to a telephone, would impersonally record conversations.

The contrivance was quite practical in registering such conversations as a grocery order, in which the groceryman could interject "we got none of that, ma'am," frequently during the rather one-sided chat. However, grocerymen didn't use it. They were having trouble enough doing business the simple way.

In the upper executive circles where the device became popular it had the often embarrassing feature of being exact. The man who owned the record found, on replays, that he'd made statements he couldn't lie out of. Then he spent so much time worrying about whether or not the other guy also had a record, he wished he'd never gone in for wire tapping.



"Any more sage advice before he beats my brains out?"

Not content with establishing a new bad habit, American inventive genius kept playing around with the gadget and developed it so it didn't have to be wired to the telephone. The important person who had a yen to tap his own wire could place his telephone on top of the improved wire tapping recorder and electrical induction would do the rest.

That step in the march of science outsmarted the telephone companies. When a recorder had been connected to a telephone the company that owned the telephone could legally insist that the customers cease tapping their own wires. But when the transfer of tattle was by induction the telephone companies had to go yelling "copper" to the FCC.

So what's this mean to you, even if you are but one of the multitude of lusty males whose most urgent telephone conversations are of such a nature that when a man answers you hang up?

You know very well that whatever modern improvement the rich get eventually is inflicted on the poor. Ere long the practice of tapping one's own wires probably will become a general evil.

The man you've been hanging up on will answer your call with a recording of his woman telling you to meet her at a certain time and place.

You will be shocked beyond measure when you are met, not by the lady who has you in violent anticipatory palpitation but by a gruff and hostile character who smacks you vertically and kicks you horizontally. When you pick yourself and your teeth up, you will say "to hell with scientific progress in wire tapping."

There are infinite disturbing possibilities in the development of a device encouraged by Big Men who think many of their conversations are worthy of preservation and who have such mistrustful natures they hope to trap the other guy by discs or wires that'll give him a secondhand audition in court. The evil practice of framing unsuspecting parties will expand to make blackmail a giant industry.

Some susceptible citizens will fall into this pit innocently. All they'll intend to do is engage in mechanical wire tapping because it's a growing national custom and they don't want to be left out. The greatest ambition they'll have at the beginning of their error is to become volunteers in law enforcement by applying wire-tapping methods employed with great success by the late William J. Burns and the legendary King Brady.

But the temptation to become court as well as copper will be too great. Most of the things a person says over the telephone can be used against him. If playing back a recording of the victim's remarks might relieve an acute financial stringency of the party who tapped in with a recorder, the odds are going to be against the man who talked freely.

Now you can begin to see why the telephone company is so intensely interested in discouraging its customers from becoming wire tappers. The company doesn't want the customers to get so scared of the instrument they'd pick it (*Continued on page 137*)

How he died was a matter of concern, for he was no man to be canceled casually

The Last Ride of Don Porfirio

by GEORGE SLOCOMBE

The four men walked quickly down the narrow main street of the town. It was a hot day and the men wore cotton vests and thin blue cotton pants. Their bare brown feet were shod with rope-soled beach shoes and they walked noiselessly on the strip of tarred road that separated the principal buildings of the little coast town from the public gardens and the concrete promenade beyond which lapped a lazy blue sea. Three of the men carried rifles slung over their shoulders and had a thick bandoleer of cartridges belted round their narrow waists. Every few minutes they plunged their free hand into the hip pockets of their pants, pulled out cigarette papers and a pinch of black tobacco, rolled it dexterously with a single twist of the fingers of one hand and inhaled a few deep breaths of acid smoke. The fourth man walked behind and a little apart from the others. Instead of a rifle, he carried two big pistols stuck in his belt. He smoked a cigar.

When they had been walking for ten minutes between shuttered houses in a street as lifeless as during the hour of siesta, although it was not yet noon, the town proper came to an end, and before them glittered the broad blue sea. Behind the palms now shading the road they could see the gardens and white gleaming walls of ornate villas. The last of these villas was larger and older than the others. The plaque over its gate bore the effigy of a saint killing a dragon and the inscription *San Jorge.*

When the three men carrying rifles read the inscription on the plaque they stopped and looked at the man who smoked the cigar. He was a small thin man with sad eyes and a mustache. He looked at his watch uncertainly, pulled out each of his pistols in turn, saw that they were loaded, replaced them in his belt, and looked carefully up and down the road. In the slight sea breeze the palms made a dry creaking sound like the noise of straining masts on a sailing ship. The windows of the villa *San Jorge* were shuttered, and there was no sign or sound of life within.

The man with the cigar pushed at the gate. It opened easily. With a shrug of his thin shoulders he walked into the garden of the villa, signing to the others to follow. He walked round to the back of the villa, looking anxiously at the shuttered windows as if he expected them at any moment to open. Ripening fruit hung from the orange trees in the garden, and one of the men with the rifles plucked an orange, bit into it thirstily, sucked a mouthful of juice and threw the pulp away. The man with the cigar looked at him angrily but said nothing. He pulled out one of his pistols, squinted along the barrel, then ran lightly up the steps to the door of the villa and rapped sharply with the pistol butt.

The three other men stood stolidly in the little square courtyard of the villa, shaded by orange trees, and cooled by the fine spray of a jet of ice-cold mountain water which fell into a round basin of black marble. A sharp scent of eucalyptus blossom filled the air.

There was no reply from the house. The thin man knocked again on the door with the butt of his pistol, calling sharply:

"Concepción! Concepción! I request you to open the door."

The men with the rifles grinned, shuffled their worn thin shoes on the cool marble slabs of the courtyard, but said nothing.

The thin man rapped again on the door. And now could be heard a small muttering voice from within, and a scraping of feet. The door opened on a chain and the thin man promptly put one foot inside it. The face of an old woman, brown and wrinkled, appeared in the aperture of the door. She looked more angry than apprehensive. The thin man threw away his cigar, smoked down to the very butt. The old woman looked at the cigar end on the ground, then at the hand which had thrown it, and finally her scornful gaze, traveled to the pistols stuck in the man's belt, and up to the dark sad eyes and slight black mustache of the thin man.

"So it is you, Luis," she said. "Without the pistols," she added jeeringly, "I would not have recognized you."

"Open the door, Concepción," he begged nervously. "We have come for Don Porfirio."

"Don Porfirio?" she cried contemptuously. "Ah, he was expecting this honor." She unhooked the chain and opened the door.

"El Capitán Luis," she said mockingly, "be pleased to enter. Don Porfirio awaits you."

The thin man made a sign to his three followers. They shuffled past him into the hall of the villa, and waited uncertainly. The thin man also waited for the old woman to close the door.

"Oh, go in, Luis," she said. "You know where to find him."

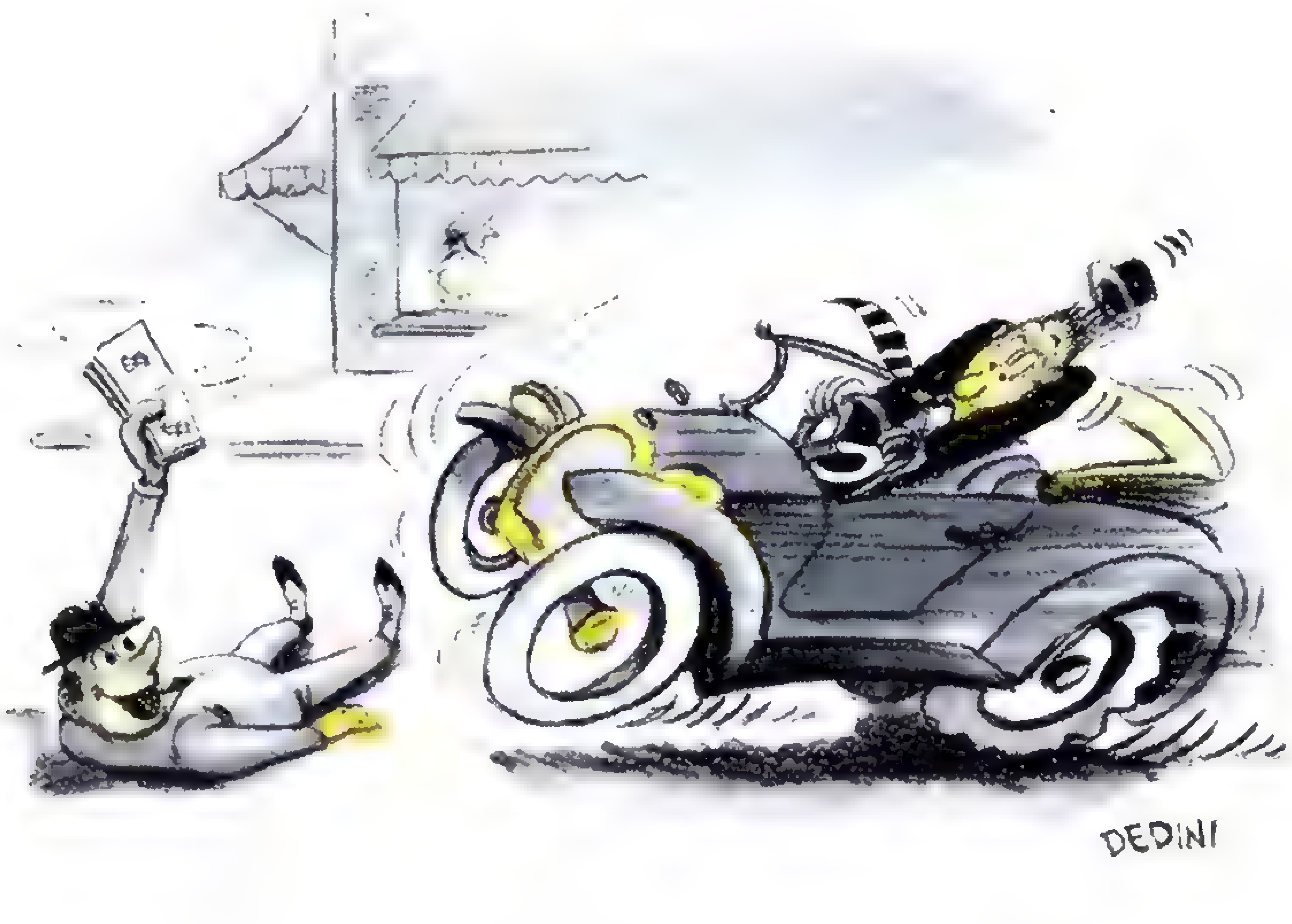
He heard her old complaining voice muttering imprecations as she disappeared into the dark interior of the villa. Then he opened a familiar door on the right of the hall and peered in.

The room was in semidarkness. It was a large room, with long bay windows which gave on the garden at the back of the villa. The windows were closely shuttered and the room was hot and airless. The furniture was shrouded with loose covers, as if the villa had been abandoned for a long period. There were dead flowers in the tall vases on the big table in the middle of the room, a number of empty bottles, glasses with the dregs of wine in them, and unwashed dishes. The floor was littered with old newspapers, and over everything was the dust of cigarette ash. In the middle of the big bay stood a high-backed leather chair, with carved arms in black oak. And seated on the chair, with his hands folded on his belly, his eyes closed, his bald head supported on a velvet cushion, his small, slippered feet resting on a velvet footstool, was an old man of immense corpulence. He seemed to be asleep.

The thin man advanced softly across the carpet and looked at the old man. Then he whispered apologetically:

"Don Porfirio!"

The old man opened one eye. He looked like a



"Cash for your car?"

very fat old parrot. The thin man shuffled his worn shoes on the carpet, looked around at the door where his three followers stood expectantly. At his sign they came into the room, unslinging their rifles.

The old man opened the other eye, and his enormous cheeks, hairless and white, disappeared in a yawn which exposed two rows of small yellow teeth.

"Well, Luis," he said, "what have you come for?" His voice wheezed and rumbled asthmatically in his vast ivory-colored chest, visible under a soiled silk shirt open at the neck.

"I have orders," said the thin man uncomfortably. "You must come with us." He looked down at his shoes, and his feet traced a pattern on the worn carpet. "I regret exceedingly," he murmured.

"You regret?" rumbled the old man. "Who are you to regret? What do you regret? And where must I go with you?"

"Don Porfirio," said the thin man softly, "with your permission, we will escort you to the cemetery."

"Ah," said the old man. His heavy lids dropped over his eyes, and he seemed to meditate. Then he opened one eye and fixed it interrogatively on Luis. He seemed to be amused.

"An execution squad, eh," he murmured. "At my time of life."

"Don Porfirio," said the thin man meekly, "it is extremely regrettable. There has been a trial and you have been condemned."

"So you have come to shoot me," said the old man. He breathed deeply, then tried to lift his enormous body to an upright position in the high-backed chair. His small fat hands, covered with rings, rested helplessly on the carved arms of the chair. Then, wheezing and sighing, he abandoned the effort. His hands fell again to their accustomed place on his vast belly.

"Well," he said at last, "I am ready. I do not need a priest. You can shoot me here."

The thin man looked at him in horror. "Not here," he said, "at the cemetery."

"Here!" said the old man firmly. He sighed as if with pleasure, and allowed his head to fall back on the velvet cushion.

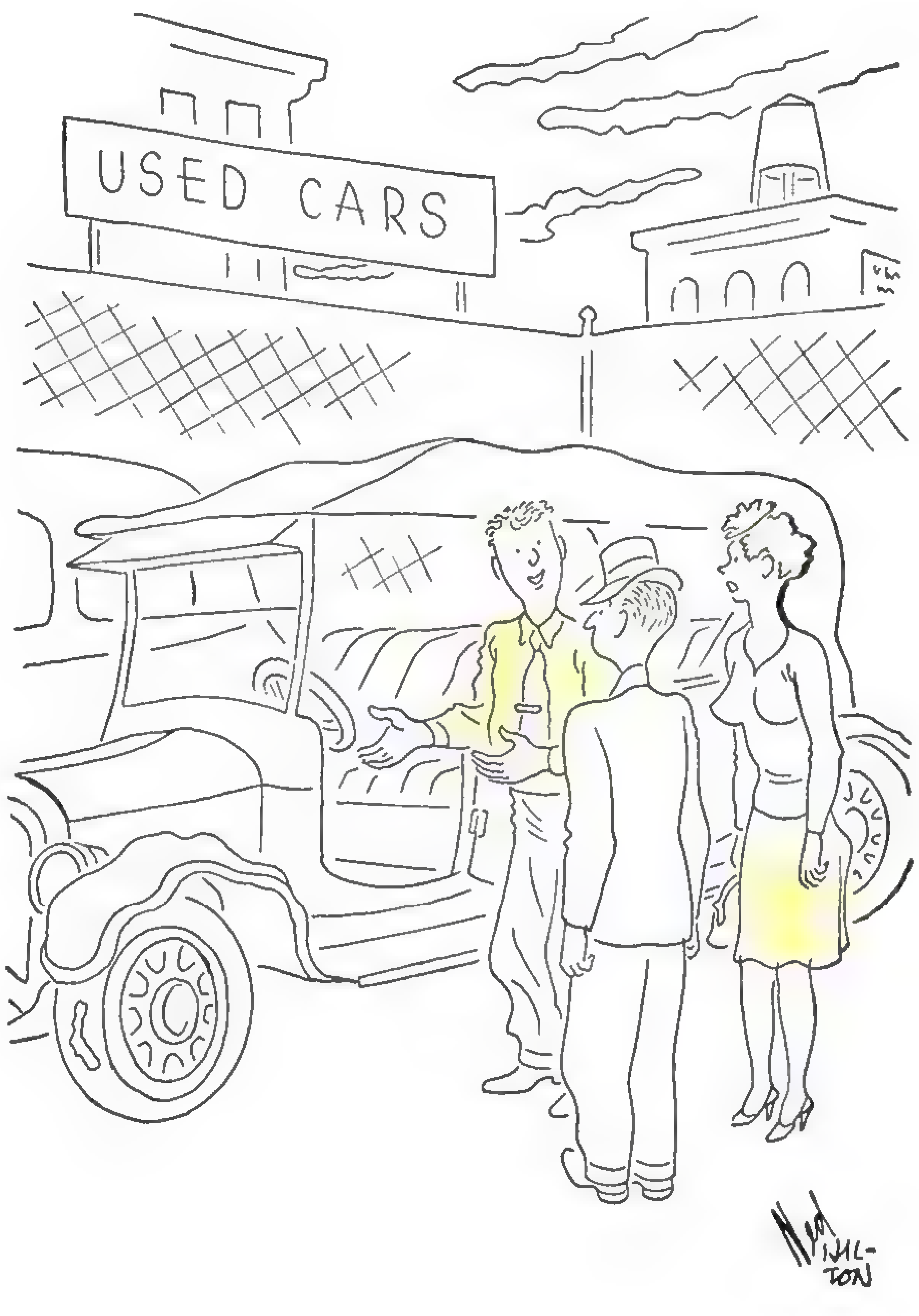
"Don Porfirio," pleaded the thin man, "you will please accompany us to the cemetery. A grave has been dug. It is more seemly there."

"This is my house," said Don Porfirio with dignity, "and I wish to die in it. Kindly obey me. When I am dead, you may take me to the cemetery and bury me."

The three men with the rifles looked at each other uncomfortably. The cemetery lay at the other end of the town, on a hillside overlooking the sea. It was a long march. Their eyes measured the bulk of the old man. In their minds they saw him already in his coffin, and themselves struggling impotently under its weight.

The old man chuckled as if he divined what they were thinking.

"Señores," he said politely, "I am in no hurry to die. You have my permission to sit and smoke."



"Look, there's no clutch pedal"

The three men sat down at the untidy dining table, placed their rifles at their feet, and began to roll cigarettes. The thin man remained standing, a look of perplexity in his sad brown eyes.

"Don Porfirio," he said at last, "it is a delicate matter."

"There is nothing indelicate," grunted the old man, "in dying in one's own house."

"That is true," acquiesced one of the men seated at the table.

"It is unfortunate," murmured the thin man, "that I have orders to take you to the cemetery. It is customary."

"You will shoot me here," insisted the old man irritably.

Luis pondered the matter. "If we shoot you here," he said sadly, "we must leave you here. The town is empty. There are no arrangements for respectable obsequies."

"My obsequies," chuckled the old man, "will not interest me when I am dead."

"There are no horses," pursued Luis with the air of making an inventory of the town's deficiencies. "There are no cars. There are no funeral carriages. There are no carpenters, no coffins. And" he added more hopefully, "it is a very hot day."

"That is nothing to me," said the old man cheerfully. "I shall not need a coffin. You can carry my body to the cemetery and bury me as I am."

The three men at the table looked at Luis uncomfortably.

"Don Porfirio," muttered one of them, "is exceedingly heavy. The cemetery is a long way out of town." Luis said firmly, "I must request Don Porfirio to dress and accompany us."

The old man opened his parrot eye and cocked it at Luis. "You know very well," he said, "that I have not walked in this town for twenty years. My feet will not permit me to walk. Always I have ridden."

"Those days," said Luis proudly, "are over. It is the others who ride in their cars now."

"Not for me," grunted Don Porfirio. "I have ridden every day for twenty years in my car, and it is too late to walk now. I request you to shoot me here. I claim the right to die with dignity."

"It is the right of everyone," murmured one of the men at the table.

"Here," said Luis, "it is impossible. It would not be seemly to leave the body of Don Porfirio in this house, unburied. Besides the weather is exceedingly sultry."

The old man pondered this problem.

"If I consent to go with you to the cemetery," he announced with the air of making a final concession, "I will go in my own car. You shall drive me, Luis, for the last time. That will give my obsequies the proper touch of decorum, since my ex-chauffeur is to conduct them."

Luis sighed. "If it were only possible," he said despairingly, "but the automobile of Don Porfirio is requisitioned. When I last saw it, it had been slightly damaged in a collision. Besides, there is no gasoline in the town."

"Then the only thing that remains," said Don Porfirio wearily, "is to shoot me here."

Luis shook his head sadly. "I regret to have to decline Don Porfirio's natural request, but it is impossible. I must insist on taking him to the cemetery, where everything is arranged."

Don Porfirio closed his eyes again as he grunted: "It is preposterous to expect me to walk. At my age and in my condition! You know very well, Luis, I have not walked in twenty years."

"If we only had a horse!" moaned Luis. "But the horses have all been eaten."

"It is a matter of indifference to me how I ride," murmured Don Porfirio. "You could," he suggested, "carry me in my chair."

The three men at the table rose as one to their feet, looked at Luis in terror, then sank back in their shrouded chairs, perspiring freely.

Luis smiled now for the first time. "There is no horse," he said eagerly, "but there is Don Porfirio's old carriage. It is still in the garage from which we took the automobile last month. Perhaps Don Porfirio would consent to ride to the cemetery in his old carriage."

"But there are no horses," objected one of the men at the table.

"Horses?" cried Luis scornfully. "We do not require horses to push an old man in a light barouche. There are two of you to push behind, and one of you to pull in the shafts."

"And you, Luis," said the old man tranquilly, "will sit on the box as when you first drove me."

"If Don Porfirio will give me that honor."

An hour later, when the villagers were normally engaged in their afternoon siesta, a strange procession took the road from the villa *San Jorge* through the town to the cemetery on the hill. An old-fashioned barouche, upholstered in faded red leather, rolled elegantly through the silent streets and passed the shuttered houses.

The barouche was pushed by two men in cotton vests and thin blue pants with rifles slung over their shoulders. Another man pulled the light shafts. A fourth, with two big pistols in his belt and a look of pride in his meek brown eyes, sat on the box. On the broad cushioned seat of the barouche, his feet on a velvet footstool, a straw hat shading his half-closed eyes from the sun and his beringed hands folded happily on his enormous belly, Don Porfirio rode for the last time through the streets of his native town. #

Baseball wonders of the '90s, Hanlon's Baltimore birds parlayed psychology and savvy into three straight championships

LAURITZEN

Foxy Ned's Orioles

by TOMMY O'SHANE

Amos Rusie, the old-time speedball pitcher, was warming up. His great hulk was behind every pitch, and the ball whistled menacingly to the catcher. He was good. He felt good.

Over on the Baltimore Oriole bench, Foxy Ned Hanlon chewed on his upper lip and the lower fringes of his black mustache. Rusie had always been anything but an Oriole benefactor. Hadn't he and Jouett Meekin kept the Temple Cup from the pennant-winning Orioles in 1894? And didn't he stand calmly on the hill every time they met, deaf to the epithets and insults the Orioles used as a part of their strategy, turning back batter after batter?

Hanlon wanted the game badly. The Orioles were only a few points ahead of the Cincinnati Reds, and they needed this victory over New York and Rusie to stay on the top. Tommy Murphy, the groundkeeper, wearing his conventional black suit and plug hat, opined to Hanlon that the field was still wet from the morning rain.

Hanlon, whose abilities have often been overlooked by baseball fans when a discussion of the great managers takes place, called his charges around him. They included such standout players as Jack Doyle, Henry Reitz, Hughie Jennings, John McGraw, J. B. Donnelly, Joe Kelley, Walter Brodie, Wee Willie Keeler, Joe Quinn and Wilbert Robinson. He had such pitchers—in 1896—as Bill Clarke, Bill Hoffer, Arlie Pond, George Hemming, Charley Esper, Sadie McMahon and Joe Corbett, brother of prizefighter Jim.

"Everyone bunt," Hanlon said.

The Orioles, a mean club on the field, questioned the edict with their eyebrows, but went about as bidden. Hellcats to opponents, they were kittens to the manager. The first man up bunted. The ball zinged straight from the bat into pitcher Rusie's hands. The next man dropped one and was out easily. So was the third man.

The second and third innings were the same. Bunts went either to the pachydermic Rusie, or the third and first basemen. The fans began booing their own Orioles. "Play baseball!" was heard from all sides. Hanlon refused to switch his plans.

Then in the fourth inning, the first man up bunted safely down the first-base line. The second batter sneaked a piffling roller past Rusie which the third baseman grabbed too late to get the runner either at first or second. Hanlon could see that Rusie was boiling.

The third man up laid one right in front of the plate, and it rolled so slowly that Rusie, running in to grab it, sprawled all over himself. He jumped up and shot the ball to third, hoping to force the runner from second. His throw was high. The ball went over the third baseman's head and was lost in the grass. Three runs came in. Hanlon immediately gave orders for all to swing away. The damage had been done. Rusie was whipped—another victim of the psychology and savvy which Hanlon and his lieutenants, Captain Robinson and John McGraw, were employing to make baseball history.

That is what made the Orioles great. Some latter-day fans, recalling the club which won three straight pennants in the old National League, when the loop was composed of twelve teams, called it "teamwork." True, there was teamwork, but far beyond that was an aggressiveness, deception and baseball sense many feel was never brought together again on any ball field.

The 1896 Orioles came through with the best won and lost record of the Oriole nines which played in the National League from 1892 to 1899, winning ninety and losing thirty-nine. They also won the Temple Cup, progenitor of the World Series, in 1896, smacking down the Cleveland Spiders in four straight games. The team of fifty years ago was the only Oriole club which won both the pennant and Cup series.

Cincinnati that year fought, bare fang and knuckles, with Baltimore for supremacy. For weeks there was never more than eight or ten percentage points between them. Late in August, the Reds ventured to Baltimore, pleas of home fans ringing in their ears, to bring back the pennant. The town turned out and gave them a conqueror's send-off. They came to Baltimore cheery and confident, but they crept home defeated, humiliated, woebegone, their pennant dreams blasted. It was not until Pat Moran's outfit, twenty-three years later, that Cincinnati finally pushed through a winner.

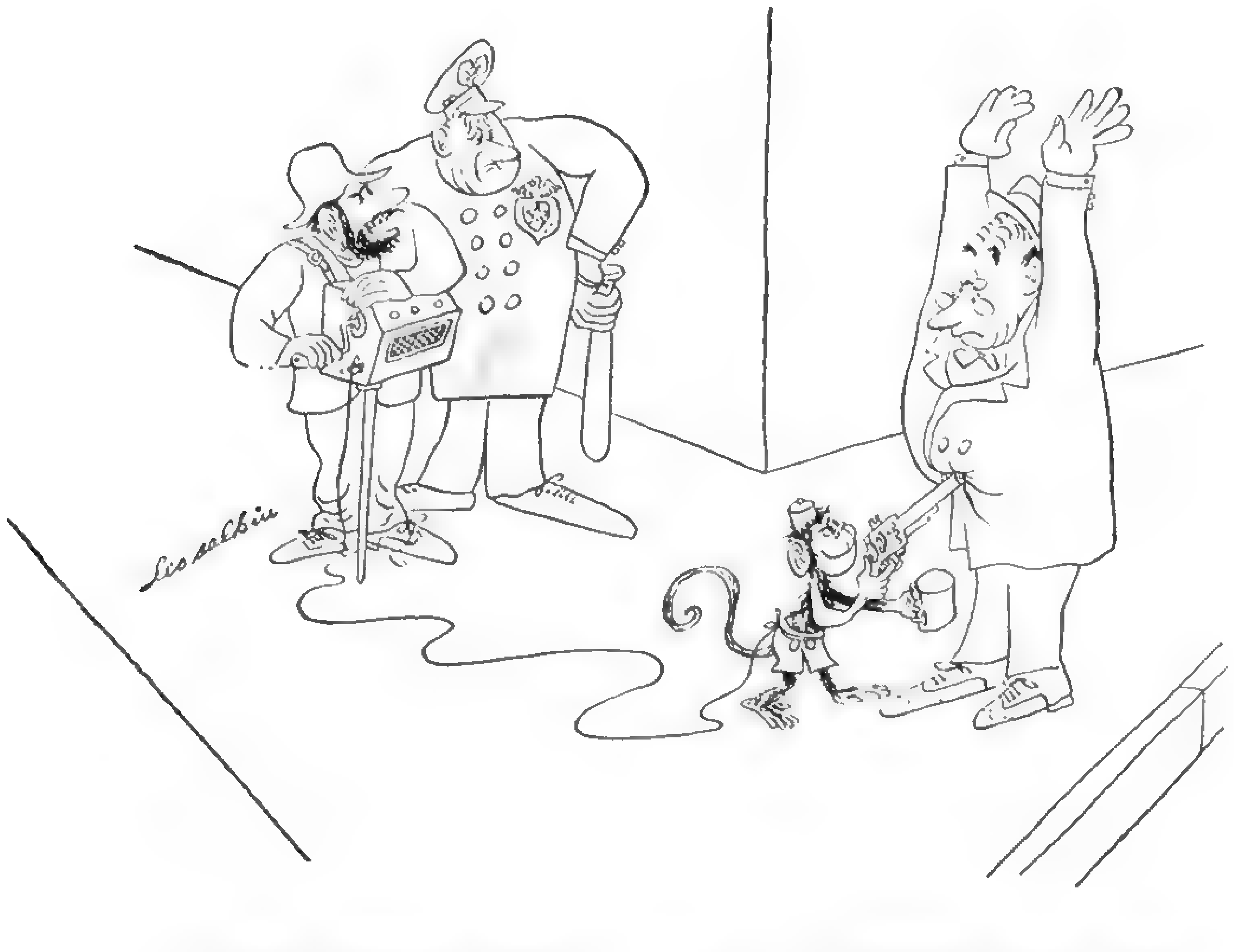
The first game of the crucial 1896 series was on August 27 at Union Park, the high board fence of which marked the Huntingdon Avenue and Greenmount area. Cincinnati sent Johnny Foreman to the hill. John was a Baltimore boy. The Orioles gave him no sectional or hometown courtesy, but fell, instead, on his every pitch. Frank Foreman, his older brother, came in to relieve him. Frank also was drubbed. The Orioles took the next two games and the series, polishing off Big Brother Frank again in the process. The Reds dropped from first to third place.

The Philadelphia Club was the team most beloved of the Orioles. In 1896, Baltimore swept every game of the season with the Phillies. That success was borne over to the following year, and it wasn't until the pennant race was almost over that Philadelphia managed to remove the Indian sign.

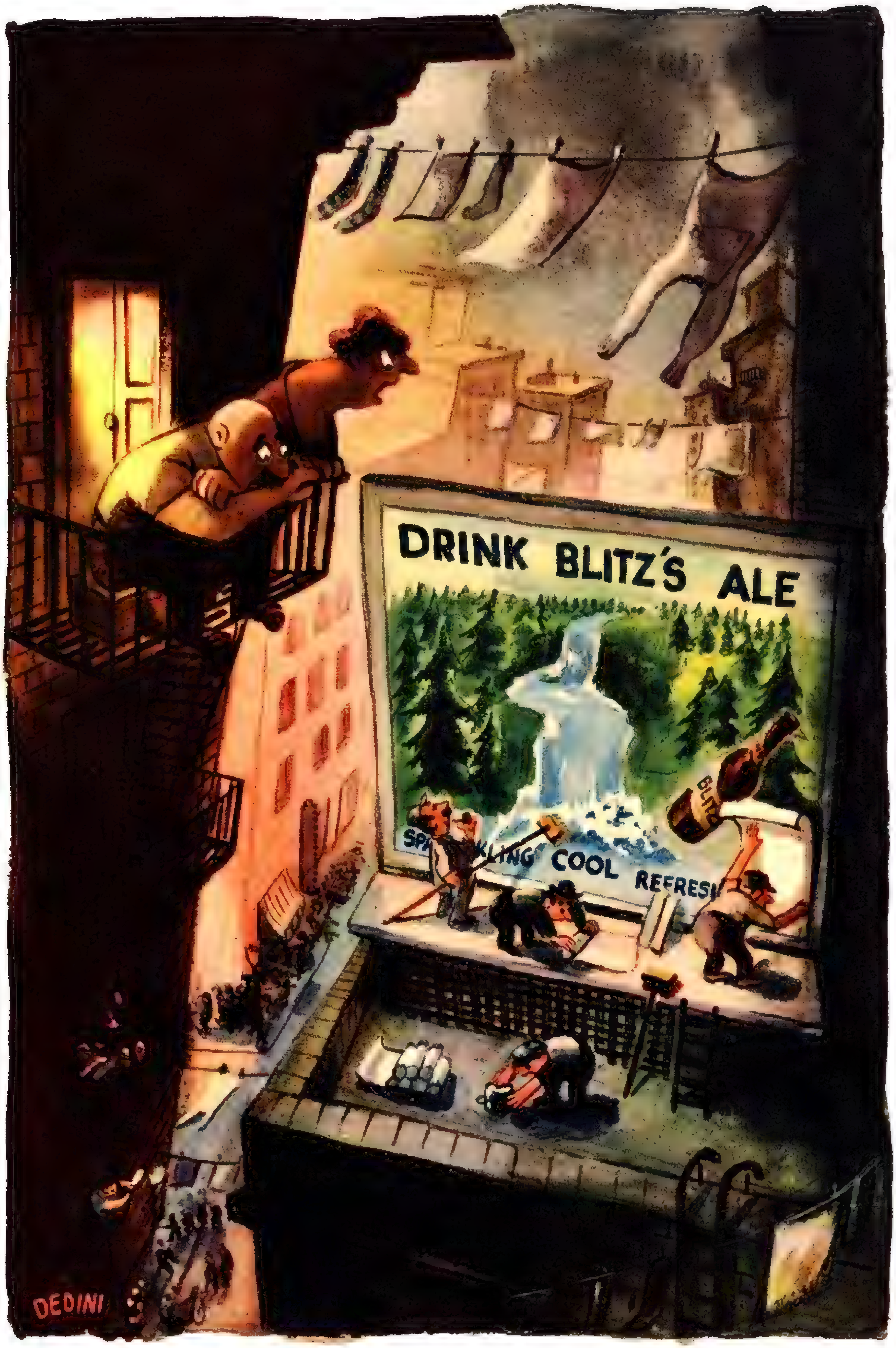
Just before the series with the Reds, Baltimore went to Philadelphia in dire need of any help their Philadelphia cousins could give. On August 17, Al Orth held the Orioles to one run in seven innings. Hanlon's men managed to tie the score in the eighth, and in the ninth, with two out and the sacks untenanted, Hoffer and Kelley singled in succession. Then Keeler, a quiet fellow who stood out among the noisy, scrappy Orioles like a Sunday school boy at a pre-race meeting of touts, lifted a Texas leaguer over the head of the second baseman. It was too far out for the infielder to get, and too far in for Hulen, the right fielder, to nab. The ball fell at Hulen's feet. The Orioles won.

The misfortune infuriated the Phillies. They went into the second game and slammed the ball all over the lot. When the Orioles came to bat in the ninth, the score was 15 to 8

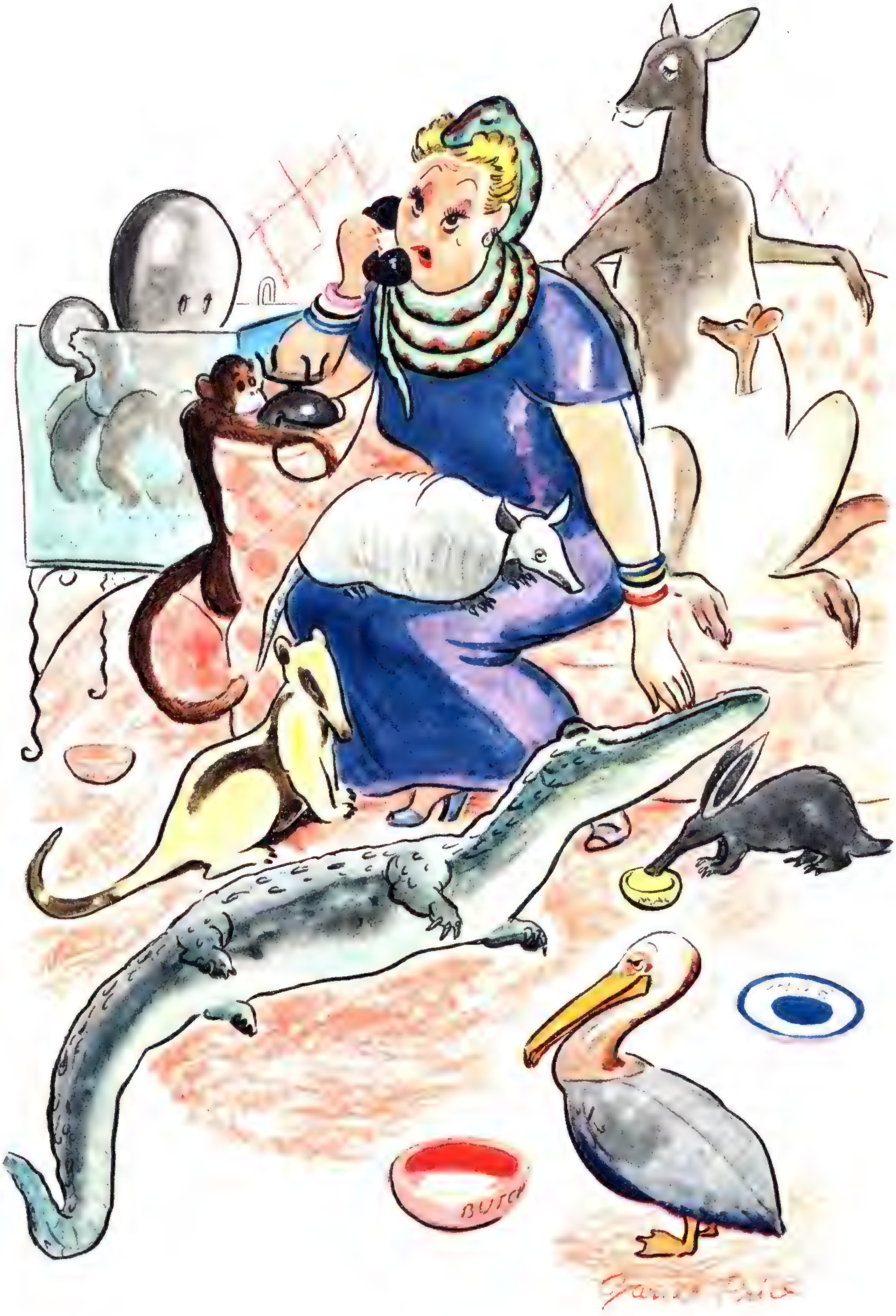
(Continued on page 185)



"I don't know where he got it—he doesn't ask me my business and I don't ask him his"


DRINK BLITZ'S ALE
SPARKLING COOL REFRESH
BLITZ
DEDINI

"I hate to see them take it down—it's been like a vacation for us"



"But when he starts objecting to my friends—I'm afraid the only remedy is divorce"

ERDOES

The bullet from the plowman's *pistola* had not only grazed Pablo's forehead, it had left a strange mark on his brain

The Lost Numbers

by HEATH THOMAS

Not until after the doctor dressed his wound did Pablo realize that the homesteader's bullet had done more than graze his head. He left the doctor's office with the *Señor* Tarvin who had paid him five thousand pesos for killing the man. They walked across the street to the Cattleman's Bar.

Pablo was a little embarrassed at the bandaged head which had resulted from his encounter with a mere plowman. He attempted to explain his misfortune. "It was careless of Pablo," he said depreciatively. "This man who plows the fields most certain had the *pistola* in the hand under the coat or he'd never touched me. But he ees dead—very dead."

Two of Tarvin's friends congratulated the rancher for having emptied the land of another homesteader. Tarvin beamed with true civic goodness and said the thinning-out process was expensive, but that it was worth all it cost.

Pablo with the sensitivity of the artist looked somberly at his drink and reflected on the injustice of things. He was taking the risks which glorified Tarvin. Ah well, there were numerous homesteaders left. Perhaps he would go up on the price to seven, eight, maybe ten thousand pesos.

But attached to his job were compensations other than money. Each notch added to his brightly-polished guns enhanced the name of Pablo Juan Rodriguez. In his pocket now was a letter from his arrogant cousin, Jesús Maria Garcià, which advised him that he could expect a visit from his kinsman. Jesús boasted that the men he had killed now totaled a round dozen.

It would be good to deflate the pompous Jesús. In his mind, Pablo started to rehearse the little speech which he would pour into his cousin's ears. He glanced down the bar to where three of his countrymen stood. He would try the speech on them.

"I," said he, "am the master gun hand, Pablo Juan Rodriguez. Already in my life I have keeled—"

Suddenly a vacant expression came over his face. He turned toward Tarvin. "How many have I keel now?"

"You are drunk. Why in hell should I keep books for you?"

A hard glitter came into the Mexican's eyes. "Pablo do not make the joke. He have lost the teens."

Tarvin looked uneasily at the bartender who shuffled his feet beneath the counter. A cattleman standing near by dropped his hand from the bar as if he had suddenly forgotten his drink.

Pablo's voice was now like that of an excited woman's. "The teens I no longer see," he said. "I can't know how many I keel because the teens are gone. I see the leetle numbers, one, two, three, four, five, seex, seven, eight, nine, ten, 'leven, twelve. And there they stop being in a row. The teens are like quails flying up in sagebrush. One can't be said from another.

"Then I see the tweenties. They go up and up, smooth and even like the bricks stacked to build the wall. But the teens are mixed. How I tell my arrogant cousin how many the men I keel?"

Then he went outside and found his horse at the hitching rail, mounted and rode off into the afternoon and its purple shadows.

At the end of an hour he stopped and looked back at the lights which were breaking out like fireflies in the town. Now he found that he was alone in a great circle of stillness. Already the east was a dark purple, but in the west was an orange-red glow. A nighthawk passed in the shadows and a coyote spoke to a star.

"I count now," said Pablo, "and get straight the teens. One—two—three—four—five—seex—seven—eight—nine—ten—'leven—a dozen—"

Suddenly the symbol of the teens exploded in his mind. He could go no farther. There was nothing to do but shoot to the teens. His two guns held twelve bullets. As he fired, the silence split from the dark plain to the watching stars, but when the last shot was spent the teens blurred up again. The coyotes waited to hear the stillness, then broke it with their taunts.

Let him have something for his hands to feel and light to see them with. That, he decided, would be the only way. He would straighten out the teens.

Then he remembered the dugout where he killed the first homesteader. Somewhere the settler had found a piece of glass and had made a window in the dugout roof. Pablo had lain prone for a long time watching the checker game between the man and his wife.

Once he almost shouted to the woman to tell her a move that would put her into the king row. Then he had remembered business and stepped down and fired one well-placed shot. Now he recalled a little sadly that he also had killed the woman.

Certainly the men of the checkerboard were still in the dugout. By counting out twelve of them he would be done with first simple numbers. The others he would arrange between twelve and twenty. That should straighten out the teens.

At the dugout he lit the lamp and found that everything was in place, even the two dark stains on the earthen floor. But the checkerboard was of little help. When twelve were counted the other numbers flickered on the walls like night birds against the plain.

He left the dugout and rode aimlessly through the soft, western night. At sun-up he reached the Tarvin ranch. The rancher and his son were at the breakfast table. Pablo noticed that each had a pistol beside his plate.

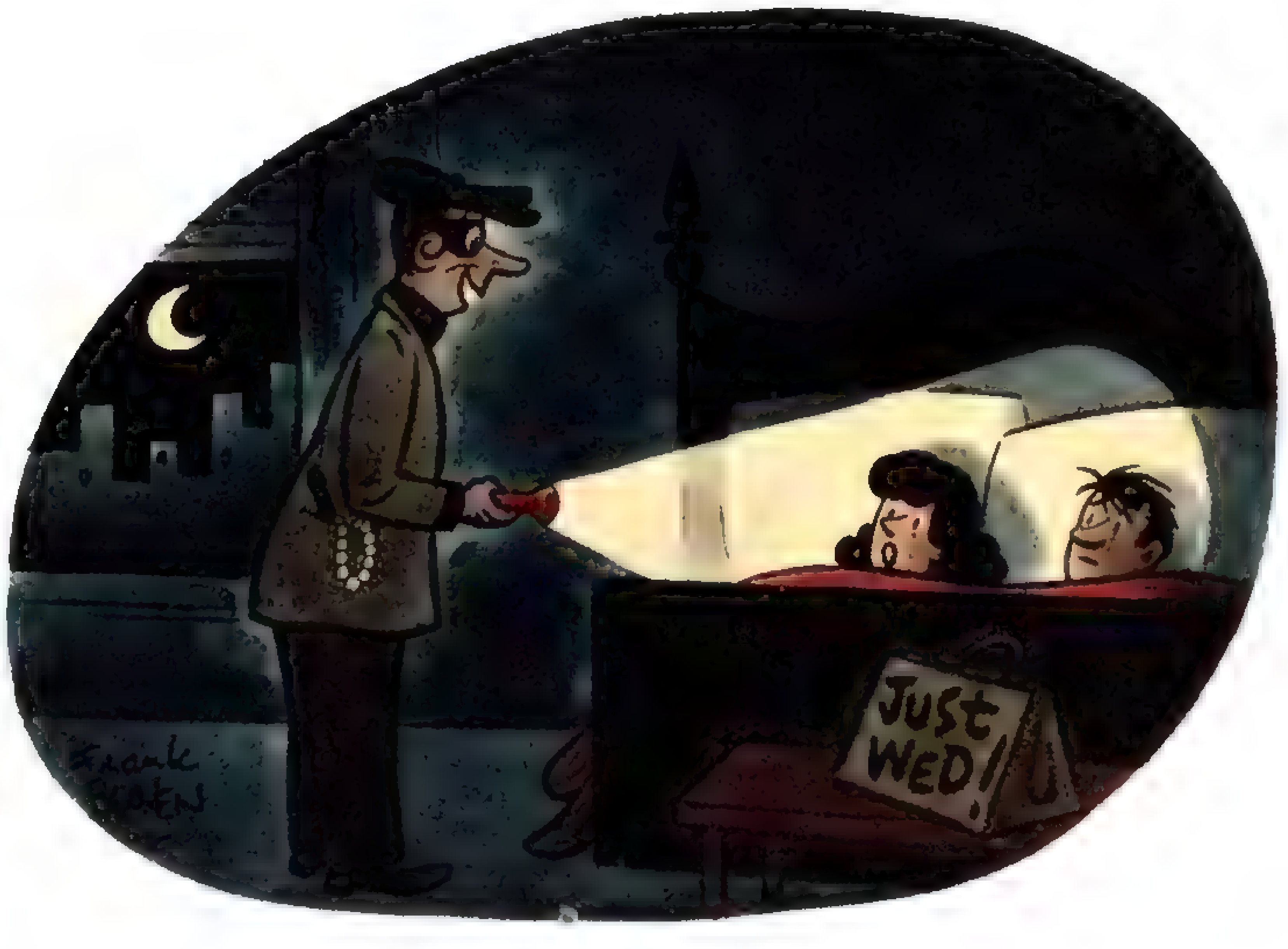
"As I said yesterday," began Pablo, "I have lost—"

A quick glance passed between father and son. "I wouldn't worry," said Tarvin. "That bullet just shook up your head a little. Things will straighten themselves out."

"But before the visit from my cousin I must know."

"You have fourteen notches," the young-

(*Continued on page 125*)



"Just married? Well, congratulations!"

Gentlemen adventurers through the ages have embraced the dream of unearthing the legendary treasure of Genghis Khan

The Mongol Hoard

by SIDNEY CARROLL

SADER

There was once a Mongol chieftain who lived and died approximately seven hundred years ago. His name was Jinjiscan, or Jingiskhan, or Jenghiz Kan. The spelling and the pronunciation of the name depend upon what language you prefer your history to be written in, and what historian you select to lead you through the maze of the history of Asia. Many historians writing in English favor the spelling "Genghis Khan" as the best literal interpretation of the original Mongolian sound of the name, and "Genghis Khan" is the form by which he is known to most of us today.

There are great mysteries in the life of Genghis. He lived, fought, and died in a time when the sword was far mightier than the brush. Genghis' page in history is, therefore, only dimly lit and not easily decipherable. The wonder of it is that we have been able to salvage any real facts at all about Genghis Khan; the miracle of it is that we seem to have quite a few facts. Specialists in historical military strategy have worked out the details—in some cases the infinite details—of all his great campaigns. We know the names of his wives, his chieftains, the names and the various temperaments of his warrior sons. We have the set of laws he laid down. And if certain ancient Chinese histories are to be believed (the Chinese are a truthful race, but a poetic one) we have direct quotation from the mouth of the Great Khan, as well as a description of the man himself. Appropriately enough, for a man of his accomplishments, he is said to have been "tall, of strong build, with the eyes of a cat."

Yet, although there is a body of facts about Genghis Khan, there is far more mystery than real matter to ponder about him. And one of the greatest mysteries of all is the one of the death and the burial of the great Khan, or Can, or Kan.

It is a mystery which has worried pack-rat adventurers as well as heavily-endowed gentlemen archaeologists from the museums of the world for many, many years. The mystery divides itself into two parts. First, where is he buried? Second, was he buried with a treasure? The first question has always excited the archaeologists. The second phase of the mystery attracts the adventurers. What whets their appetite is this: If Genghis *was* buried with a treasure, it must have been one of the greatest treasures of all time. There can be no doubt of that.

Nobody has ever come close to the true tomb of the Khan. Many have gone into the Gobi desert looking for it. Many have come out spinning wild tales of some gorgeous mausoleum in the desert, even whole cities built around some sarcophagus on which the crest of the Great Khan is still clear, guarded by hereditary guards of the original grave of the Khan. But these tales, upon analysis, always turn out to be inventions; nobody has ever proved the existence of such a tomb, though many have sworn they have seen it. In the last century the Russians were particularly fond of sending expeditions into the Gobi to seek the grave of Genghis. Many of them never came back. One Russian explorer ("a giant of a man" say the archives) went into the Gobi with one of the best-equipped expeditions of all time. He came crawling back from the desert all alone, demented, castrated, the flesh actually plucked from his bones. He was found by a Nomadic tribe and all he did in the agony before dying was to wave his arms towards the west and make clucking noises with a mouth from which the tongue had been removed. It is possible that he came closer to the answer to the riddle than any man before him—or any man since.

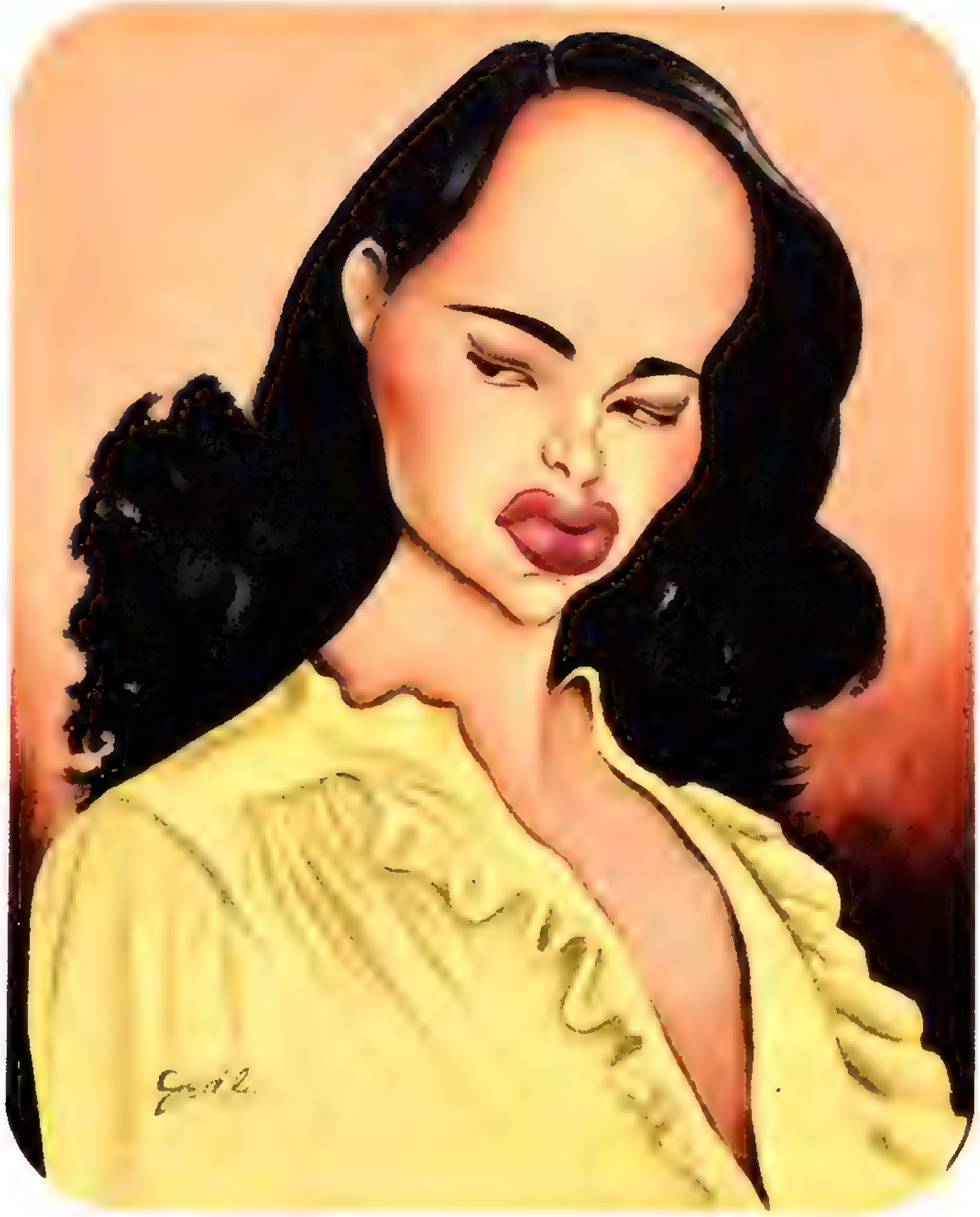
Frenchmen, Russians, Englishmen, Americans have ventured into the great Gobi, with nothing more than theory for a guide and hunch for a map . . . for the whole idea that a great treasure was buried with Genghis is only a guess. Many historians and archaeologists claim that Genghis must have been buried alone with nothing but his weapons, his armor and a few precious personal possessions beside him. They claim that Genghis himself asked for a simple funeral and got it. But the opposing faction, the non-scholars, the adventuring men, claim that in those days a king was not properly interred unless he was tucked in with quantities of treasure computed in quadratic equations, with precious stones, beaten metal, and a favorite concubine or two in the precious regalia to keep him company. Both schools of thought (call them the Romantic and the Unromantic, if you like) are based mainly on guesswork. A good, clean, academic case could be made out for either. But both theories owe their existence to the one immutable fact: Nobody knows. And as long as nobody knows there will be men who will try to find out.

Where does he lie? Is there a treasure with him? In the patchwork of fact and fantasy which we possess about the Greatest of the Khans, there is one vague clue to answer the first question, and no authentic clue of any sort to answer the second.

STERN

Sidelighting Sidney Carroll

Carefully posed as a man of letters at ease, Sid Carroll has achieved in veritas *a calm that was not always his. He was born in New York City in 1913. Like many Harvard-grad writers, he too edited the* Lampoon. *He also did some work in biochemistry and art, but these got lost when he and his typewriter found each other. He graced the editorial staffs of the now-defunct Boston* Transcript, Stage *magazine and* Ken, *before coming to Esquire and* Coronet. *He has been on what he calls Esquire's "Kings and Cabbages beat" for the last seven years. His reputation as a perceptive writer and top-drawer reporter was further enhanced by his performance as a war correspondent in the Pacific. Now operating from Hollywood, he's ready to take off on world assignments, clockwise or counterclockwise.*



JEDLA

People we read too much about, No. 2

Gloria Vanderbilt di Cicco Stokowska, the "poor little rich girl" who won public sympathy in the custody trial in 1934 and grew up photogenic, still rich (an estimated 4,500,000 dollars) and possessed of inability to keep out of the papers. At 17 she had a six-inch pompadour and a taste for Hollywood night life, announced she couldn't live on her 250-dollar-a-week allowance, married 32-year-old actors' agent Pat di Cicco. Later between night-club brawls, she brightened Manhattan, Kansas, as an Army wife, needing an extra 69,000 dollars to make ends meet. Last year she renovated di Cicco for 63-year-old Leopold Stokowski . . . this year cut off her mother's allowance explaining she had set up the Leopold Stokowski and Gloria Stokowska Foundation, Inc. for charity. It's your dough, dear Mrs. Stokowska, but a little pianissimo *. . . if you please!*

Genghis Khan died, according to his own calendar, in the twenty-second year of his reign, in the year of the Mouse in the cycle of the Twelve Beasts. According to our own calendar that would be the year 1227. He had already conquered forty kingdoms; he died in the midst of a campaign in China. The campaign was on its way to final victory when the Khan came down with some disease as yet unidentified by modern medicine, and he died with his boots off. He died in his imperial tent, near the battlefield.

Now while the Kahn was sick he ordered that his illness be kept a secret. He knew what effect such news would have upon the enemy as well as upon his own troops, and right up to the last he commanded his chiefs to act as if all were well. According, then, to the legends, "chattering and laughing" went on in the camp while the Khan lay dying. What is more, his orchestra kept on playing. According to the Chinese General Meng-Hung, Genghis always traveled with an orchestra "consisting of seventeen or eighteen beautiful damsels, very skillful at playing musical instruments."

The Khan died. The camp was struck; the imperial tent was the last to come down. Day and night a detachment of 1,000 men of the Khan's own personal bodyguard watched the tent. They placed the body in a coffin, then the coffin in a two-wheeled cart. The 1,000 gathered around the cart in such a tight, thick mass that no alien eye could peek through to discover there was a dead body in the center. But even that was not enough precaution for the Chieftains of the Old Guard of Genghis Khan. In order to make sure that nobody in the neighborhood would know about his death and talk about it, they slaughtered every living human being they could find. Then they moved on.

The body of the Khan had to be taken back to the land of his ancestors. It had to be taken back to Mongolia, to the Gobi, where Genghis had been raised as a boy and where Bourtai, his first and favorite wife, had been buried before him.

The cart containing the body, surrounded by the close-riding Old Guard, crossed China from the upper reaches of the Wei River to the boundaries of the Gobi, the country of the Ordos Mongols. The coffin was carried over mountains, streams and deserts. On the way the men of the Guard killed every living thing they found—men, beasts, birds and snakes. That was the penalty for daring to gaze upon the funeral procession of Genghis Khan. It is said that at least 30,000 people were slaughtered in this fashion.

On the Mongolian frontier the procession was met by the Khan's five chief wives and their children, by his 500 "accessory" wives and their children. After the prescribed period for weeping and wailing, preparations were made to lay the Great Khan to his eternal rest.

Up to this point the experts are in sweet accord. That is to say, they agree that Genghis was transported in secret from the interior of China to the edge of the Gobi. But now the theorizers begin to choose sides and to roll up their sleeves.

The Conservatives, or Unromantics, cling to an old story. The story goes that once in his youth Genghis was hunting in the mountain range known as the Delugun-Boldok. He was hunting on a particular mountain called the Burkan-Kaldum, and in the midst of the hunt he laid himself down to rest in the shade of a gigantic tree. He was so impressed by the beauty of the tree that he called his followers around him. "This place is fit for my last rest," he told them. "Let it be noted."

The Conservatives say, therefore, that he was buried on the top of the Burkan-Kaldum, that he was buried with very little pomp, that his grave was trampled on by 10,000 horses until the mound of the grave could be found no more. Then, they say, the 1,000 Faithful of the Old Guard stood around ceaselessly burning incense and watching the sacred hill until great forests of trees grew up all over the mountainside, so that the position of the grave would forever be a mystery. As for the Khan himself, he was buried in a stone coffin, with his armor, and perhaps a spear, and perhaps a bow and arrow for eternal company. He couldn't have been buried with any treasure, say the Conservatives, because the Mongols didn't bury treasures on mountaintops.

The Radicals have no patience with such cold-blooded theorizing. Theirs is a much more tantalizing notion. They say that Genghis, the greatest conqueror the world had ever known, was buried with all the pomp and paraphernalia befitting a man who ruled dominions from the China Sea to the Danube. Forty kingdoms were his and forty more would have fallen to him had he lived. They say that such a demigod must have been buried in an elaborate mausoleum like the Pharaohs, and that beside him, around him, under him, lies treasure the like of which would make the vaults of Imhotep look like piggy banks. They say that in due time a great city was built around the mausoleum, and that the city is there today, guarded by the descendants of the 1,000, and if anybody really looks for it he will find it.

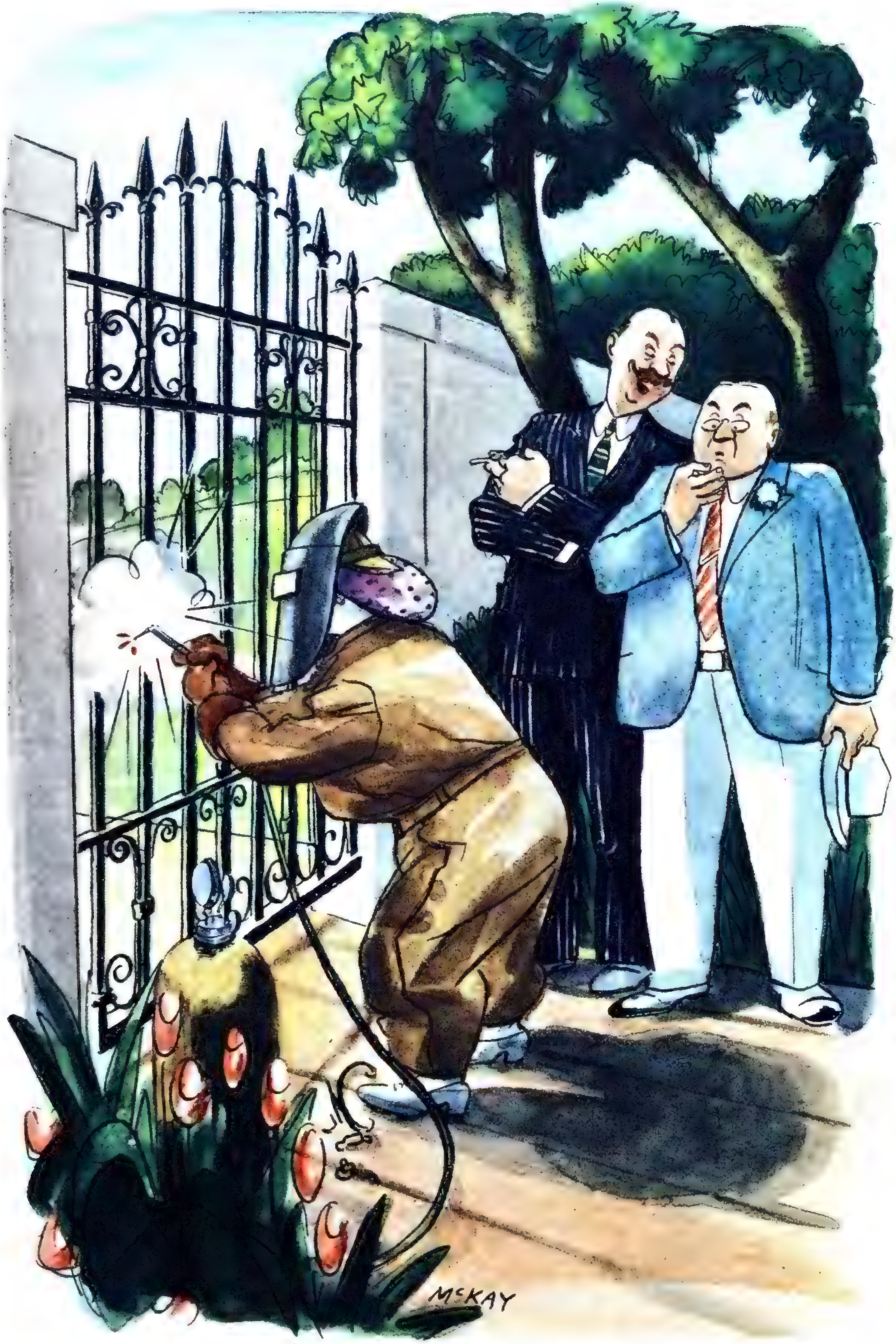
In support of this theory?

(1) Tales, too numerous to disregard, of a great city in the Valley of the Deneen, once called the Delugun-Boldok Valley.

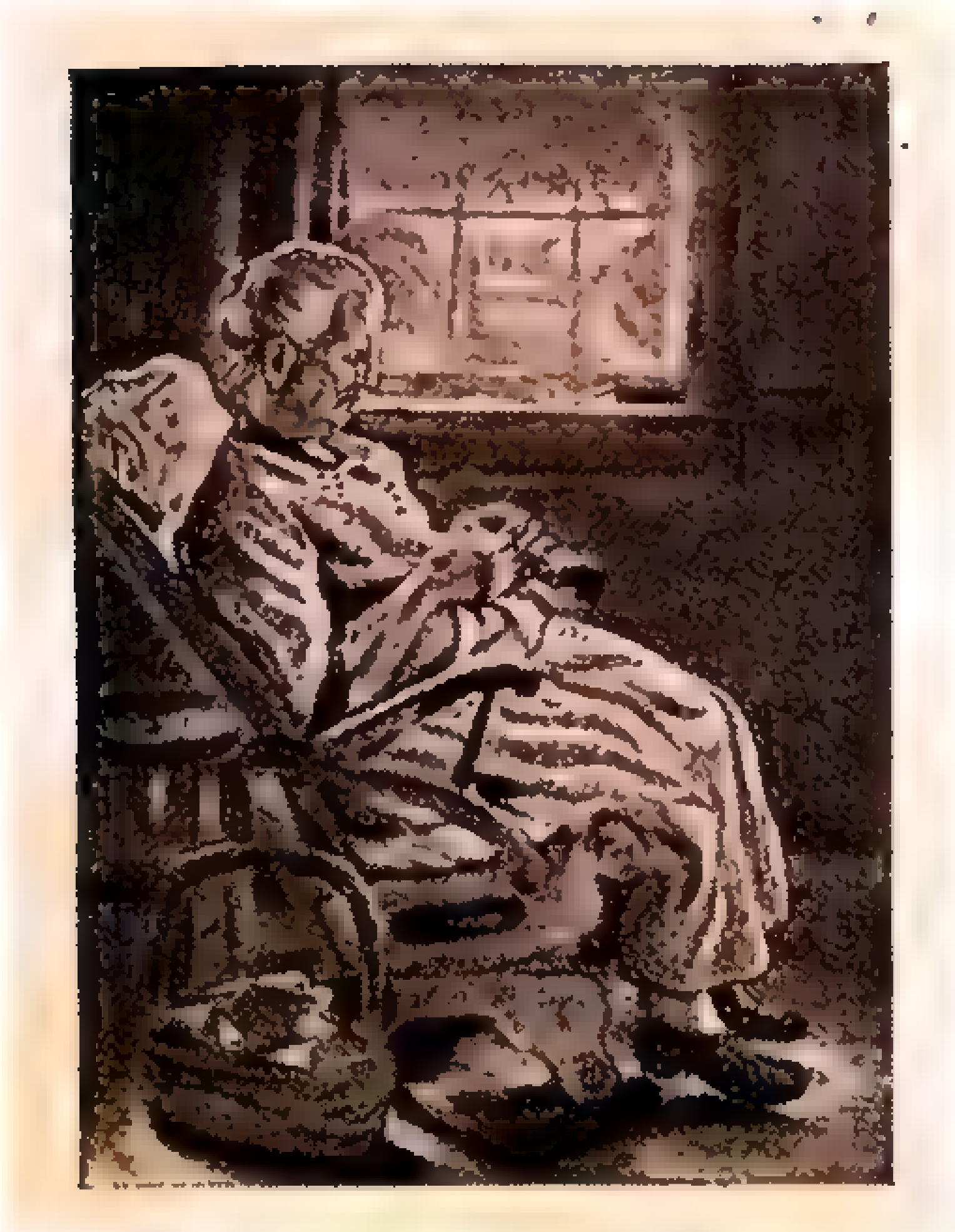
(2) The simple fact that the treasure of Genghis Khan has never been found. It *must* be buried—and where else than by the side of the Great Khan himself?

(3) Eye-witness accounts of the city in the Valley, from pilgrims, peddlers, and interlopers who managed to escape with their lives (or so they say) for the keepers of the sepulcher are good men with a knife. Gentlemen adventurers who want one eyewitness account of the great tomb are advised to look in the pages of a French scientific journal called the *Revue Anthropologique* for the year 1897. In those pages they will find a description of the city, and even a drawing of it. They are forewarned, however, that like all such accounts of the burial place this one is secondhand. It was written by a French anthropologist who had held long conversations with a Mongolian traveler who claimed he had been in the city.

Thus, the controversy of the Khan's treasure. It will rage, like most riddles of the Mongoloid Sphinx, until somebody comes up with an answer. That somebody will be, of course, the man who finds the tomb—or the unmarked grave. He will find it in a valley, or on a hilltop. He will find either a stone coffin containing a man and a few weapons, or he will unearth treasure beyond the dreams of even the Chinese poets. Gentlemen adventurers are advised that if they survive the various kinds of torture which the Gobi is bound to provide for them and then find nothing for their trouble but the solitary body, they may find consolation in the fact that they will attain a certain immortality in the pages of the anthropological journals. They will have made a great contribution to both history and truth. But if they do find the treasure itself, then all possibilities of heat, thirst, hunger, and death or disfigurement from ambush for which the Gobi is famous, will have become small obstacles indeed. The man who finds the treasure, if treasure there be, can wear a different Koh-i-noor for a fob every day of his life and pave his way to heaven or hell with emeralds. There were never any half-way measures with Genghis Khan. If he was buried with a treasure, it must be the greatest buried treasure of them all. ##



"Now it's just a hobby with her"



MARGULIES

The old sinner was happy in his fashion for he had a plan for controlling his servant, his fortune, even his destiny

God's Close Friend

by LASZLO DORMANDI

"What's that, what are you saying? I can't hear you. Speak louder."

The old man cups his hand like a cornet behind his ear, which thus seems doubled, for his hand and ear are equally veined and gnarled.

"Me, I said nothing," mutters the old woman standing at the other end of the kitchen, where she keeps removing and replacing the cover of the pot on the stove, more vigorously than necessary, to show her bad humor.

She has her back half turned away from her master, turned away in the half-cringe of a dog that has just been scolded.

"Yes, you did, you said something," insists the old invalid. "You think I can't hear when you growl away to yourself all the time? Well, I'm not deaf!"

"Only when you want to be," comes the acid reply, on a rising note. "When you don't want to hear, it's like talking to a stone wall. You know very well what I said."

"I know no such thing. I could only tell that you were complaining about something. Say it again."

The old woman raises the spoon from the pot, in a gesture of combined annoyance and helplessness; she glances up at the ceiling, as if expecting help from heaven against so much plaguing and misery.

"When will the good Lord at last deliver me, so I won't have to hear you harping away at me all the time? What earthly use is there for an old man like you, anyway, cranky and shaky and no good to anybody? Death himself has no use for you! That's the only good reason he hasn't taken you along, every time he has passed by here!"

"Catherine, Catherine, how can you say such things? Do you really want me to die, then?" The old man's eyes fill with fear in looking about the kitchen. An oil lamp, hanging from the center of the ceiling, burns with a flame turned down so low that the room's corners are in black shadow. The outlines of commode, bed, even of the nearer table, are hard to distinguish. The electric light—besides the hanging oil lamp, there is also a naked bulb suspended on a cord from the ceiling—the electric light would chase all these shadows away in a flash. But why burn the electric light, when the oil lamp costs so much less? If Catherine hadn't just thrown such a mortal scare into him, he would normally have found these shadows agreeable, and restful to the eyes. The old witch invoked the name of Death deliberately, of course, knowing very well his constant thought and fear of dying!

"What harm have I done you, Catherine? Oh, I know you turn that spiteful tongue of yours on like a tap, never thinking of what comes out. That's just your nature. But, all the same, if I weren't here you wouldn't know what to do with yourself."

"That's the truth," the old woman says with a wry smile. "Throughout these last forty-six years I've had plenty of time to become dependent on you; so now it's either you or the poorhouse for me! But do you think that scares me? Do you think it would be so much worse there than to live here with you?"

"You can always try it, you know. I won't stop you."

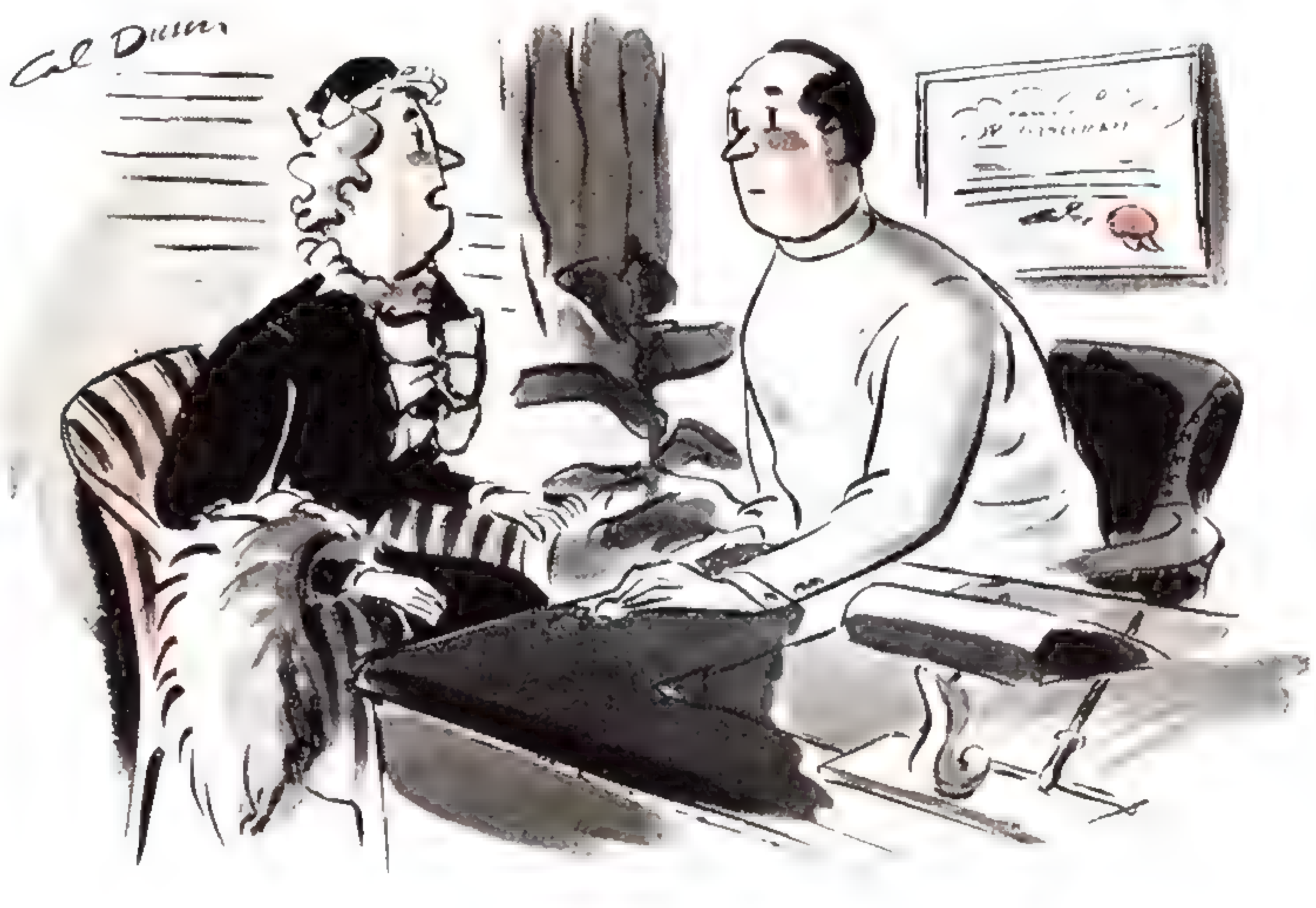
"Because you know very well that I wouldn't have the heart to abandon a miserable old wreck like you. If I should try to leave you, then what a holler would go up—'Dear Catherine this and dear Catherine that.' You'd even get on your knees, if your rotten old bones would let you! Without me, you'd be brained by your own tombstone in a week, and you know it."

The old man cringes, as if under a rain of blows. He is wizened and dried up; his bald head gleams, but the rest of him is like ridged and worn old ivory, yellowed where it isn't chalky white. He meditates some reply sharp enough to shut off the flood of the old crone's invective. That she will really ever pack up bag and baggage, he doesn't too much fear. The habit of forty-six years of life together has chained her to him as tightly as a prisoner to a dungeon wall. For these past twenty years that he has been paralyzed, Catherine has never set foot outside the house herself, beyond the one weekly trip to market, and the market is only one street away. What may lie beyond it might as well be, for her as for him, an impenetrable jungle.

Their little spats like this are, after all, a diversion if kept in control. Almost agreeable, like those quick summer storms that clear the air and make you feel better afterward. But the thing is to keep them from going too far, for then the old witch is apt to pout for a solid week, saying nothing and slamming things around, and becoming twice as disagreeable as she could ever be during a good sharp quarrel. In truth, they really have equal need of each other. That's why, when the argument gets too violent, the old man always tries to put on the brakes.

"I'm a helpless old man," he whines, like a beggar outside a cathedral. "A poor, helpless invalid. God has decreed that I pay for my sins a while longer here below. He has sent me this paralysis as He once plagued Job, to put his faith to the test. I too shall try, in my own way, to pass His test." He raises his finger and shakes it at her, "But he who jeers at one whom God has seen fit to cripple, jeers at God himself! You might remember that, Catherine!"

The old woman shrugs her shoulders, bristling still, but holds her tongue. However, she trembles with pent-up fury at the realization that her master has once more found the way to shut her up, with the oily piety of this discourse. She is furious at herself, too, for allowing the affair to reach this point where the always successful appeal to her nature has had to be invoked. For the old man is right, of course. One should never gamble with one's chances of salvation. Especially she shouldn't, for she realizes that she is on very shaky ground at best, never having attended (*Continued on page 196*)

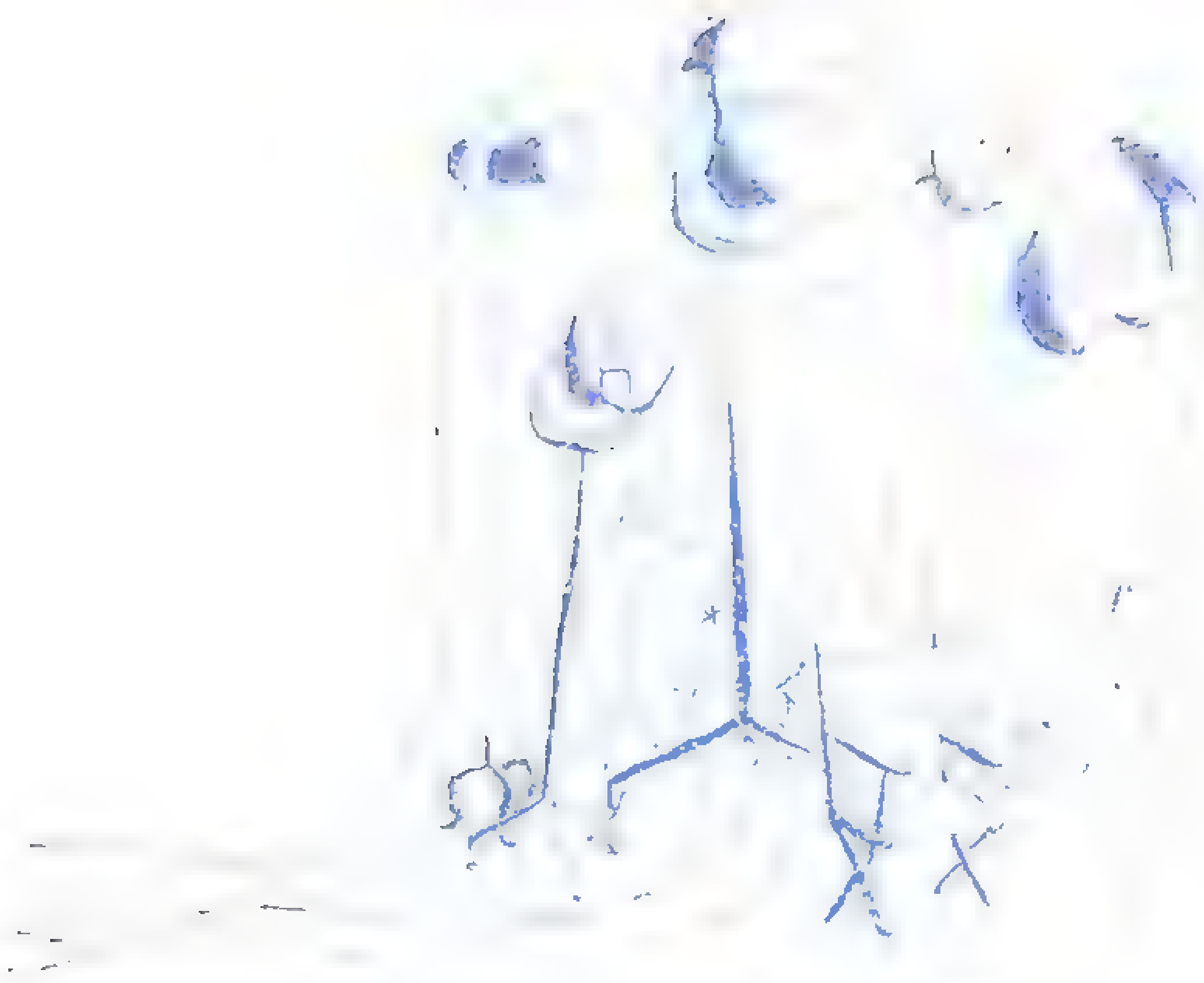


"I had a dizzy spell when I opened your bill"

Impoverished tyros who produce high-gross epics are among Hollywood's newer legends

How to Make a Movie on Nothing

by **IRVING WALLACE**



SADER

THE general opinion prevails in the hinterlands that only a Croesus with a million dollars of his own to spend can produce a full-fledged Hollywood motion picture. That is a myth—as phony as a starlet's studio biography.

You can make a motion picture on nothing. You can start your independent production with nothing more substantial than an idea and a little initiative.

Impossible? Of course it's impossible—but it's being done every day now in Hollywood.

Ingrid Bergman, Academy Award winner, most sought-after actress in movieland, starred in a film produced by an enterprising young man who had neither cash nor reputation. A top best-seller of the past year was successfully brought to the screen by a man who worked independently and was anything but wealthy. A smash hit grossing three million dollars was created by a man who had no more to invest in it than 250 dollars and an idea. Success stories almost as startling are being written right along by men without money, without pull or drag, and even sometimes without Hollywood experience. This incredible state of affairs is a recent phenomenon. To understand it at all, you must understand the status of the independent producer in Hollywood.

Up through the 1930's, the major studios had an iron grip on the motion picture industry. You worked for those studios, at best as a hired hand, either at union scale or fabulous salary, or else you didn't work. If you wished to make an independent picture, you went out with your camera and your shoestring and made one for churches or the government agricultural department or for people who like to see cobras in India.

Then came the revolution. Today, one-fourth of Hollywood's full-length product is made by independents. Of these rugged individuals, some are renowned, plush, practiced operators—and some are (or were) insolvent nonentities.

What happened to bring so many into independent production? Simply this: Famous actors and directors, among others, found that during the war their four-figured salaries were being picked clean by income taxes. These celebrities learned, in a hurry, they could make more money through the corporate profits of newly-founded independent companies than through vulnerable straight salaries.

However, higher profits were not the only incentive for the growth of independents. Nothing quite so crass. Many of these people had enough money, and quite sincerely what they wanted was artistic freedom—liberty to make the stories and plays they wished to make, to enjoy the intoxication of being their own bosses, and even to produce celluloid worth-while, intelligent and above the major studios' assembly-line level.

The major studios couldn't prevent independent competition, because wartime conditions made them slacken their grip. While the major studios, or factories, and their distributing companies, or wholesalers, still had life and death control over any movie made by anyone, they were suffering from shortages of talent, properties and completed products with which to glut an escape-hungry nation.

When the independent uprising began, the film companies had the choice of boycotting a renegade or playing ball with him. Since they needed any product they could get, they made their choice. They permitted the independent to flourish and themselves to profit by earning, without production expense, from twenty per cent to thirty-five per cent of his gross receipts merely for distributing his picture.

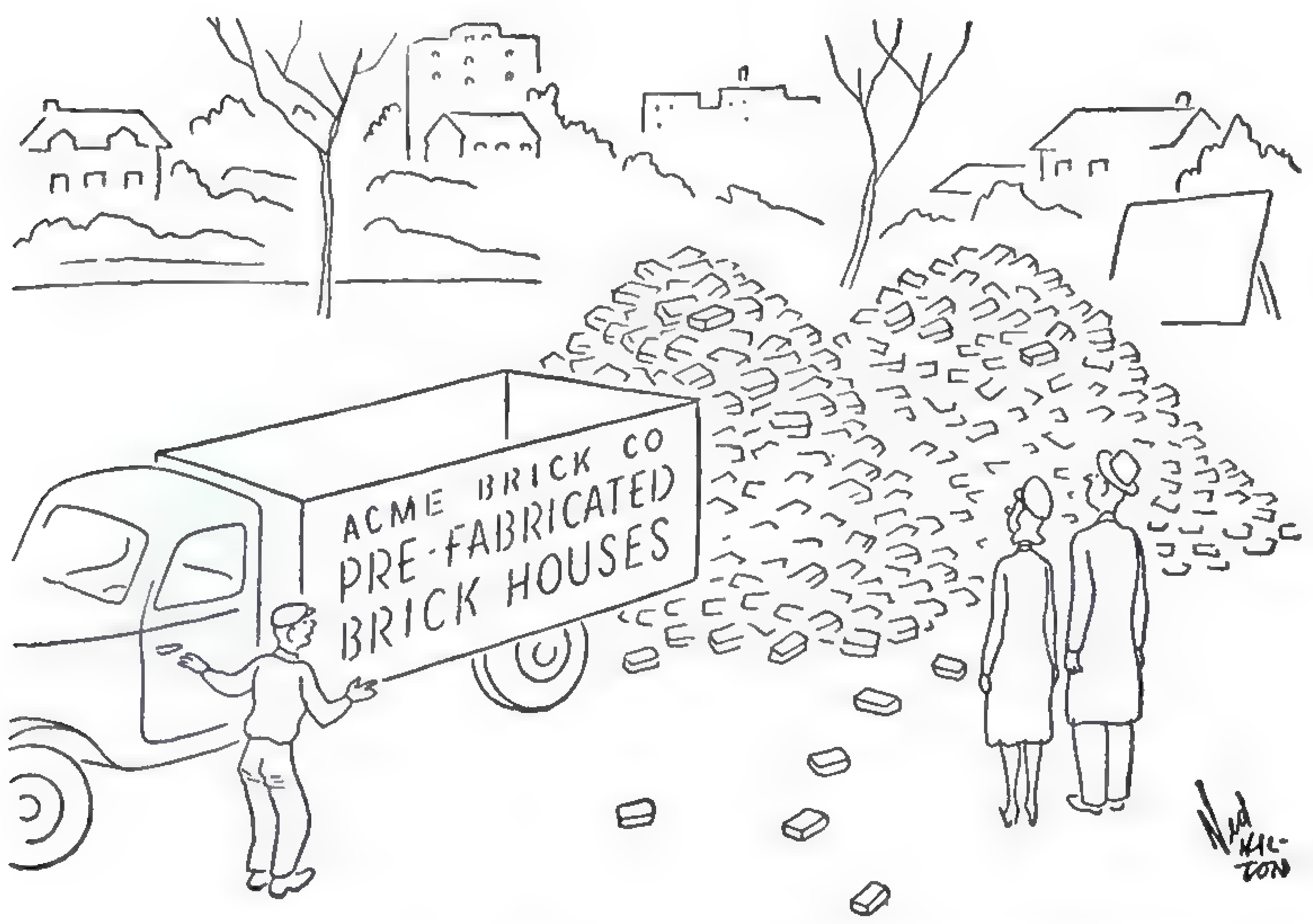
The little guy, the nobody with nothing, comes into his independent picture unobtrusively, and he is, of course, a minority. He plays a long shot, but he has a chance. The big companies, story starved, will now gladly accept this leper's finished product, if it's in the least way marketable. Glamorous stars will consider appearing in his independent brainstorm because, for a one-picture deal, they can demand twice as much salary and perhaps satisfy their yearning for unusual roles. Others, too, will climb on the independent's roulette wheel—top scenarists, cameramen, technicians gambling for love and/or money.

Make a movie on nothing? Now, at last, it is being done. Of course, it is better to have *something.* It is better to have something in the matter of story sense, understanding of the specialized screen technique, judgment of audience tastes—or even tangibles like a brilliant idea for a film, or the exclusive ownership of a story property that others have overlooked or failed to acquire, or the promise of a star who is in your debt. *Something.* But not necessarily cash.

This is not backing down on the original premise. It's just that, if you take the cases of two men with nothing in cash, both may manage to complete high-budget films, but the man with something else to compensate for his financial deficiency is likely to make the more successful movie.

But you are intrigued. You lack experience and you lack folding money, but you have enthusiasm and you feel, given half a break, you can hit the jackpot. So, though you've never been closer to film than that last double feature at the Rialto, you come to Hollywood. You like the velvety climate, the toy blondes and the *Hollywood Reporter.* You punctuate your conversation with "terrific" and "montage" and "gimmick"—and you know you can make a picture ten times better than those smellers the other incompetents are turning out. After all, you have a fresh, uncluttered mind, and you have a burning ambition. Very well, mister, you take it from here.

Your odyssey into the world of shadows begins one afternoon at the counter of Schwab's Pharmacy, an informal hangout for filmdom's great,



"Well, folks, there she is—all you have to do now is put them together"

You are hunched over the *Racing Form,* mumbling to yourself, when Mr. Medford, an agent, hails you. He knows you are interested in making a movie, and now he hurries toward you shouting, "Looking for you all day! Got something terrific for you!" From that moment your education begins. Your adventures will teach you the mysteries of how an independent picture is built, financed, operated, completed.

It appears the agent has a property, a novel called *Tired Soil,* written by Wisconsin's Ernest Hemingway, a young farm recluse named John Jorgenson. The novel, a narrative with hair on its chest, at once brutal and sensitive, is the saga of a young man who returns from the wars, changed, to an earth and home and girl he hopes have not changed. The agent assures you that, the moment the book appears, Zanuck will grab it for one hundred thousand, but, since you are a dear friend ("and I have a feeling about you," says the agent, "that you're a comer") you may have the film rights on the novel for only twenty thousand dollars.

You read the novel and suspect that the major studios will pass it up as censorable and difficult. But you see how it might be adapted to the screen, a quiet and powerful drama of America and America's plain people. Also, you suspect, it's a book which will be banned in Boston, obtain solid reviews in New York, and one which you will be able to exploit everywhere successfully.

You have dinner with the agent at LaRue's. You can't pay much for the novel because you have hardly more than nothing. But look, you tell him, I will take an option on it for 500, and buy the complete film rights for an added 4,500 dollars at a later date (when you're positive it can be produced and you have the money). The agent groans, grumbles, and as a favor, agrees. The deal is consummated. You give him your entire savings, 500 dollars, your only personal financial contribution to the entire production, and now you are in business.

Incidentally, this is a normal beginning. Hollywood's greatest financial success in a decade began in almost exactly this manner. Edward A. Golden, an elderly, cherubic man, wanted to crash bigtime. His background was erratic. For five years he had been a dentist. For thirty years he had been a movie distributor. He had made only one film, for adults only, labeled *No Greater Sin.* It starred syphilis.

One morning Mr. Golden read a condensation of Ziemer's *Education for Death* and saw a possibility everyone had overlooked. He optioned it for 250 dollars. Everyone said he was crazy, but Mr. Golden merely tilted his enthusiasm and jousted with RKO and the Guaranty Trust Bank. At last, mixing penny-arcade sensationalism with timeliness, he made his movie, *Hitler's Children.* It cost 175,000 dollars and grossed him, and the distributor, RKO, a full 3,000,000. Encouraged, Mr. Golden used his earnings from *Hitler's Children* to produce *The Master Race,* another RKO release. His son Robert, producer of *Breakfast in Hollywood,* assisted him on that job.

With this precedent, you have great expectations for *Tired Soil.* You await its publication. It *is* banned in Boston. The author makes a speech denouncing America's big-city autocracy. *Life* runs a spread of him on his Wisconsin farm. On the heels of this publicity you make your next big step. You must secure a release. That is the key to financing an independent effort.

You approach Twentieth-Century-Fox, Paramount, Columbia, Universal, RKO, Warners, M-G-M. They are not interested in giving you a distribution outlet. You try United Artists. There your luck suddenly soars. Someone has read *Tired Soil* and liked it. Someone says it might be both an artistic and box-office triumph. Finally, United Artists makes you the big promise. The company will release your projected film, providing you fulfill the three "if" stipulations. United Artists will release if it approves of your final shooting script, your budget, your star and director; if you can show proof of ample financing; if you can deliver the completed film on a specified date, since all majors announce their program of releases at the start of each new buying season. These "if" terms are put down in black and white and mailed to you in a letter of contingency. You are exalted. You know that United Artists will, for its distribution of *Tired Soil,* cut itself into as high as thirty-five per cent of your final gross receipts, but you don't mind. The release promise is the most important factor in the deal.

Only the most foolhardy ever attempt to complete an expensive film without a prearranged release. Sometimes this is done successfully. Seymour Nebenzal, who came to Hollywood from Europe and *Mayerling,* made *The Hangman* cold, without knowing where it would go, and because it was superior, M-G-M accepted it. More often, this kind of effort runs into a dead end. There is the current case of Richard Oswald, a foreign director.

Oswald wanted to remake in English, an old German silent film, *Captain of Kopenick.* He had everything except his prearranged release. Nevertheless he proceeded with his film, both producing and directing it. The final product, starring the great German character actor, Albert Basserman, was considered excellent. But when Oswald peddled it for release, he met rejection after rejection from studios who felt it would be unwise to release a film during the war which dealt sympathetically with Germans. Oswald could not get his movie into the theatres—and today this investment of story, talent, energy rests in tin cans, on the shelves of a Hollywood film vault.

This is the grief you have avoided in obtaining your promise of release. Walking on air, you now enter the Guaranty Trust Company (or the Irving Trust Company, or the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles, or any such company which helps finance movies) and you inquire about a loan. You want to spend a million dollars on *Tired Soil.* The bank agrees to furnish fifty per cent of the financing, if you can show a bona fide release contract from United Artists and if all your financial commitments can be approved by a trustee of the bank.

You are now armed with the essential "if" letters. In your pocket is an option on your story, commitments for release by United Artists, and the 500,000-dollar loan from your bank.

Here you run into complex financing. You must still raise another 500,000 dollars. These remaining loans are trickier because you have promised, already, that the bank will be repaid first when the returns are in. All subsequent creditors must be told they'll be second.

In raising your final fifty per cent, you approach a film laboratory in New York City. The lab agrees, that if you contract for them to make your final release prints (at a handsome profit to them) and if you really have your story property, distributing company and bank backing, they will finance you to the tune of fifteen per cent or 150,000 dollars. That suits you, and leaves you a mere 350,000 dollars to shake out of various piggy banks.

One of your biggest costs will be renting studio space, sound and camera equipment, veteran labor. You go to a rental studio. There are any number of them in Hollywood whose sole business is selling space for independent productions. You show them your "if" letters, and promise them your entire business if they will finance you up to twenty-five per cent. You'll take it in 250,000 dollars' worth of sound stages, of sets, of offices, of equipment, of labor. The rental studio's owners readily agree.

You have come a long way from nothing. You have 900,000 dollars in cash and credits. A paltry 100,000 dollars more and *Tired Soil* can go before the cameras. This last money is called "end money"—because the backer who puts it up is the last one to be repaid, and because, as the movie wags put it, he is the one most likely "to get it in the end." The end money isn't much, but it's often tiresome to raise because the backer must be told he cannot be repaid until all other indebtedness on the film is cleared. You may have to corner two or three backers to obtain this money.

The end money often comes from a rich (*Continued on page 173*)

MUSIC
LATEST HITS!
HOT ROLLS
DEDINI

"This is arranged for full orchestra"

His struggle with the menacing Pacific was a personal thing, a contest he had to win again and again to prove himself

A Swim at Sunset

by HOMER R. LEVINSON

Kicking off his shoes, he dropped them on the running board of the car. He reached through the window for a towel, draped it over his shoulders and walked across the dunes and down toward the water. The sand under his feet was soft and warm and the late sun shone gently on his chest. Across the western horizon there stretched a thin band of fog, and he could smell its breath in the wind. But the fog was still a long distance out. The evening was very pleasant.

He walked slowly, feeling the spring and give of the sand, enjoying its whiteness against the moving color of the waves. The beach was almost empty. A young woman herded two children wearily up the slope toward the road. And farther along toward the rocks, a fat man, with his pants rolled above his knees and a bright red hat on his head, was poking in the seaweed, looking for shells. The beach became gradually deserted.

Near the water's edge he dropped his towel out of reach of the tide. Locking his arms behind his head and then swinging them easily by his sides, he became relaxed and limber. The beauty of the evening was his. Looking seaward, he saw that the surf was heavy. And he could feel the sand tremble beneath him as succeeding waves cracked in, hitting with sharp explosive sounds, doubling up and breaking straight down into a few inches of water. Sand blasters.

His eye checked the undertow and it was strong. Sand blasters and a heavy undertow—a familiar combination. Out beyond, the horizon was a series of rolling swells. Each rode in slowly, gathering momentum and building up power, gaining height and speed. He marked one slowing in its combat with the undertow. There was a hesitation as the forces hit. The wave grew tall, curling along its crest; for an instant it was suspended, frozen without motion. Then it broke. There was a furious upward spurt of water, the kickback, and the mass of foam jumped shoreward. It pushed on, licked around his ankles, then slipped back to oppose the incoming wave.

Quietly, he stood measuring each springing wave with pleasure, feeling the earth shake as the horizon rose and fell. Only the motion's intensity changed in this contest between the sea and the land which was being staged for his pleasure. It was an altogether fascinating prelude, needing only his own participation to complete the drama.

The sea was power, alive with menace and beauty. It was his antagonist. Cutting through a wave the instant before it broke, riding the crest of a bad one and feeling it crash beneath him while he was safe in calmer water—there was no comparable exhilaration. The Pacific bore a personal threat. He had always found himself its equal.

As he waded out toward the incoming waves, broken surf washed around his ankles. He kicked his way through it, delighting in the bite of the cold water that splashed his chest and shoulders. He had difficulty keeping his balance as waves and undertow conspired against him. Turning sideways, in alert, dancing motions, he gauged the height and distance of the waves. Occasionally, one broke in the normal lazy manner, the crest toppling smoothly over its forward surface while the wave transformed itself from water into foam. For the most part, however, they were still sand blasters. They hit straight down into the shallow water beneath them. He had to duck hard and struggle for his footing.

Then suddenly the horizon lifted. It rose, towering, dragging him outward. He waited for the only right moment while the wave slowed and grew tall in its battle with the undercutting current. It was a wall of deep green water, curling and white along its summit. The surface was now solid, clean as ice.

Two quick steps and he hesitated; the timing must be exact. The wave curled. He raced the remaining yards. The undertow's driving assistance made a projectile of his body, and he dived cleanly, feeling the rush of cold air as the wave broke down behind him. He pulled his arms hard to his sides and a strange force in the turbulent water shot him upward, out toward the light. Propelled into the air, the entire upper half of his body broke free. Wonderful! He wanted to shout his excitement! He still had time for a break, before another giant comber was on top of him. Sucking in a lungful of air, he dived for the bottom, dug his feet and fingers into the sand and pulled himself outward under the new wave.

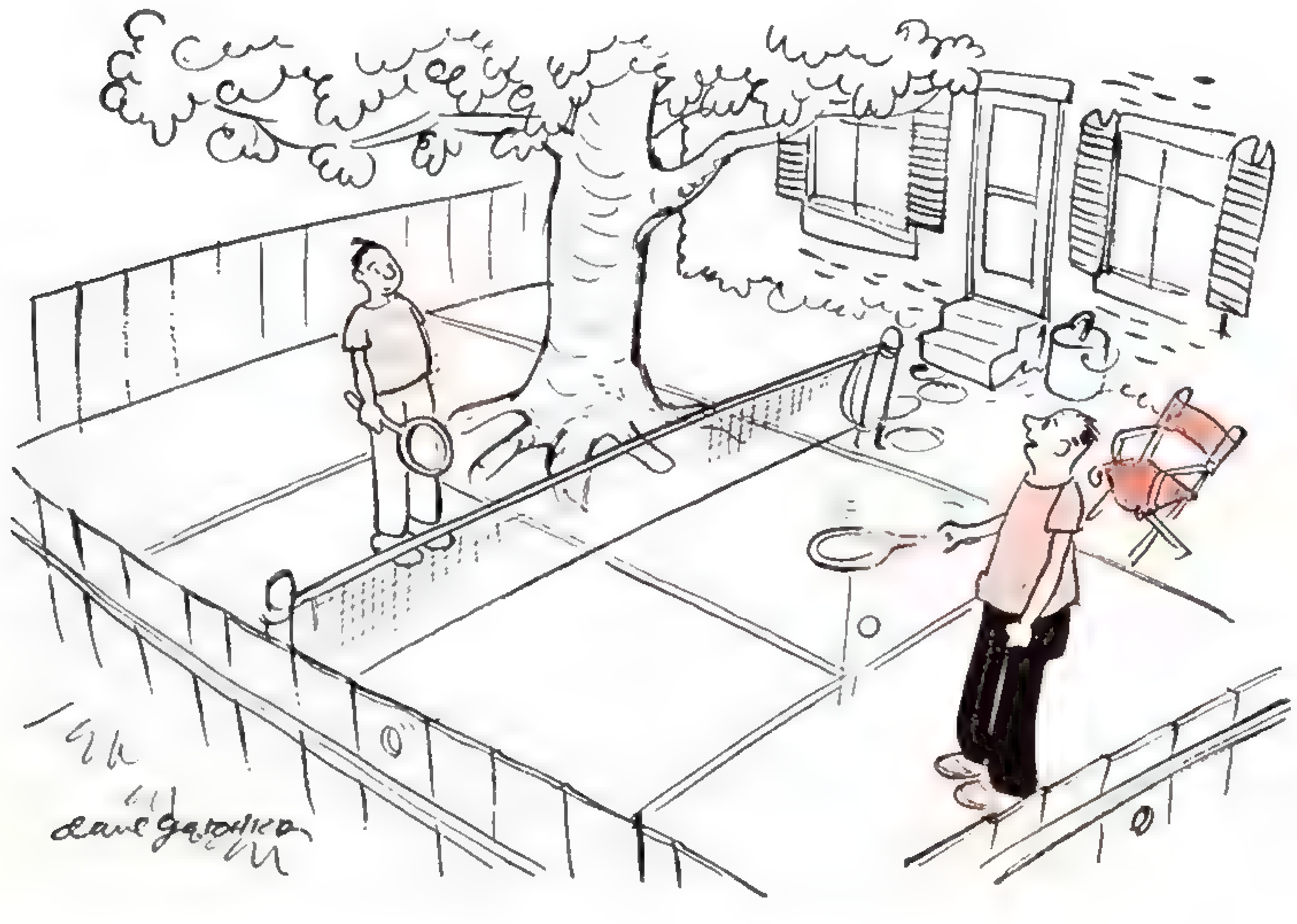
The sea beneath its surface was quiet, safe. There was only a mild pressure, well-cushioned by four or five feet of ocean above him. And he listened as he swam to the wave's small noise, judging whether or not he might rise to the surface. His breath was holding well. But it would be stupid to wait until he became exhausted. There might well be another wave breaking on the spot. It was wise to have some reserve for emergencies. In the game each chance must be exactly calculated. He had often imagined and catalogued each possibility. The chance of defeat which lurked in the power of the ocean gave the contest its peculiar validity.

The sound of the waves was hushed.

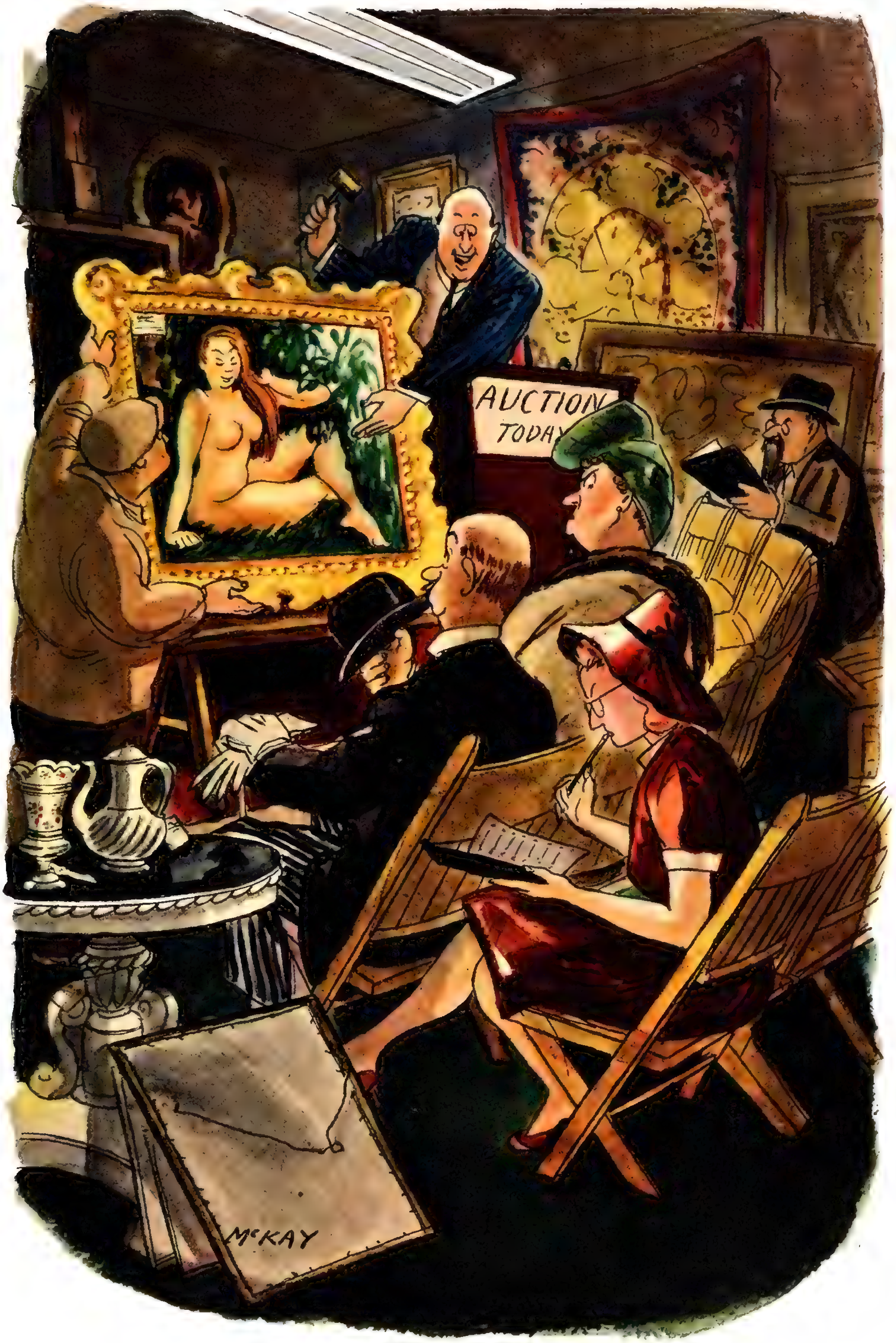
He pushed his feet into the bottom and drifted to the surface beyond the breaker line. Here the water was good; it was deep. Flipping over on his back, he sculled outward through long successive swells. As each lifted him, he treaded water for a moment to gain the greatest possible height. This gave him quick photographic glimpses of the breakers—still hitting badly. A few swells carried him up and down. He picked one and swam with it until he reached the spot where the breakers were gathering.

Feeling the rhythm and swing of the water, he swam a few strokes, keeping himself in constant motion and readiness. Facing the beach, watching over his shoulder, he waited for the right wave. One or two swelled past him. He held back. And then it was coming.

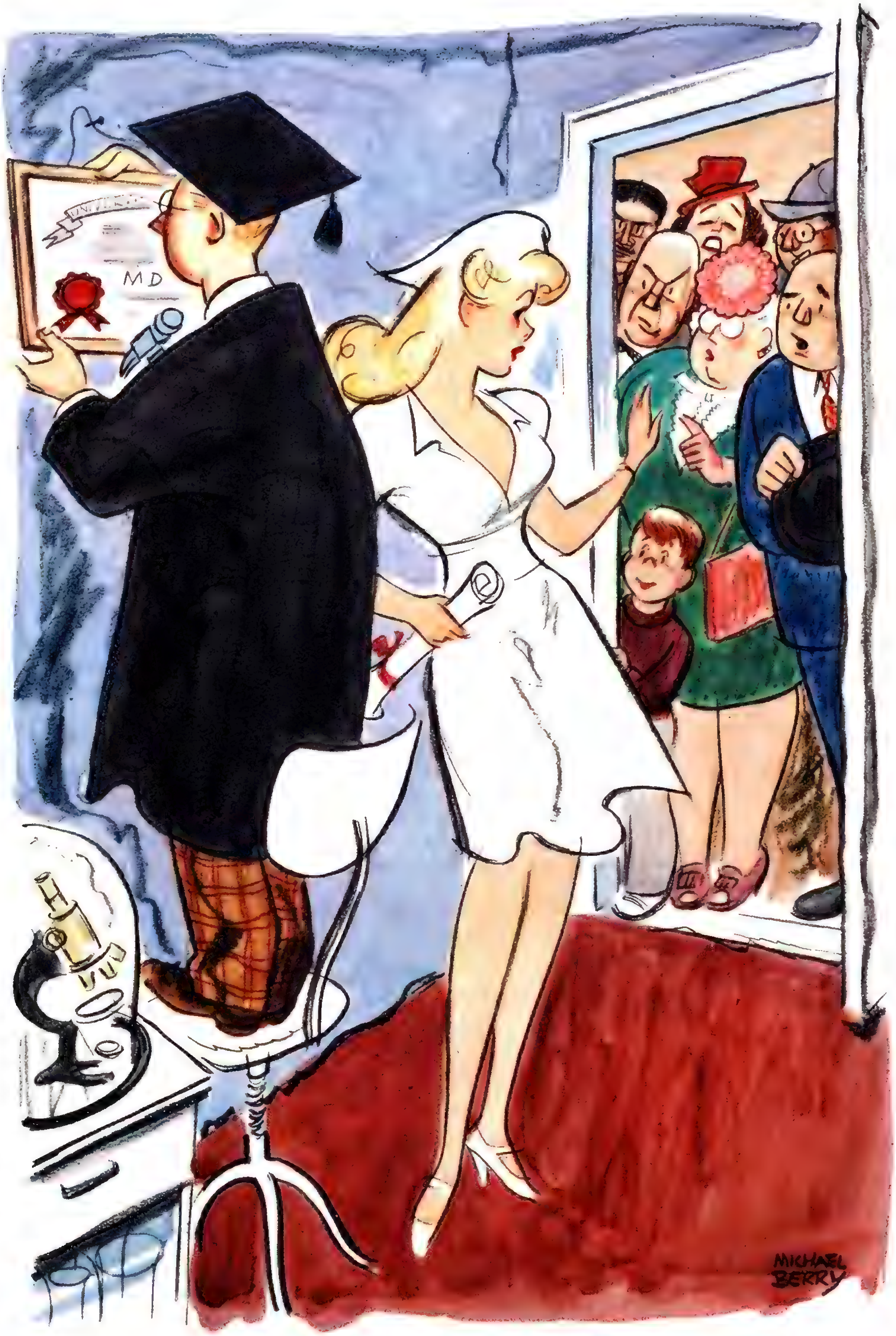
A ridge of water raised (Continued on page 177)



"You may have guessed that we have a few ground rules here!"


AUCTION
TODAY
McKAY

"Did I hear somebody whisper $50.00?"


MD
MICHAEL BERRY

"Doctor Wakins will be with you in just a moment"

Watches Have Two Faces

WM. DuBOIS

You may forget time is elastic, but even its mechanical secondhand can tamper with an affair of your heart

by **IRWIN STEIG**

UNCERTAINTY about the hotel room was whittling away at Dan's nerves. He hadn't seen Laura for a long while, and his feigned casualness was falling away.

"Nothing yet," said the man at the desk, "but we have you down for the first one that turns up. It shouldn't be any later than two o'clock—maybe sooner."

Two o'clock! Dan had planned to have luncheon served in their room. He had planned—

The man at the desk read his thoughts. "The hotel business is tough these days. People are supposed to check out, but they don't, and we can't very well force them to get out. Please be patient a little longer, sir, and I'll try to help you."

"Thanks. Do what you can." Dan walked back to the corner of the lobby, where Laura was sitting, outwardly calm. She looked at him tenderly, understandingly, restoring some of his poise. He said, "I'm sorry, but we'll have to wait. How about the grill room?"

"Let's," she said, "although I really don't want to eat much."

They sat at a small table beside a window, held hands, ordered perfunctorily, left most of their food untouched, drank more coffee, checked the time, went out to the desk.

"I have your room, sir," the man said. Dan took the pen from the holder and wrote "Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hendricks" on the blank. The clerk gave the key to the bellhop. "Eight-eighteen!"

The door to eight-eighteen was wide open. Beside it, in the short hall, the chambermaid had left a carpet sweeper. Directly outside, a carpenter was repairing the baseboard, and the staccato of his hammer taunted them. The bellhop's eye focused upon a white scrap on the dark rug, and he said, "She'll be back in a coupla minutes to get it tidied up." He adjusted the window and radiator, accepted his tip, was gone.

Off to one side, where they would not be immediately visible to anyone entering, Dan held Laura, kissed her, felt in her fervent yet gentle response the flushed specific unguent for his nerves. He started to tell her—

The carpenter's hammer again! Dan stepped outside, and the carpenter grinned up at him. He stopped and put down his hammer.

"Know what happened to the chambermaid?"

"She went for some stuff. She'll be back soon."

Dan re-entered eight-eighteen, and said something about hotel conditions. Laura nodded understandingly, looked out of the window. Then there were footsteps in the corridor, and the chambermaid came in with towels and soap. She smiled mechanically, mumbled a pleasantry, stepped into the bathroom to dispose of her cargo.

Dan said, "It shouldn't be long now," and they listened to the chambermaid's bustling.

Her task in the bathroom performed, she stepped out, turned, surveyed it critically, stepped in again to adjust something. Apparently satisfied with it, she stepped out again with a determined air, took the carpet sweeper, began to go over the floor.

Never had a carpet been more thoroughly swept. She went under the dresser, beds, chest and chairs. She dealt with the carpet inch by inch again, leaned the sweeper against the chest, smoothed one of the beds. Suddenly, she remembered the closet.

Dan whispered to Laura, "I'll bet she hasn't been in there for months." Laura laughed softly.

The chambermaid was finished with the closet—no, she wasn't. For some perverse reason, she seemed to feel the occasion required her utmost professional skill, so she went to work on it again. There: it was done.

Dan whispered, "The room looks all right to me."

But it didn't please the chambermaid. She inspected the hall, bent down to pick up a piece of lint, went over it with her carpet sweeper.

"I think I'll tell her it's good enough, and get her out of here."

"No," said Laura. "Please let her alone."

That light scrap was still on the rug near the bed, and Dan wondered whether the chambermaid would notice it. It couldn't have been much larger than a pea, but it seemed to be growing in size.

Then suddenly she saw it, triumphantly swooped down upon it.

"I think it's her feminine cussedness."

"Of course," said Laura, with a teasing smile.

"Damn her!" He sat on the arm of the chair, felt the supple softness of Laura's shoulder, watched the chambermaid, who now remembered the shelf in the closet and began to clear it of dust. She smiled at them, and Dan saw that the ends of her mouth curved down. He looked at Laura, whose eyes mirrored the tenseness in him.

The chambermaid had found more lint on the carpet and was running her sweeper over it again. At last she was finished, and Dan started to fumble for a coin. That was it: give her a tip and get rid of her. She turned, picked up the sweeper as if to go, peered into the bathroom. She went in, and they heard her shifting a mat.

"She must be about finished now."

"I wouldn't bet on it."

But she was baffled. She stood near the door, inspected the edge of the carpet. That smile again. Reluctantly, she stalked out, taking the sweeper with her, closing the door with a short click.

Dan strode to the door, locked it, expelled a gust of air, strode back to Laura. Now, they were alone and she was in his arms. He leaned back, answered the question on her brow: "I love to look at you. I've been waiting so long, so earnestly for these precious moments, and that chambermaid had to rob us of so many of them!"

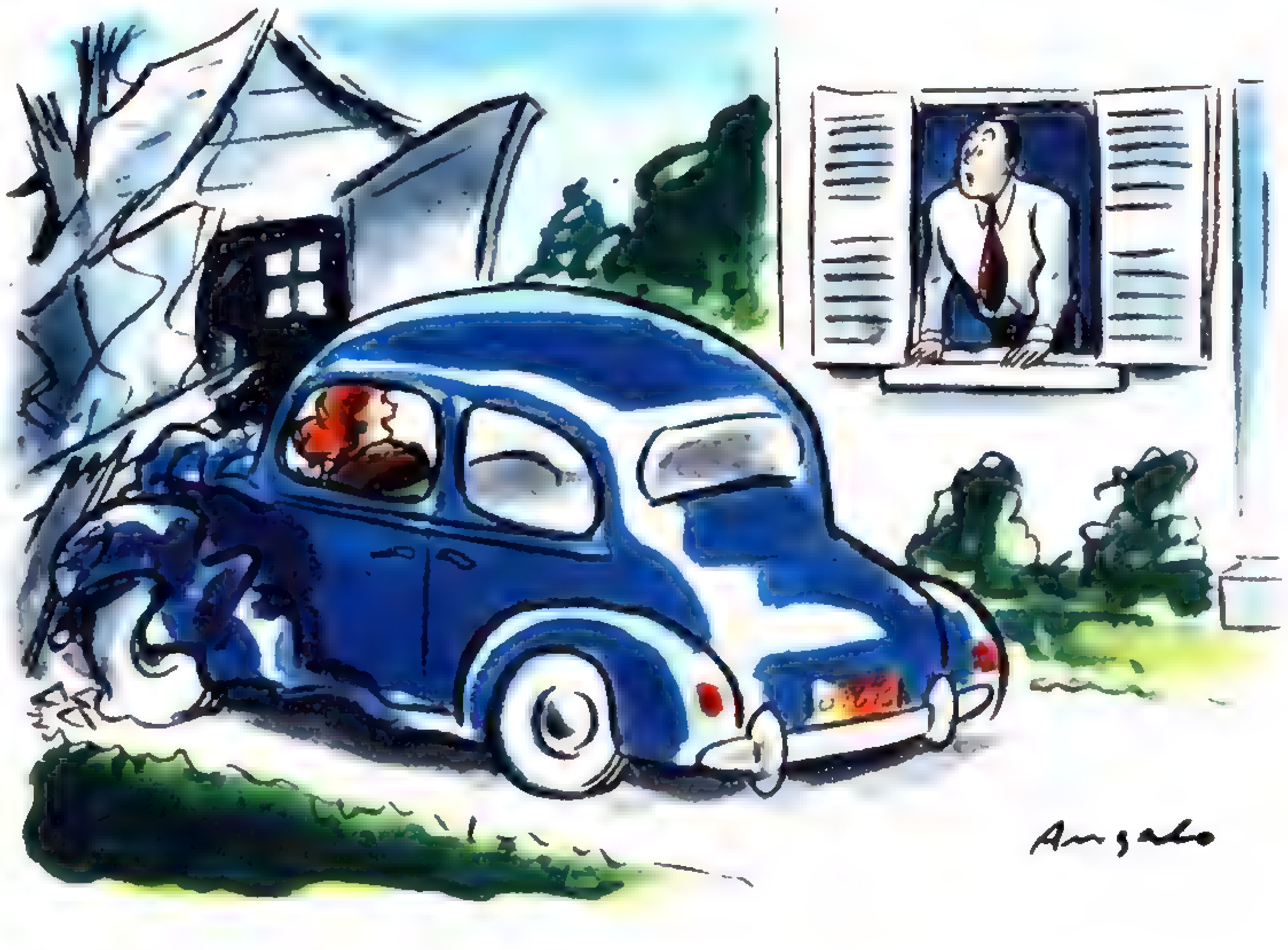
"How long do you think she took?"

"It felt like an hour."

"Do you remember what time we came in?"

"Two o'clock—a minute or so either way."

She held up her watch. "It's only two-six now." Her hand was on his shoulder. "Darling . . ." #



"Now perhaps you'll stop bragging how great you were in the Tank Corps"

Wills tried to rationalize his desertion of the lovely native girl, but he knew it was just a recurrence of his old weakness

No End to Anything

by ROBERT SWITZER

COOK

"No," said Wills, the American. "There is a beginning to everything and there is an end to everything." He spoke doggedly, his lean, dark face intense. "This should never have had a beginning, but it must have an ending, and the time for that ending is now."

The Cuban, Leon, seated across the table from him, slid farther down in his chair. "Now?" he asked. Huge, dishevelled, a knowing old bull of a man, he slouched in his chair, watching Wills with serious eyes.

"Yes," Wills said. "Now."

"This is tonight. Do you remember last night?"

"Of course."

"Then you remember what you told her?"

"Yes."

On the table was a throbbing oil lamp. It gave little light because it had not been cleaned for a long time. A doorway at the rear of the room was covered by a dirty curtain. The curtain concealed another room from which a staircase led to the second floor. If you pounded on the table, an old woman would come from behind the curtain with a bottle of rum.

"You have a good boat," Leon said suddenly. "The hull is painted white and the cabin is deep blue. The boat is a home and a livelihood and a possession. It is something of which anyone might be proud. Do you know what all that would mean to her?"

"I know what it would mean to me if I took her with me."

"You sound callous; you do not sound convincing."

"That boat is all I have." He looked down, and seeing his long tanned fingers balled into fists—the way he was finding them too often lately—he relaxed them, and watched the blood return to the knuckles. "It is all I ever will have. Do you think I should throw it away?"

"Why would you be throwing it away?"

"There is no need to answer that."

"Yes, there is. Tell me."

"All right. She has Negro blood."

"She loves you." Leon's great bulk was completely still.

"I said she has Negro blood."

"Very little."

"It does not take much."

"She does not look like a Negress."

"Leon, you are talking foolishly. You know what my taking her to the United States would mean."

"It would be no different from Cuba."

"No. Except that here I do not care what men say."

"But you do care what happens to her."

"I care more what happens to me."

The lampwick was burning low. Wills turned it up and for a moment the room seemed bright, then became murky again. It did not matter. It was easier to see in the dark, anyway. The less you saw, the less you had to think about, and everything was easy if you did not think. Stop thinking about the woman upstairs and this matter would be easy too . . .

"It would be madness to take her," Wills said. "You know that."

"Yes. It would be madness, but it would be kind."

"Kind? . . . That is the beauty of words. There are at least two meanings to all of them."

"There are two meanings to the word 'love?'" Leon asked.

"There are a thousand meanings to the word 'love,'" Wills replied.

"A thousand?"

"No," Wills said. "There is only one. I think there is only one, but I do not know what it is."

"Would not kindness be as good a definition as any?"

"You are back to that."

"Yes, I am back to that."

"Why? Are you her father? Is it up to you to give her away?"

"No, it is not up to me," said Leon. "I am only her uncle. But last night you told her you would take her with you. You promised."

"Have you never heard of a broken promise?"

"Yes. I have heard of too many of them. So have you. That is why this is important."

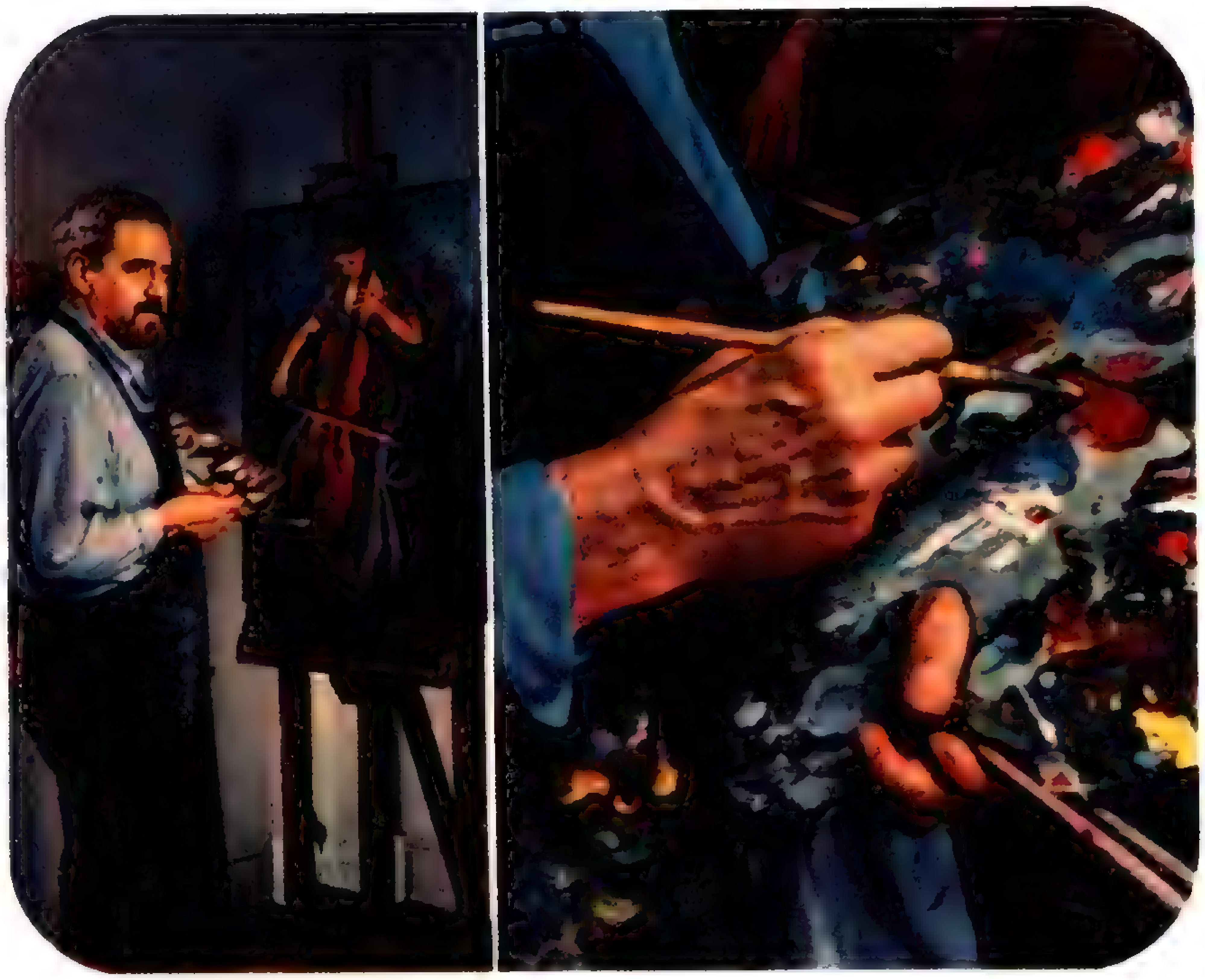
"It was the rum."

"Is it rum that has made her yours for the past month?"

"Last night it was the rum. Rum is good at making decisions but no good at making plans. Rum is not intelligent."

"Last night you made a promise. That is all there is to it."

"You believe it's as simple as that? Then the solution is just as simple. I cannot take her."


BROWNING

The bush and the brush of Waldo Peirce

Peirce the painter, as well as Peirce the pater, blossomed in the 30's after fifty years of joie de vivre *and* joie de *work. As a young man he thumbnosed his way through European art circles, influenced by Zuloaga and Goya, but returned to Bangor, Maine, to grow a beard, paint and rear his three children. His strong, sensitive hands create dramatic impressions of life about him. In a letter to Sam Golden he wrote, ". . . why artists bother to paint corpses . . . when we have such maestros of cadavers (his own description of studio models) . . . I don't understand." Peirce paints only his family, friends and the rich New England landscape. He came out of the ambulance corps in World War I, after having been gassed and awarded a* Croix de guerre. *Today he's 6'2" and 210 pounds of gargantuan gusto.*

"Then why are you here? You do not have to be. If the answer is so simple, why do you not leave before you have to see her? It would not be pleasant to tell her."

Wills did not answer.

"It is not so simple, is it?" Leon asked in a soft, throaty voice.

"No," Wills said, his voice very tired, "it is not simple. It was once, but now it is not. It should become easier, but it becomes harder. I do not know why . . ."

There had been a lot of them, Wills thought . . . The women he had left, some of them beautiful but more of them not, and leaving them at first had been easy and somehow pleasant because it had given him the feeling of change, of passing on to something better. That had been his obsession: to pass on to something better. His horror of repetition had driven him into a life of repetition—a steady procession of different places and people that had been no different—a steady passing on to things that had been no better.

Lately he had looked back a great deal, and whenever he did he looked all the way back. All the way back to the beginning. There had been a beginning, just as there would be an end. And in the beginning there was a girl. Kid stuff. Kid stuff was having a girl. It was taking his girl to the movies or a dance and it was being proud of her because she looked so nice, and being jealous when she smiled at someone else. It was going to her home afterwards and eating pie in the kitchen, and it was kissing her good night and not wanting to let go so that she had to pull his ear to get away, and then both of them laughing. Kid stuff was pressing her young body to his, liking the feel of her, and being content with having her that way.

He wondered why he kept going back to that. There had been nothing to it. She had not been very good looking. Perhaps he went back because he knew he would never go ahead, or perhaps it was because having too many women was lonely, and loneliness was beginning to frighten him . . .

Lum in the Saddle

Astride his Tennessee walking horse, Chet Lauck, better known as Lum of Lum and Abner, appears as a dashing range rider far removed from the bewhiskered oldster he portrays on his weekly radio programs and on the screen. A week-end rancher who can still hold his own on the orneriest pinto, he manages his 156,000-acre Bar Nothing estate in Nevada, raising race horses and cattle and collecting fancy saddle equipment. In 1931 Lum and Abner modestly began broadcasting as an Ozark amateur team. Their hill country philosophy, drawled round the cracker barrel in the little Pine Ridge store, has since crackled through the air waves for fifteen years to the delight of listening millions. Lauck and his partner, Norris Goff, currently may be seen in the film story of their lives, Partners in Time.

The old woman came from behind the dirty curtain. The glass in his hand was warm and slimy.

"Well?" he said.

"She is waiting for you—upstairs."

"I know."

The old woman stood there, scowling at him. "It will be well when she has gone. She has been no good since you arrived."

"Go away," he said. "You are very ugly and I am becoming tired of ugliness."

She did not move.

"Go away!" he shouted.

The old woman fled. His forehead was hot, he rubbed his hand over it. Across the table Leon watched him. He emptied his glass.

"I will be back," he said, and went behind the curtain and climbed the stairs. The stairs were poorly lighted but they were solid. He imagined a great many things were like those stairs; things obscured by shadows, but if you had the courage to walk into the darkness after them, you would find they were really firm and dependable.

He opened the door and went in. She was sitting on the bed waiting for him. It was more dignified to have him call for her than for her to go down to meet him. Beside her lay a small wicker bag. The door to the tiny closet was open and the closet was empty. The top of the dressing table was bare. Everything she owned was in that bag. Her movements were beautiful as she stood up and took a step toward him.

"Wait," he said. "Do not speak. You must listen to me. Last night I said I would take you with me. I cannot do that. It is impossible. You understand? It was the rum."

She looked as though someone had reached out of nowhere and whipped her across the face.

"The rum?"

"Yes," he said. "I am sorry."

"You are sorry?"

"Yes. I should not have promised. It was wrong. I am sorry." He could not stand her eyes. "Good-bye," he said.

"But you said you would take me with you."

"I know. But I cannot. You would not be happy." He was more of a coward than he had thought.

"If I were with you I—"

"No."

Quietly she said: "I will die."

"You are young and healthy. You will not die."

"I will kill myself."

"Dying is painful. It is foolish to hurt oneself," said Wills.

She stared at him, not believing he was really saying this. He looked at her carefully now, wanting for some reason to remember her. Her body was superb, there was no doubt of that. The pain started back of his eyes; his old familiar woman pain that throbbed gently now, like the oil lamp, but would soon be an agony. Yes, her body was superb. But his prejudices told him that her lips were a little too thick, her cheekbones a little too prominent, her hair—yes, but her body was magnificent. The pain was sharp, scalpel sharp . . . Once more. Then he could leave her. Just once more . . .

No, you swine, no! The pain went from behind his eyes. He turned from her, and as he walked toward the door she whispered, "Please." As he closed the door behind him he heard her say "please" again.

He went down the dark stairs, pushed the curtain aside and went to the table where Leon was still sitting. The glasses had been refilled.

"It is filthy liquor," Wills said.

Leon moved in his chair. "Did you tell her?"

"Yes," Wills said. "I told her." His sunburned cheeks were drawn tightly.

"What did she say?"

"She said she would kill herself."

Leon breathed deeply. "Do you believe her?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"She has no reason."

"She has no reason?" Leon asked, almost shutting his heavy-lidded eyes.

"Do you call me a reason?" he snarled. "Do you?"

"I call you nothing. I only know that she will kill herself, reason or no reason."

"Stop the dramatics. She will not kill herself because she has no reason to and people do not kill themselves for no reason."

"You will not admit that love is cause for suicide," Leon said. "All right. Let us say that she will kill herself through disappointment. She thought she was going to have what she wanted but now she knows that she never will. She is disappointed."

Wills took a sip of the tepid rum. It almost made him sick. The talking was making him sick too.

"If she does kill herself," he said, "it will prove that I am right. There is an end to everything."

"No. It will prove there is no end to anything."

Wills set his glass down on the table.

"You go to hell!" he said, and got up and went out of the place. ##

Design for Tomorrow's Car

Cheering news for those who believe that the automobile is here to stay, certain other dire indications to the contrary

Casting aside the gloom shed over your garage by the latest bill for repairs on a five-year-old runabout, let us look to brighter horizons gladdened by the dream shapes of shiny new cars. In that brave new world of hope and convertibles bought right off the salesroom floor, there may yet materialize the forward-looking conceptions shown here.

The subject is a sport touring car, designed with the engine in the rear. The "bay" windshield effect, borrowed straight from bomber nose design, gives maximum vision clear back to the tapering rear, for spying blondes, passing clouds, and other transitory images much more delectable than the conventional Messerschmitt, spitting lead. There are three comfortable seats, front and rear, with disappearing arm rests on each side of each seat, lest the elbows grow weary. Fast fighter planes inspired the functional designs of the air-scoop low in front, which picks up fresh blasts for the engine compartment in the back.

The streamlining of the instruments is another dramatic new departure. The shape of the upper part of the round clock in the center is carried toward the front in the form of a semi-cylindrical housing, with louvers on the side indicating its potential use as a ventilating or defrosting duct. Old-style ammeter, oil gauge, and water temperature instruments have been replaced by rectangular blinker lights which flash green when everything's okay and make with the red when a stop at a repair shop is indicated. The top of the steering wheel is depressed to allow better vision at high speeds, when the top portion of the wheel is never used. Around the center is placed a radio dial which permits the driver to tune in his favorites without forcing one hand out of the steering area. The horn control has been moved away from the center of the wheel and replaced by the mouthpiece of a "walkie-talkie" type of radio transmitter, mounted on a flexible tube which can be pulled out for conversation, as shown in the right upper sketch. This has several outstanding advantages, such as calling ahead to your friends for reservations, curb service, or putting the roast in the oven as you approach the outlying districts of their home city. On the other hand, of course, if your mother-in-law happens to be a radio ham, you may get a dose of some back-seat driving you hadn't bargained for when you set out alone. In that case, we presume, you merely change your wave length with a twist of the steering gear.

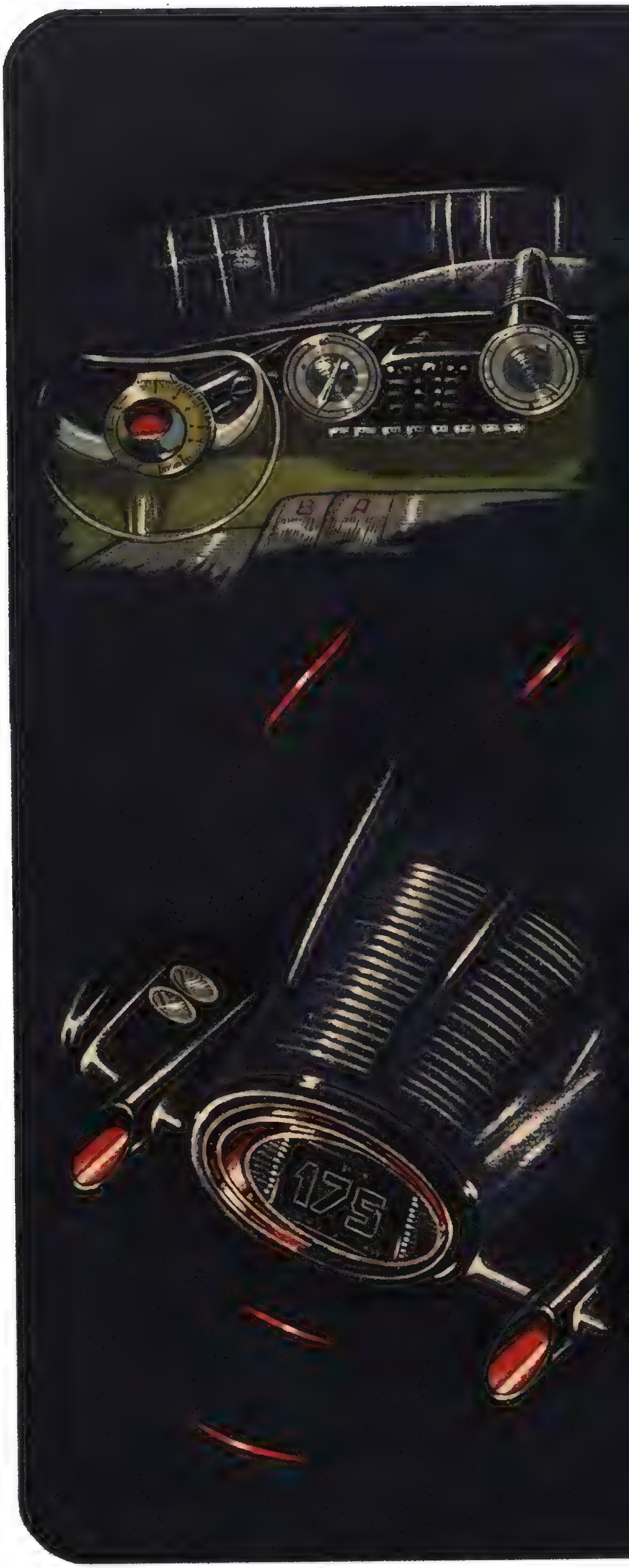
Getting rid of the hot air from the rear engine compartment is almost more important than bringing in fresh air. Shown at lower left is a view of the rear end, with oval grille to remove hot air. Two extra-large exhaust pipes are in the ensemble as a symbol of power and speed. Two extra gas and oil gauges on the left are for the attendant's use. ⧻

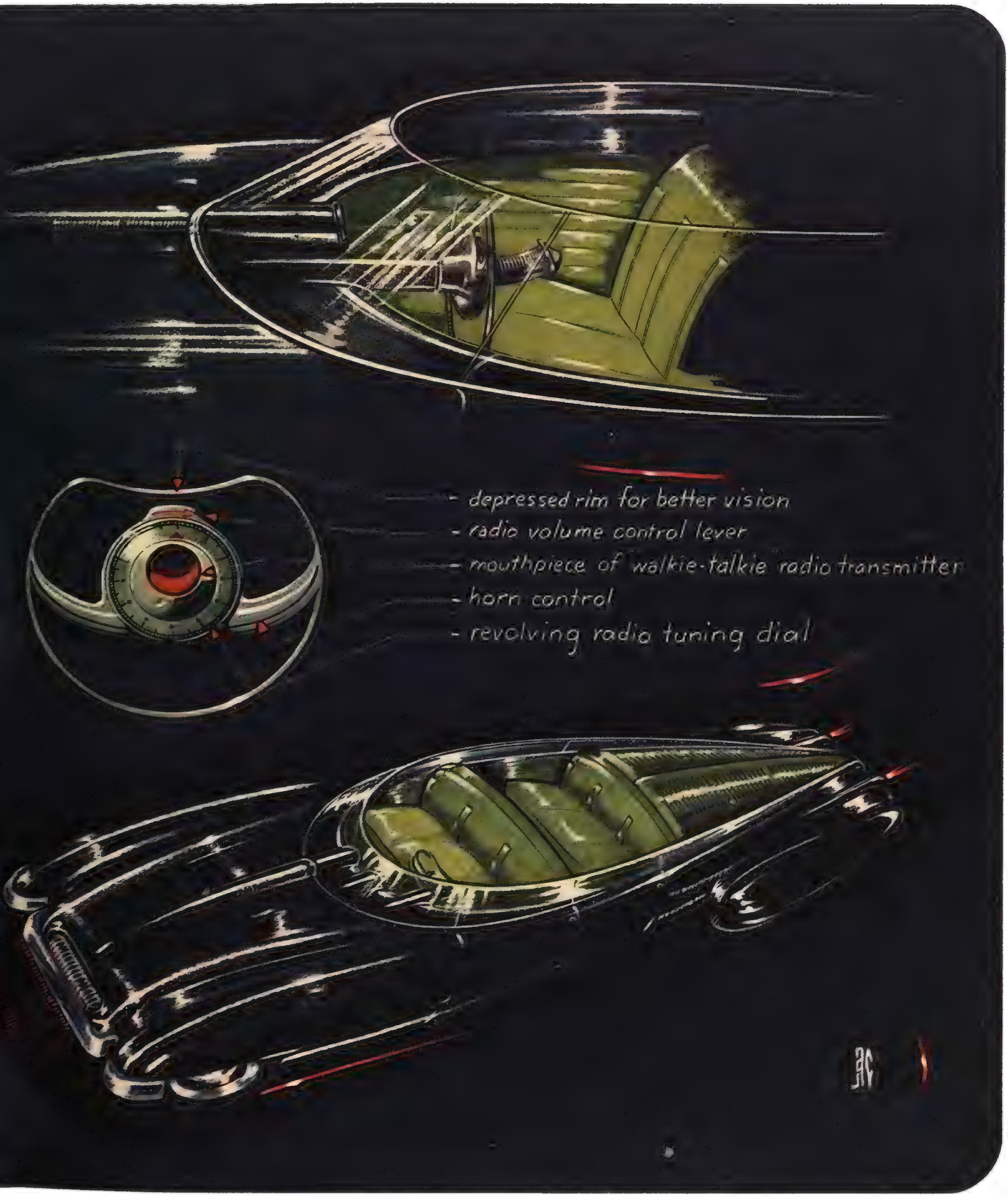
Mechanical Prophecies, No. 2

AUTOMOBILES

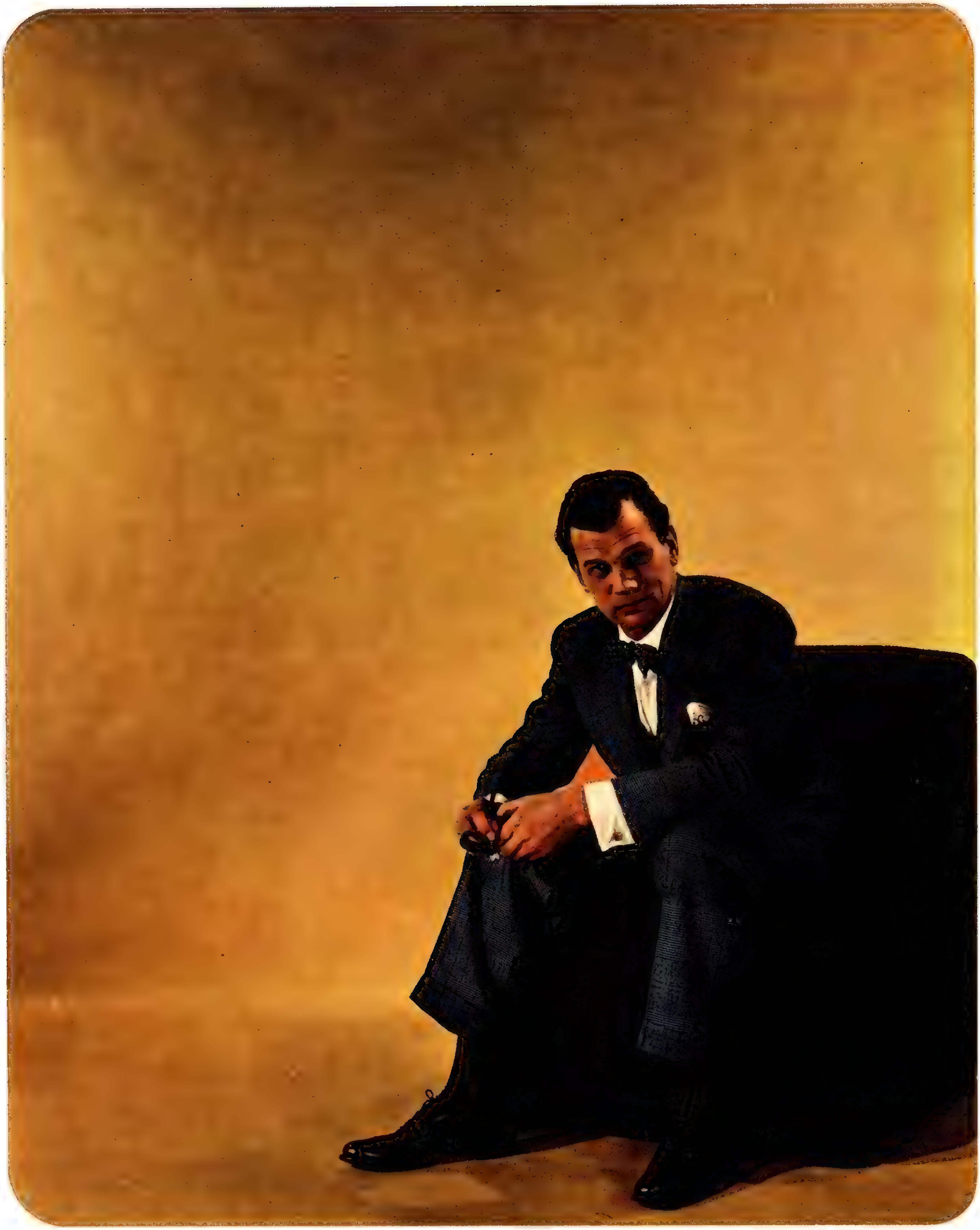
by COUNT ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

Famed across several continents for his daring and practical designs, Count Sakhnoffsky here turns his attention to one of his pet subjects—automobiles. The results pictured in this issue will be followed by another group in the August Esquire. After that, look for more prophecies in other fields close to your own heart, and—perhaps—close to the assembly line, as well.





- depressed rim for better vision
- radio volume control lever
- mouthpiece of "walkie-talkie" radio transmitter
- horn control
- revolving radio tuning dial



CHAIR BY GEORG JENSEN

HOLLYWOOD LUMINARY

Joseph Cotten

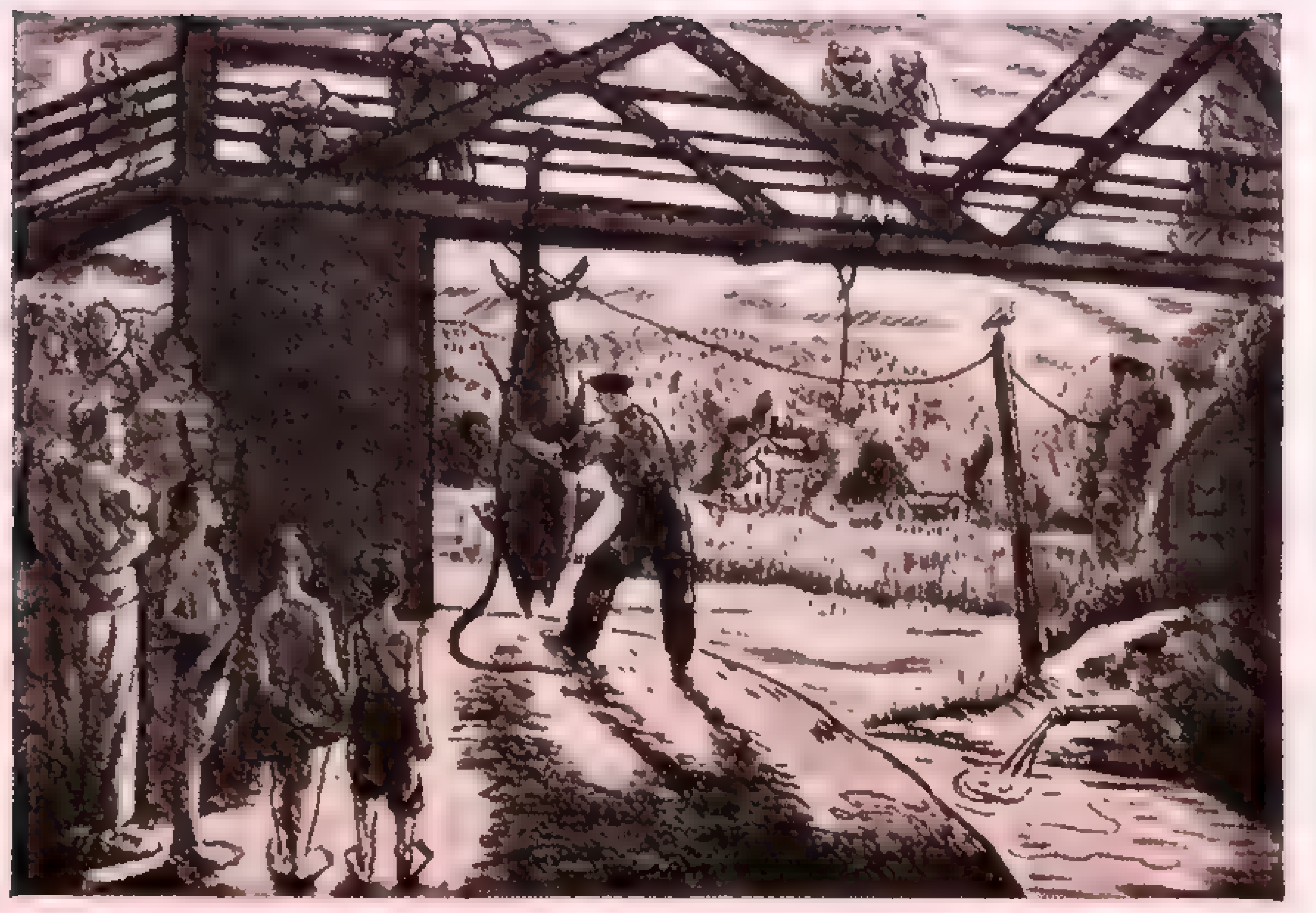
Photograph by Arnold Glantz

A graduate of Orson Welles' Mercury Theatre and a couple of the genius' movies, Cotten got a firm grip on the limelight in David Selznick's *Since You Went Away* and can currently be seen in Mr. S.'s *Duel in the Sun.* He's partial to grey for suits, tweeds and even shirts . . . has a notable collection of cuff links, including an aquamarine set shaped like ice tongs which are clamping his cuffs together in the picture above . . . recently revolutionized his wardrobe by throwing out his "loud" ties in favor of soft-spoken numbers and taking to white waistcoat with dinner clothes Here he wears a grey suit in very large Glen Urquhart plaid, a conservative blue and white polka dot tie with broadcloth shirt, 6-3 ribbed socks with brown wing-tip shoes

Fierce as a tiger, rugged as a rhino, that's Wisconsin's giant muskellunge

The Fighting Muskie of Boulder

by BERT CLAFLIN



BACON

There are two important things to forget when you go after muskies. First is your peaceability. The muskie is America's fightingest, craftiest, most powerful fresh-water fish, aggressive beyond belief, and anything less than equal craft and savagery on the part of the fisherman will send him home with an empty string.

The second thing to forget is the rule book. When hooked, the muskie follows no established patterns of behavior. About the only thing you can count on from him is viciousness and unless you're alert and ready for trickery you are likely to lose him. He attacks anything smaller than a boat, any object that shows life, and frequently when he hits an angler's plug or spoon, even though it be armed with several gangs of Swedish steel hooks, he emerges from the contest a winner. His sharp teeth and the hard, bone-like interior of his mouth make him hard to hook and harder to keep hooked. He is a hard-boiled guy from across the tracks, a bare-knuckle fighter who prefers a forty-round TKO to a quick knockout.

A few muskellunge are found in a limited number of waters in New York, Ohio, Kentucky and Minnesota, but they do not thrive to the extent that they do in the lakes and streams of northern Wisconsin. The chain of lakes drained by the Manitowish River teems with the vicious fighters. There the big fish are at home to all callers who know where to find them. The Manitowish courses its way down through virgin woods, boggy fens and stretches of wild country. Its miles of sullen, black water, interspersed by short rapids, finally join the Bear River to form the Flambeau, which, in turn, enters the Chippewa River in northwestern Wisconsin, the last waterway leading to the Mississippi.

Up those thoroughfares the muskies leisurely migrate to the lakes around such places as Boulder Junction and Minocqua. There they remain to grow big and fat and ugly. And there, during the summer and fall, fishermen in quest of the ultimate sport in angling come from all over America and many foreign lands for a fling at the muskies. The Wisconsin muskie country can accommodate hundreds of these visitors each year, for the waters are extensive, although the lakes, individually, are not large. Few of them are over four miles in length or width. But, for the most part, they are connected by comparatively short stretches of navigable water.

Because of this maze of waters and the elusive nature of the muskies, a guide is practically a must. If you come up my way—the Boulder Junction region—there are a number of excellent men, keen anglers themselves, who can assist you in many ways.

There's Syd Doolittle, for example, who holds forth on Boulder Lake a half mile from the town. From Syd newcomers may learn where the muskies are hitting. He will show them the big weedbed out in the middle of the lake where hundreds of muskies are taken every year with virtually no diminution of their numbers. Dick Streit, an expert, on High Lake where countless muskies make their homes, is another excellent guide. Espen Espeseth, at Wolf Lake, has on display mounted muskies weighing up to forty-six pounds, all taken in Wolf or Big Crooked Lake near by.

Pat Wilsie is another native who knows muskies. He lives on White Birch, a prolific water for big fish. One of his favorite stories concerns a monster muskie who holds out in Partridge Lake not far distant. I know what Pat says is authentic, for I have raised this great fish a number of times without hooking him. He merely comes up, looks at your lure, laughs at your efforts to fool him and then goes back to his lair at the end of the bar and waits for another fisherman to disappoint. One day he will make a mistake and a fifty-pounder will grace the den of the fortunate angler.

There are other experts who can be consulted by visiting fishermen. Both Walter Lange, of Wild Cat Lake, and Larry Doolittle, of Little Crooked Lake, have great funds of muskie lore. And John La Fave has the last word on Island Lake, one of the best waters of the region. I can assure fishermen that unusually large ones live in Island Lake. Only last season one weighing just under thirty-five pounds was caught there. New arrivals in Boulder Junction may consult Ralph Shoemaker, an expert guide who knows the first name of every monster muskie still at liberty.

The muskellunge, about whose life habits not much is known, is as fast as oiled lightning. Not even the rainbow trout exceeds him in speed. Yet he exercises that speed only when in pursuit of aquatic creatures or artificial lures. When he comes upon a school of small fish—any kind, for he is not discriminating in the matter of food, just so there is enough of it—he goes into action. His movement is almost too rapid for the eye to follow. A fish is seized, released and taken again, perhaps several times, as a cat plays with a mouse, until, sated with the sport of torture, the killer gorges his mangled victim.

A peculiarity of a muskie is that, upon attaining a size of say twenty pounds—and that means approximately twenty years of high living—he loses his frolicsome ideas of youth and pre-empts a claim in a lake. There he remains indefinitely, just loafing, but nevertheless watching keenly for natural prey to approach his hiding place. As the years pass he becomes surly, bolder, more demonstrative. His weight increases, he glories in size. Fifty or sixty pounds is a very good weight for this greedy cannibal, and specimens of sixty-odd pounds have been caught with hook and line. The majority of muskies so taken, however, weigh from fifteen to thirty pounds. And that is plenty of fish for a frail hook and line! There is an authentic record of a muskie which weighed over seventy-five pounds, but that fish was taken in a net by Wisconsin wardens who were stripping the females of their eggs to be incubated later at a state hatchery.

I can say from observation that muskies attack and swallow other fish only slightly smaller than themselves. While floating down the Manitowish River, I came upon one of the tigers which experience told me would weigh no less than forty pounds. He was on the surface struggling with a pike and had already swallowed its head and a foot of its body. The victim weighed around twenty-five pounds. I stood by for an hour watching the operation. Finally all the big pike disappeared. The gluttonous muskie gulped a few times, then wheeled about gracefully and slid out of sight in *(Continued on page 194)*

DEDINI
TIJUANA

His small-boy world suddenly moved too fast, with summer in the mountains, a rifle of his own, his first wild game

The Yearling Buck

by E. RALPH RUNDELL

MORRIS

We lived together, Mom and I, in three little rooms of Grandma's old-fashioned grey house, and I worked after school at the *Whiteff Daily Press*, reporting high-school news.

That night it was nearly eleven before I opened the door, but Mom was waiting up for me.

"Jackie! Do you remember Sam and Margaret Messner?" I could tell she was excited, because her voice was high and fast.

"Sure," I said. "We used to rent our house from them."

"But you were so little . . . how can you remember them?"

"Easy," I said, carelessly. "I remember lots of stuff." Gosh, wasn't I thirteen? That was the big trouble with Mom: she always figured me for a baby.

"Well, Sam and Margaret were here today. They've got a cabin we can live in this summer. Out in the mountains west of town. Would you like that?" She looked so happy I just couldn't argue.

"I guess so," I said slowly. If Mom wanted to go, it would have to be all right.

"I'd like to go. You should get out more—both of us should." She had a way of looking terribly sad without intending to.

"Okay," I said. "We go."

Sure, I remembered Old Sam. He was grey-headed the first time I ever saw him, and fat, too; and he laughed a lot. His wife Margaret was fat, too, and she wore overalls and a blue shirt—just like a man. But her laugh wasn't quite so joyful as Sam's, and she coughed a lot. They owned the first house we lived in when we moved to western Montana. I had loved it there, because there was a grove with a clear spring and wet green moss and violets; and the pines were always heavy and green.

That was a long time ago. Here in Whiteff Bluffs, there weren't any groves or springs, but I was a freshman in high school—and Hops and Eddie King lived up on the hill; they were swell kids, good guys to go swimming with, up around Whiteff Lake. I didn't want to leave them for some old cabin in the mountains.

But on the last day of school, Old Sam stopped in front of the house in his little green Ford truck, and Mom packed everything up. Sam and I carried trunks and boxes out to the front gate; Hops and Eddie came around to help, too, and see us off, but most of the time they just stood around, not doing much of anything. I wanted to cry, mostly, but I was too big and gangly for that.

The cabin was about forty miles from Whiteff Bluffs. As the narrow road bumped away behind us, we ran into heavy virgin timber, and the green-black pines and shiny blue needles of Douglas fir screened out of the sky.

We stopped, after a couple of hours, in our clearing, in front of the cabin. There were two log cabins—Sam's bigger one, which boasted a meadow of tall timothy hay and several outbuildings—and ours, which crouched alone under the protection of a huge fir tree. There were three rooms: a living-dining room and two bedrooms.

Margaret stumped out of her cabin, hands deep in her overall pockets.

"Place ain't very clean," she grinned; "didn't get around to fixin' it up much. I was goin' to, but the old horn-cow just calved, and I been busy as all damnation."

It didn't take us long to get about the business of cleaning up our house. But it was a discouraging job; once, late that night, while I was doing my best to get the rust off the top of the kitchen stove, I glanced at Mom.

"I don't think we'll ever get it clean enough to live in," she said, and I thought she was going to break down and cry.

"Yes, we will," I said, and stuck out my chin. I picked up her broom, scooped up as much dust as I could in a hurry, and then got back to my scraping on the stove. After that it was fun. We laughed right out loud when I stumbled, trying to get Mom's bed together. And it was fun, too, after I got my little iron cot together, to build a fire in the hearth.

We must have been pretty tired, because the sun was high when I woke up, and Mom was just getting breakfast. The door was open: over my pillow I could see the trunk of that wonderful fir tree snuggling next to the door, and I could hear the creek gurgling into the deep pool in front of the house. And out beyond, past the log bridge, the woods crowded up against Margaret's little garden.

"Awake, Jackie?" Mom asked softly.

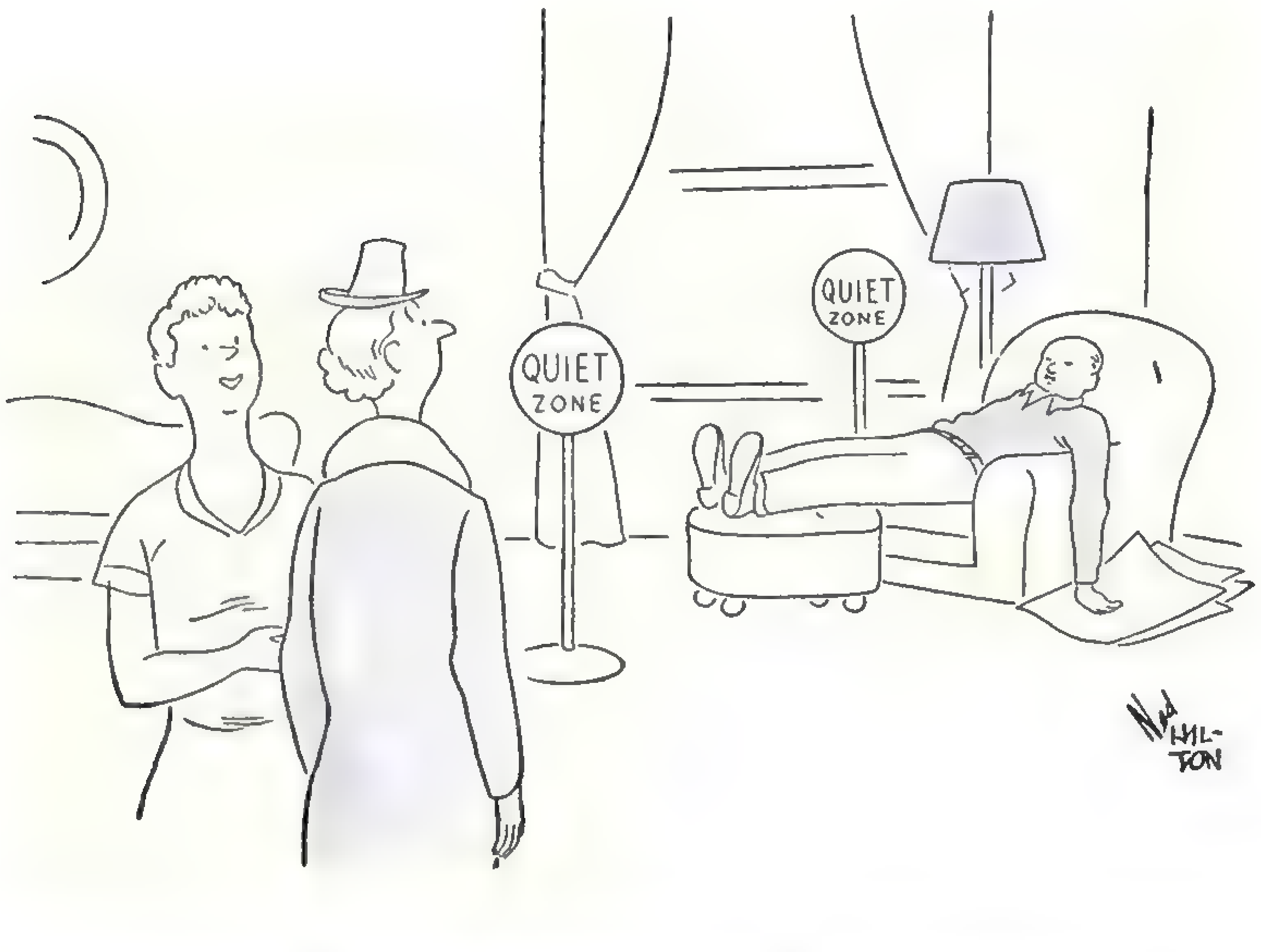
"Sure," I said. "What's for breakfast?"

"Bacon and eggs," she smiled. "And you can go swimming before it's ready, if you want to." I yelled like a madman, leaped out of the door, tearing off my pajamas as I went. The water was freezing cold, but that didn't make any difference. It was a new morning, a different morning—conceived and born of a new world. The sky was bluer than I had ever seen it, a dark turquoise arc bearing a new sun. I swam around the pool, fast, then climbed up the bank, shivering with cold and extremely happy.

It was a good summer. There were long days, bright with the sun and softened by the lavender haze that hung over the mountains.

Old Sam and I were together much of the time: I liked the way he talked, the great shouts of laughter. Sometimes we went for long walks in the woods, or on special fishing trips to the river. The river wasn't much bigger than our own creek, but it was more fun because we had to follow a steep trail over the foothills—and besides, fish really were a little bigger over there. We had hidden places among the rocks where we could watch the trout rise to a fly. Sam showed me tricks with a rod—how to flick a line next to a half-sunken log without getting it snagged, and how to lay a lure far out in the rapids.

And then suddenly the summer was gone. The few maple trees in our forest turned shockingly



"The children picked them up for him for Father's Day"

red one morning, and there was frost on the underbrush. That morning Mom began to talk about school and moving back to town. And that same afternoon, Sam lumbered up to our door with the rifle held carelessly in his big hand.

"You can have this old gun, Jack, if you want to clean it up some," he said. It didn't look like an old gun to me. Not old really. The blue of the barrel was still good, and the stock was shiny and almost black from hand-rubbing. Mom looked worried, but she said it *did* look like a good gun, and even held it for a minute, smiling and uncomfortable. The excitement was almost too much for me. I was trembling, and my voice—which was none too good at the time—cracked several times while I tried to express gratitude. Sam showed me how to clean out the barrel, and how a few drops of light oil would keep the rust out of the working parts. When Sam left, I tried to thank him again, but he laughed at me and said I could go out and bring home a deer if I wanted to do something useful. I spent the next four days wasting cartridges and shattering a dead-tree target.

Mom had gone to town the afternoon I decided to go hunting. Really hunting. I talked it over with Sam and Margaret at lunch; if Mom returned and found me gone, she'd worry. Margaret agreed to tell her where I was.

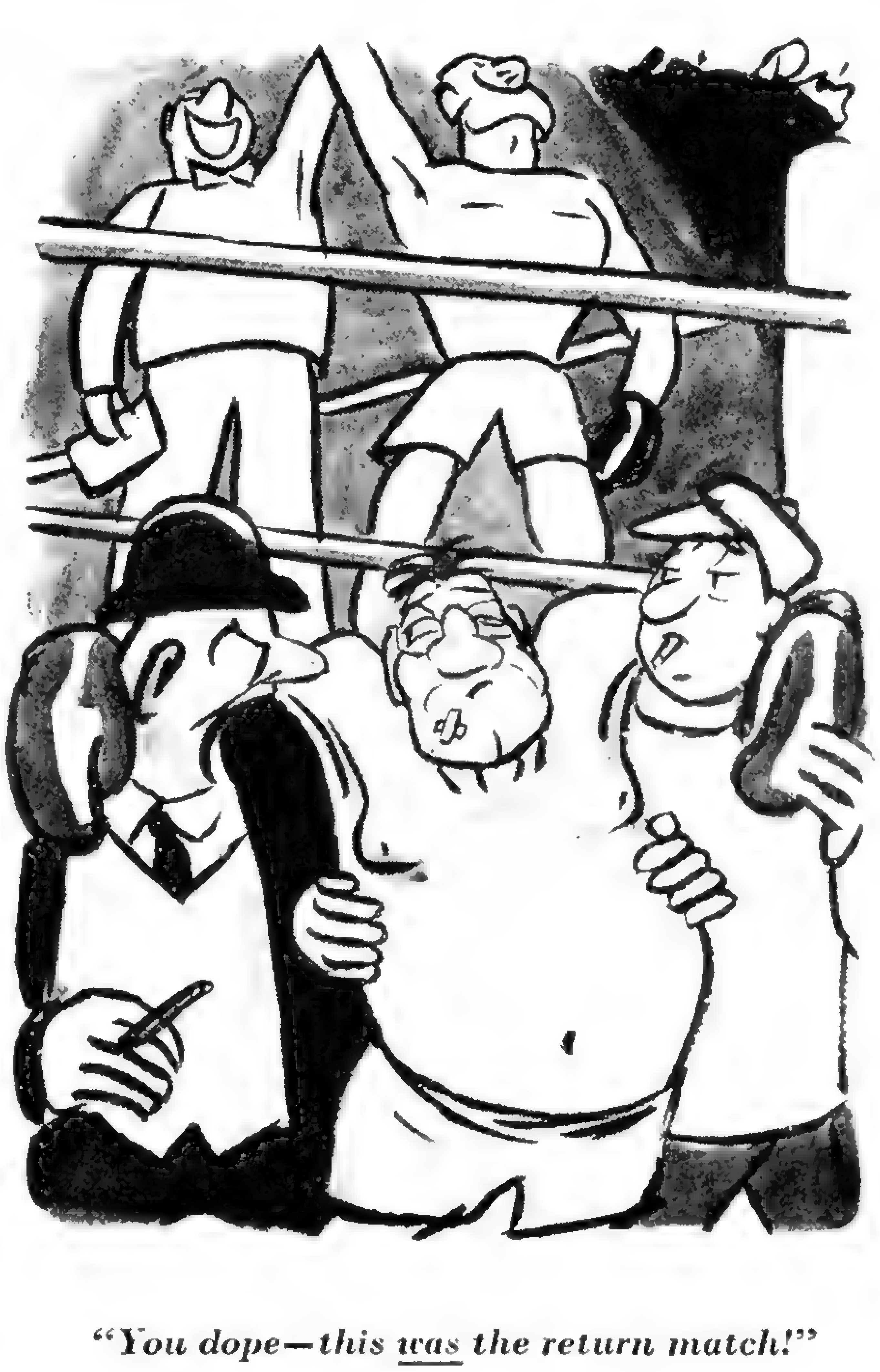
"Did you ever shoot a deer?" Sam asked with no apparent concern.

"No. But I guess I can, all right."

"I don't see why not," Sam said. "I killed a deer when I was twelve. That's a hull year younger 'n' you are."

"Sure, I can get a deer."

After lunch I went back to our cabin and took down the rifle. I had fondled it until I knew each turn of the dark grain, each scratch in the finish. I knew the magazine was loaded with five slightly oily cartridges, but I clicked the chamber open just once more to hear the mannish, metallic sound that accompanied each adjustment of the lever. The sights were clean, dustless; the barrel, with its snuggling magazine, reflected twin lines of bluish light . . . I was Daniel Boone, setting out to bring home food for . . . No, I was the son of Sitting Bull, intent upon the business of feeding the squaw and papooses who huddled, uncomplaining, near the lodge fire. Soon I would be a tribal chieftain . . . Better still, I was the haughty Iron Duke, out for a casual shoot about my estate. A small deer—to be roasted whole; there would be feasting in the peasant village tonight, and singing, and much drinking of good wine.



"You dope—this was the return match!"

I crept through the woods as quietly as possible. An overcast afternoon sky became darker, slowly, windlessly; each great fir blurred into the background, the silver needles silent-black blossoms of darkness. In the swampy places, the ghostly white birches made startling contrast against the blackness of swamp willows.

The three deer were grazing where I knew they would be, at the bottom of a brushy ravine. A doe, an old buck and a yearling. I knew he was a yearling, because I could see, clearly, the single sprouts of antlers. There was no sound in the oppressive silence as I pumped the shiny brass cartridge into the chamber. I was trembling. A hollowness came from the pit of my stomach and spread to my arms and legs. Buck fever, I said. Buck fever. I aimed the rifle along a young tree trunk to steady it. My breathing burst through my throat, and my heart pounded . . . I could feel the almost audible pounding of a vein in my neck. I leaned against the tree for support, and put my cheek against the rifle, which had suddenly become a strange thing—as though I had never touched it before. The dark smoothness of the stock was hard and uncompromising, the handgrip too big. My hands were small and incompetent.

The sights faded, a background for the soft outline of the yearling. He stood with his head toward me; I imagined I could see his sensitive nostrils quiver searchingly. His flanks trembled, and the muscles of his shoulders. I touched the trigger gently.

And then it was over. Only the sound was left . . . the great roaring sound that echoed around the trees, over against the mountains and back. It filled my senses for a moment, faded, then came back more softly. I moved away from my tree and walked, unsteadily, to the lip of the ravine. I could see the yearling lying in a limp tan heap, his neck stretched out in the grass. There was no movement. The old buck and doe had vanished. The wind grew louder in the trees—the woods-ghosts had held their breath, watching; now they returned to examine, to shake their invisible heads and whisper together.

I slid down the hill, feelingless, except for the trembling that shook my hands and knees. I stared at the yearling, and wondered if it had hurt him. There was a little black hole in his back, not a big hole. It would scarcely have admitted my middle finger. Vicariously, my back twitched at the same place. The trembling became worse. I felt an urge to cry. So I sat down on the ground and cried. I wanted to see Mom, to have her tell me that this was right, and maybe hug me a little. I must have sat there for a long time.

When Sam touched my shoulder, I jumped. He stood there silently, his rifle dwarfed in his arm, his white hair vivid against the darkness of the underbrush behind him.

"It's gettin' dark, son," he said. He had never called me "son" before. His voice wasn't loud now and his eyebrows weren't fierce at all. "I was gettin' worried."

"I bawled," I said. "Like a big baby."

"Yep," he said. He touched the yearling with his foot. "Big feller, for a youngster, ain't he?"

"I don't like hunting much," I said. I wasn't ashamed then. I wasn't Daniel Boone, nor the Iron Duke. I was a little kid and felt like one. Sam squatted down in the grass, leaned his rifle against the yearling. He took off his glasses and wiped them patiently.

"I guess I bawled some when I shot my first deer, too," he smiled. Not a bitter smile, nor reproachful. A memory smile. "Guess I made more fuss than you did. And I shivered more than you did, too. I had buck fever so bad it lasted two days." I knew he'd been following me silently.

"Yep. And I ran like hell for home to get under my Ma's apron. An' you know what she did, son?" I shook my head dumbly. Sam put his hand out and laid it gently upon my shoulder. "She said: 'You git right back out there and bring 'at deer in here. We need some meat for supper tomorry night.'

"I went, too. I wasn't big enough to carry that buck, so I dragged him for three miles. An' by the time I got home, he was just a big hunk of venison. Best venison I ever ate." He paused for a moment, to get out his pipe.

"But I'll tell you somethin' else, son. I ain't over it yet. Every fall I got to go out and shoot me a buck. And every fall I get buck fever. And after I get my deer, I go over and sit down beside it, and light up my pipe and just sit there until that deer is so much meat. After that I tote it home." He stood up, grunting against his weight and went to work on the yearling with his hunting knife. I watched him, silently. The process of cleaning took only a few minutes; the yearling became venison to be hung in the meathouse to freeze. Sam straightened up, rubbed his broad back slowly.

"Yes, sir. I ain't over it yet. I figger I just don't like killin' things. But I'd shore hate to have Margaret find out about that. She'd figger I was too big a sissy to keep around the place, and first thing I know she'd be havin' me do the dishes while she's doin' the huntin'." The darkness was gathering. A young moon, like the yearling, peered cautiously through the low clouds behind the pines. The woods-ghosts were silent, asleep.

"You bring the guns, son," Sam said. "I'll heft this little feller 'thout any trouble." I didn't say anything; I just picked up the rifle and Sam's gun and started out after him. The light was very dim and I had to strain my eyes to watch the big, swaying figure ahead. The rifle felt lighter, more familiar in my hand. Sam hummed a song I'd heard him sing before. After a while I hummed it too. I guess that song didn't have any words. It didn't need any.

Handy gadgets in the galley, his distaff mate and bosun were so unseaworthy they couldn't tell a bulkhead from a spinnaker

DAVIS

Sirens Under Sail

by IRA HENRY FREEMAN

Sailors say a happy ship has "a place for everything and everything in its place." But if a woman has a place on a sailing yacht, how do you keep her in it?

Not that I feel sailboats should always be for men only. It must be admitted that a gal is a handy gadget to have in the galley for that feminine touch with the pots and pans, while in the cockpit on a moonlit summer evening there is nothing so cozy—except perhaps an airfoam cushion.

For the last six years, my crew has consisted of my wife and sister-in-law, and they are not quite boatbroken yet, though they are beginning to show promise. Anyway, list to this tale of a modern mariner and judge for yourself . . .

We had been married less than a year. My bride knew nothing of my salt-water past, but she was beginning to suspect. As a kid on Long Island, I had learned to sail from my father, who learned right back by teaching me. Then for twenty years, I "swallowed the anchor," and was busy ashore, getting educated, earning a living, and chasing after the fair sex rather than the fair breeze. One day that first wedded summer, Bopsie caught me reading *Yachting* magazine.

"What's this?" she cried in alarm. Having been born in Brooklyn, fully three miles from the ocean, she was utterly ignorant of nautical matters.

"Oh, nothing," I said casually. "Ted Sweedy had a cutter built, and he's willing to charter it to us for two weeks. I thought we might sail up to Nantucket for our vacation."

"What is a cutter and where is Nantucket? Not that we're going anyway."

Nevertheless, the following Saturday found us aboard the cutter on a little "get acquainted" sail. As we were about to turn out of Manhasset Bay to the open water of Long Island Sound, Ted stationed Bopsie at the winches and cleats on the port side and me on the other.

"Ready about," he called. "Helm's alee." And he pushed the tiller down.

The boat rushed around toward the other tack, but Bopsie just sat petrified, looking like the victim of a terrifying trauma.

"Come on, dear," I said. "Let go your jib sheet."

"Trim your backstay runners," Ted yelled at her.

The poor, bewildered pigeon buried both hands in her hair and laughed madly. But after we showed her those two ropes, she got along all right until the breeze freshened off Execution Light. The cutter lay down on one side like Leon Erroll.

"She's a mite tender," Ted apologized.

That double-ender was thirty-three feet long with little beam and hardly any stability.

"Once she gets down to her sailing lines," Ted said, "she's steady as a church." That was true, but her sailing lines seemed to be drawn across the cabin roof somewhere.

After some minutes of beating with the lee rail buried, I looked around and saw Bopsie sprawled face down among some extra gear on deck. At our angle of heel, she was virtually standing on her head on a pile of anchor chain.

"Darling," I said, "let me carry you below to one of the bunks."

"Okay," she moaned. "Just so you don't move me."

By the time we returned to the yacht club, it seemed advisable to postpone our vacation cruise until Bopsie had learned to live at a forty degree list.

Accordingly, we began the next season with *Breeze o' Wind*, an eighteen-foot dory, sloop rigged, which we bought and fitted out at Sheepshead Bay. There she lay, warped to the dock, sparkling in her fresh white paint, when we arrived on a Sunday morning for her "shakedown."

"Where are those new sunglasses I bought you?" my wife asked.

"They're too dark," I objected. "They depress me."

"Please put 'em on, dear," she urged. "I'll not have you developing fisherman's squint."

As usual, I found it easier to humor her.

It took a little time to pump out the boat and to make sail. When we were ready at last, Bopsie pointed to the sky and said, "Don't you think we ought to wait a while? It's getting cloudy."

"Been that way all morning," I said. "Just passing clouds."

We shoved off. Sheepshead Bay on a summer Sunday is not the most crowded spot in the world—Times Square on New Year's Eve may be worse. The congestion is so bad that it is standard procedure to seat somebody astride your bow to fend off the moored boats with his feet, as you pick your way through the anchorage.

Being strangers, we rushed in where pilots feared to tread.

"Take up on the jib and make it fast," I ordered Bopsie.

"We ought to turn back," she said. "It's growing awfully dark."

"Nonsense," I snapped, full of the brass-bound importance of my first command. We entered the thick of the moored fleet. "Ready about!"

Ready about nothing. Never did a boat act so strangely.

"Slack off that jib sheet," I yelled at my wife, "so the sail can come over. I can't steer this way!"

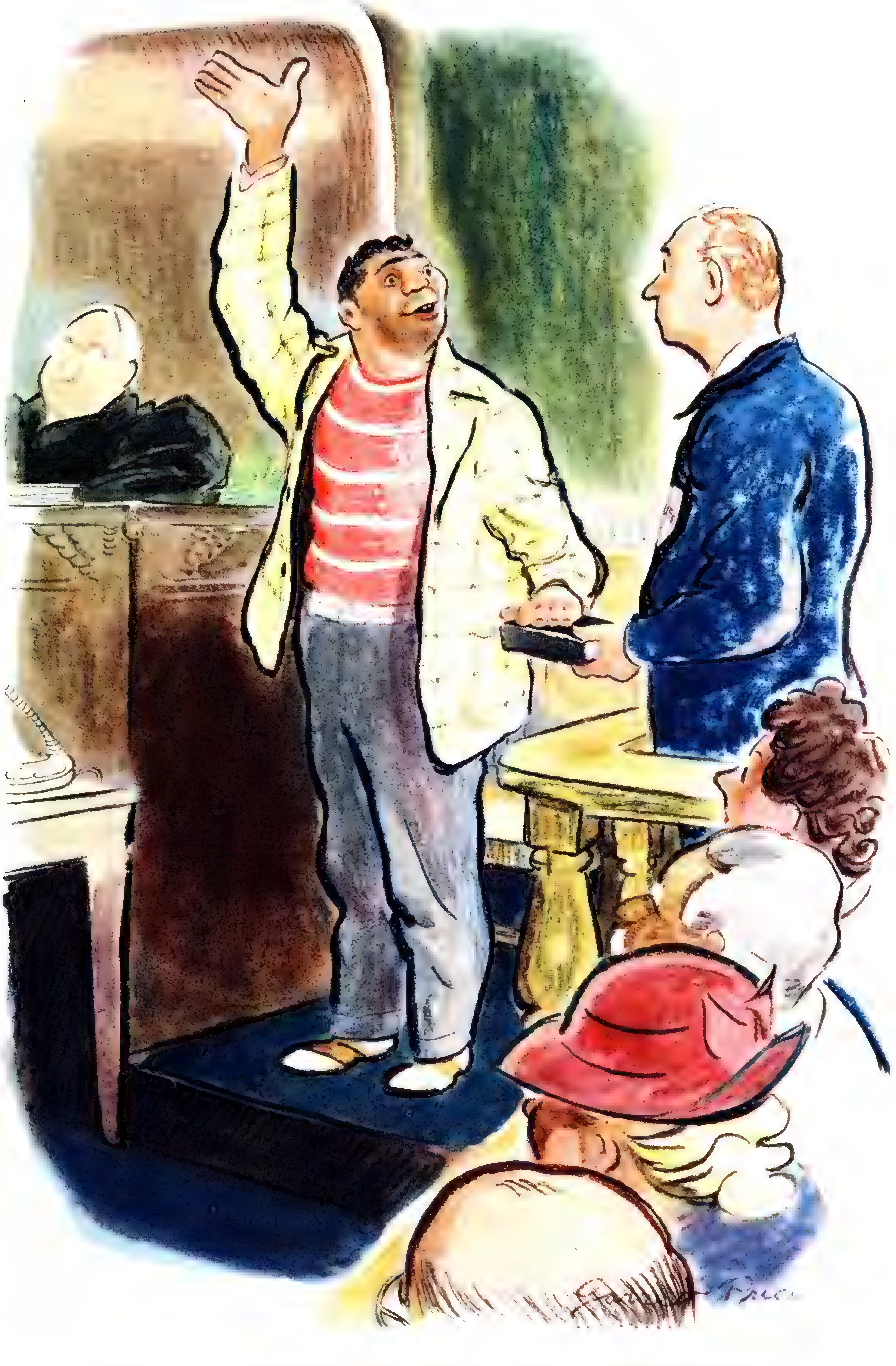
"How can I get the knot open with the fool thing pulling so hard?"

"Knots?" I howled, as we bore down upon a blue cabin cruiser. "Did you knot that sheet?"

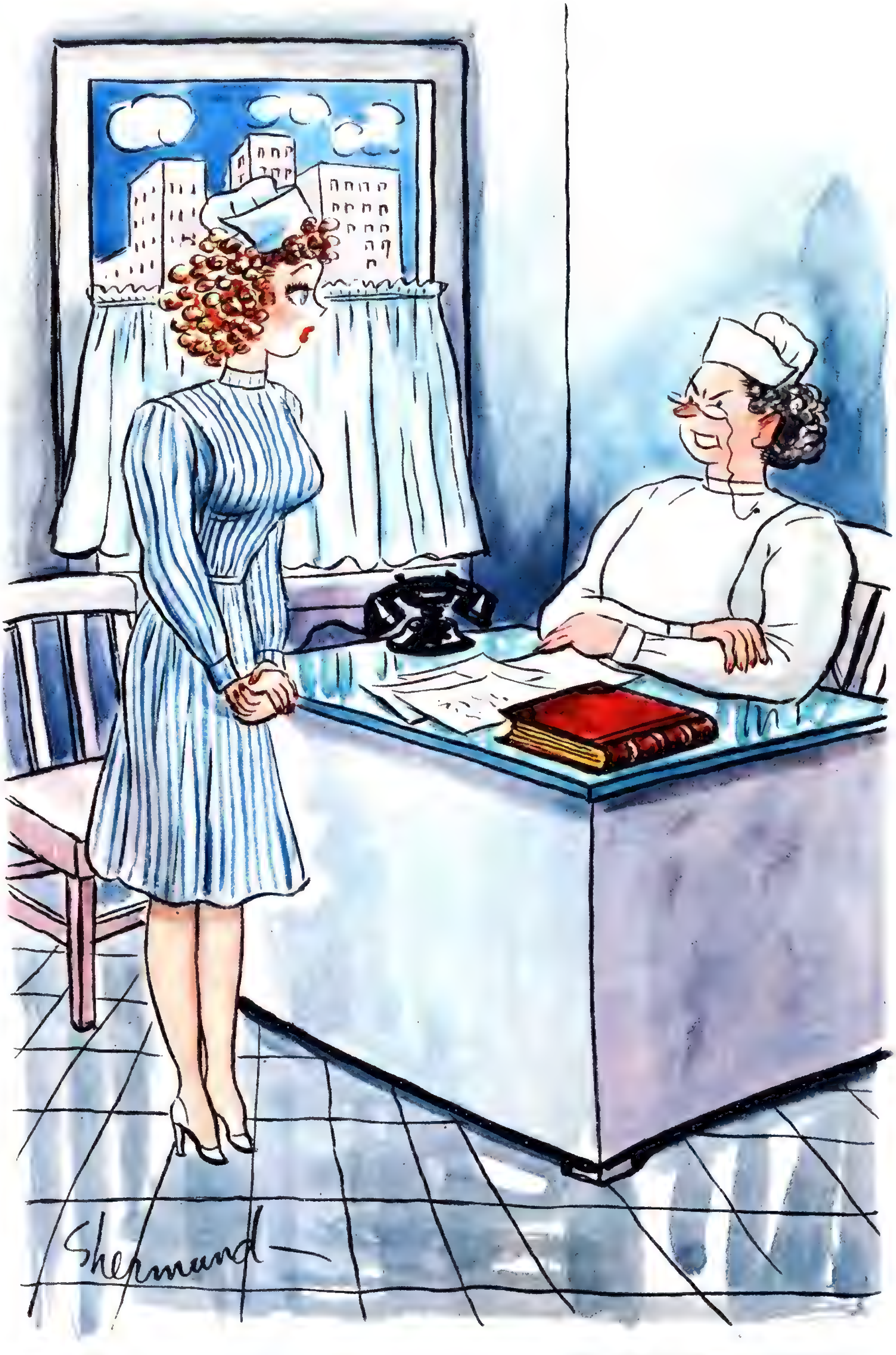
"You told me to make it fast," Bopsie answered, near tears. We banged into the cruiser and took a smear of blue on our stem.

Womanlike, she had belayed the sheet as she usually tied her shoelaces. Instead of merely jamming the loose end under *(Continued on page 128)*

"Stay in a crouch, then you won't have so far to fall"



"Raise me right hand? You mean I won dis court fight already?"



"Miss Adams, what's this I hear about you and Dr. Read holding pulses?"

How's Your Fashion Quotient?

Since it is more blessed to give the Old Man a present he will cherish than one he'll exchange, Father's Day shopping needs discretion. Gauge your talent for giving on this quiz.

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

EVERY man fancies himself a master detective from time to time—especially the murder mystery addicts—and we trust that you exercise your Sherlock Holmes instincts when selecting a gift that will chime in with the hobbies, habits and tastes of the guy on the receiving end. Naturally, this goes for Father's Day too. For a quick workout in deduction, you'll find below descriptions of three fathers and a number of possible gifts for each. The idea is for you to pick out for each dad the ten gifts which you shrewdly suspect would please him the most, basing your selections on the clues in the descriptions.

Score your choices against Esquire's at the bottom of the page, and take 10 for each correct answer. 240-300 means that you have a knack for selecting appropriate and appreciated gifts; 180-240 is fair; less than 180, you'd better put more thought into your gift buying.

CASE I—*Has been a father for 24 hours and is 24 years old, is honorably discharged from U. S. N., now lives in Los Angeles, California . . . likes music but not long-hair . . . is a surf-and-sand fan, quite a flash on the tennis court, and also bats the birdie with precision . . . smokes cigarettes . . . is still collecting gadgets for his home. In the illustration below, he's wearing a tan gabardine suit, tan Oxford shirt and red foulard tie.*

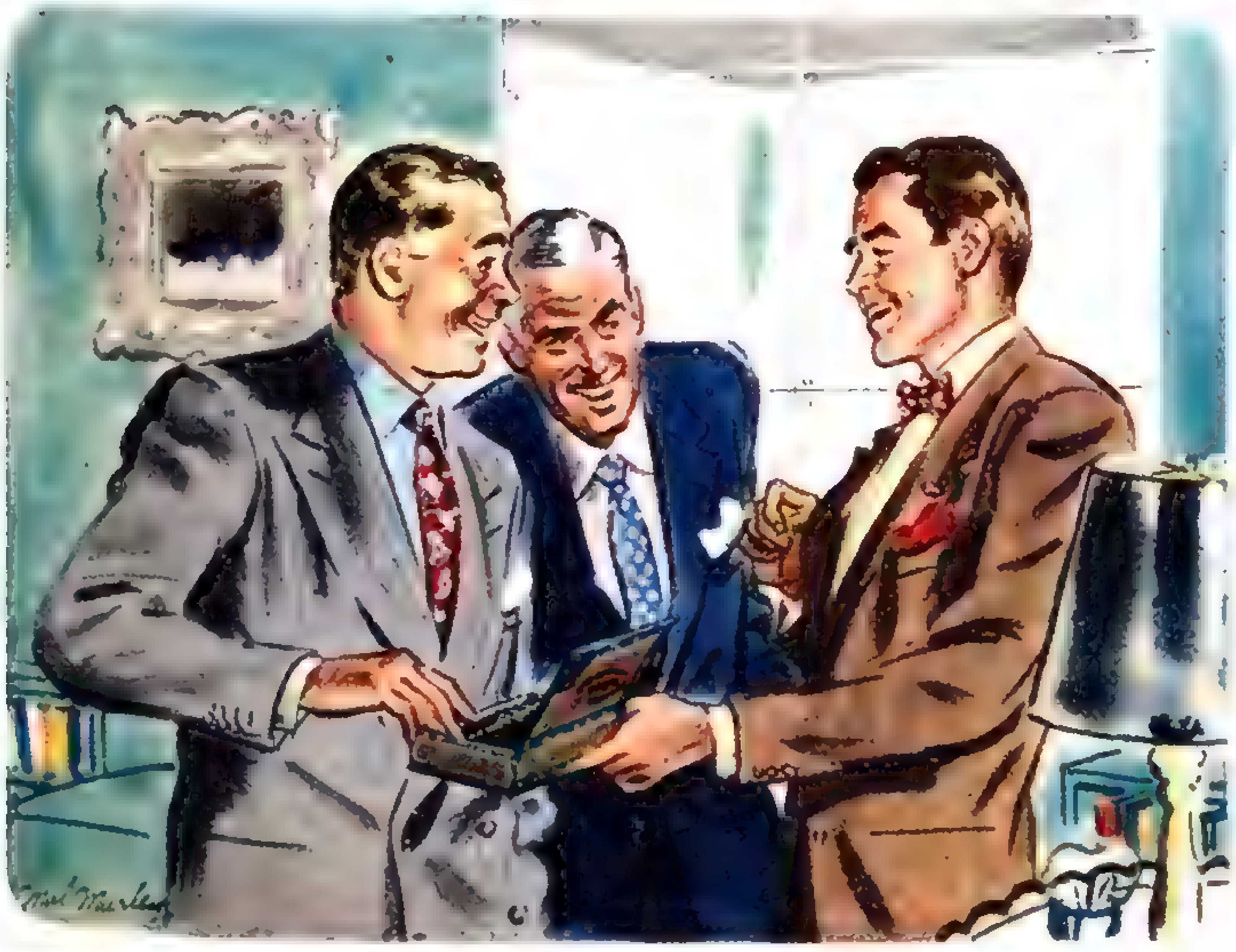
1. Camera.
2. Ski poles.
3. A pair of shuttlecocks.
4. Dark blue raincoat.
5. Green shirt with green and brown figured tie.
6. Beach sandals.
7. Mary Lou Williams Album.
8. Humidor.
9. Fingerless golf glove.
10. Portable radio.
11. Mahler Fourth Symphony Album.
12. Lighter.
13. Heavy knitted wool scarf.
14. Ice bucket.
15. Stadium boots.
16. Skate sharpener.
17. White cable-stitch sweater.
18. Grey shirt and grey and green striped tie.
19. Seersucker robe.
20. Pile-lined jacket.

CASE II—*Has just passed that birthday when they say Life Begins . . . remembering his waistline he skips desserts . . . lives in an Indiana town where his two daughters go to high school . . . is a bank executive . . . gloats over a schneider and enjoys a penny-ante session with the boys . . . shoots in the 80's, and goes out in the fall for another kind of shooting . . . prefers Havana perfectos . . . keeps a couple of riding horses on his farm. Seen below he's wearing a striped grey flannel suit, blue shirt and figured foulard tie.*

1. Horizontal-striped knitted shorts.
2. Aluminum boot jack.
3. Racquet press.
4. Surf board.
5. Humidor.
6. Chess set.
7. Bathroom scales.
8. Tan and white striped shirt with brown and yellow striped tie.
9. Personalized gin-rummy pad.
10. Fly box.
11. Fingerless golf glove.
12. Cigarette holder.
13. Barbecue set.
14. Shooting stick.
15. Poker-chip set.
16. Pipe rack.
17. Blue shirt with grey and yellow figured tie.
18. Processed cotton "battle" jacket.
19. Five-gaited saddle.
20. Handmade duck decoys.

CASE III—*The handsome gentleman in the illustration (whose wife assures him that grey hair is "distinguished") is not only a father but also a grandfather . . . He lives on the north shore of Long Island . . . has been sailing for 40 years (or since he was 15) . . . is a philatelist and a spiritual descendant of Izaac Walton . . . In his well-equipped study he has a favorite easy chair where he can sit with his pipe and books, and a corner for knights and pawns. He can't see much in gin-rummy but he likes a good game of contract . . . In the picture at the bottom of the page he has on a lightweight blue worsted suit, white Oxford shirt and polka dot tie.*

1. Fly-tying kit.
2. Badminton racquet.
3. Album of Strauss Waltz records.
4. Ivory checker set.
5. Portable radio.
6. Gun rack.
7. Cigarette holder.
8. Humidor.
9. Green and grey striped shirt and red and yellow striped tie.
10. Poker-chip set.
11. Non-magnetic compass.
12. Chess set.
13. Tattersall waistcoat.
14. Canvas deck shoes.
15. "Sailing For Beginners."
16. Pale blue shirt with a grey and blue striped tie.
17. Saddle soap and brush.
18. Magnifying glass with light attached.
19. Skeet-shooting jacket.
20. Plastic playing cards.



The thirty top selections

CASE I

1. Camera.
3. A pair of shuttlecocks.
5. Green shirt with green and brown figured tie.
6. Beach sandals.
7. Mary Lou Williams Album.
10. Portable radio.
12. Lighter.
14. Ice bucket.
17. White cable-stitch sweater.
19. Seersucker robe.

CASE II

2. Aluminum boot jack.
5. Humidor.
7. Bathroom scales.
9. Personalized gin-rummy pad.
11. Fingerless golf glove.
13. Barbecue set.
15. Poker-chip set.
17. Blue shirt with grey and yellow figured tie.
18. Processed cotton "battle" jacket.
20. Handmade duck decoys.

CASE III

1. Fly-tying kit.
3. Album of Strauss Waltz records.
5. Portable radio.
8. Humidor.
11. Non-magnetic compass.
12. Chess set.
14. Canvas deck shoes.
16. Pale blue shirt with a grey and blue striped tie.
18. Magnifying glass with light attached.
20. Plastic playing cards.

Concerning newcomers who have proved their talent and discoveries who could

First Nights & Passing Judgments

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

WEBER

THE vitality of the theatre depends not only upon its discovery but upon its promotion of fresh, new talents and, whatever its shortcomings in other directions, it wasn't too remiss in its duty in the season recently concluded. While it didn't cover itself with rose leaves in bringing to light any considerable number of gifted new playwrights, it at least presented one who was to be reckoned with and another who, though his initial effort was decidedly faulty, betrayed some promising symptoms. The former was Harry Brown, who in *A Sound of Hunting* managed what is the best war play written by an American since *What Price Glory?* The second was Arthur Laurents, who hinted in his *Home of the Brave* that, for all its weaknesses, he has something in his head above and beyond a glittering vision of the Broadway box office and something in his ink better than the cheap paternal fluid of the average Broadway play.

But if the theatre didn't overstrain itself in ferreting out commendable new playwrights, it did pretty well by itself in the matter of new young actors and actresses. A few of these, it is true, had already enjoyed minor chances, but none until this last season had been provided with the opportunity really to show the stuff that was in him, or her. Aside from such as had had these previous negligible chances, there were others who had not before appeared on the professional stage. Let us look first at the girls.

Judy Holliday, graduated from a Greenwich Village night club, had a relatively small role the season before in a play about Army fliers called *Kiss Them for Me.* She acquitted herself very well indeed, but one wondered if the impression she made wasn't less because of any acting ability than because of an odd baby-talk manner of speech and a physical deportment which whimsically suggested that she had put on her girdle hind-end-foremost. One wondered, in short, if the praise she received might not turn out to have been an inflation of counterfeit money. But, now that the theatre has given her a second chance, and in the principal female role in *Born Yesterday*, it seems that there was some real talent there quite aside from her cajoling eccentricities and that the girl has a valuable measure of acting competence.

Beatrice Pearson, who was previously thrown away on a small role in the inferior *Over 21* and in a sadly botched and grossly misdirected one in Saroyan's *Get Away, Old Man*, at last was allowed to show what she could do in *The Mermaids Singing.* What she could do proved that there is probably no other so youthful an actress on the current stage more aptly suited to young romantic parts. In addition to an admirably modulated voice and an ease of carriage, she enjoys a gentle attractiveness of person and an air of distinction. Happily, she has declared, and doubtless means it, that the theatre is her career and that, unlike many of the other young actresses, Hollywood does not in the least interest her; in fact, that when she even thinks of it, it makes her a little ill.

Barbara Bel Geddes, who similarly had been buffeted around in roles that might as well have been given to Charlie McCarthy, was privileged to come into her own in *Deep Are the Roots.* Her performance of the Southern girl who offers herself in marriage to the Negro youth whom she has affectionately known since childhood was invested with such simplicity and truth that the critics gave her the kind of notices which they customarily reserve for themselves in their more alcoholically confidential moments. It is, of course, in many cases difficult to tell just how much a director has been responsible for any such performance, and it was difficult in this; but the girl nonetheless seems to have considerable independent talent. Under the circumstances, her announced intention to go to Hollywood—"I don't particularly care for the theatre; I love the pictures," she has stated in an interview—comes as a disappointment. One too often has seen how Hollywood drowns talents like hers and throws their possessors up on the beach.

Little Virginia Weidler seemed, however, to be a rare exception to that rule. Making her first appearance on the stage in *The Rich, Full Life*, which was rich only in badness and full only of sentimental stencils, she demonstrated an ability unusual in one so very young (she is nineteen) and came through with a performance that was extremely efficient. I expressed some surprise at this to Gene Tierney, the well-known and successful film actress whom I have known for some years. "Don't be foolish," she said. "That little girl knows more about acting than anybody in Hollywood and I don't mean only screen acting either."

Lesley Woods, whose efforts had been confined to the radio, was given her first fling at drama in *The Assassin* and proved herself. And June Havoc was brought to the dramatic stage from the musical and in both *The Ryan Girl* and *Dunnigan's Daughte*

CONE

Silvaire wings for sky-riding

The postwar model of the Luscombe Silvaire is a sleek, all-metal job (first all-metal light plane designed for volume production) with plenty of lift apparent in her pedigree. She has a cruising speed of 104 m.p.h., a 400-mile range and a ceiling of 15,000 feet. Silvaire features will start you daydreaming on the bus over week-end hunting trips and adventure in far places. A two-seater, she's built to carry a lot of luggage, and the windows afford wide visibility for tourist flyers. All parts are standardized for quick replacements, and the engine design has deliberately kept the works out in the open to simplify a quick once-over in between hops. By the way, the wing-tips are detachable—not a bad thought if one of your troublesome habits is groundlooping, or otherwise scraping up the wrong contacts.

indicated that with more experience and training she may develop into a player of definite merit. Eugene O'Neill, seeing her performance in the latter play, was deeply impressed with her potentialities and has been considering her for an important role in his forthcoming *A Touch of the Poet.*

So much for some of the ladies.

In the male department, a young Negro, Ossie Davis, came to view in *Jeb* and gave what was one of the really admirable performances of the season. In the role of a heroic returned serviceman who hopes only for a job which he has learned in the Army and who finds in his Southern homeland all the old prejudice against his color, he was uncommonly adroit in both scenes of emotion and humor. Another Negro novice, Gordon Heath, got his chance in *Deep Are the Roots* and, while not nearly the actor that Davis is, came off with some credit.

In *The Next Half Hour*, Conrad Janis emerged with the best juvenile performance of the season. In *A Sound of Hunting*, George Tyne, who was dug up out of the amateur revue stage, showed that he was gifted both in drama and in comedy. In *Born Yesterday*, Paul Douglas, whose talents had previously rested in reporting sports over the radio, came forth with the performance of a tough racketeer that was excellent. In the same play, Gary Merrill, who had had some minor earlier experience before he went into the armed services but who had never got anywhere, substantiated the belief of his producer by turning in a strangely honest and convincing performance of a role that in other hands might have seemed rather foolish.

RINKER

Curry à la Cart at the Pierre Grill

In the handsome new grill room of the Hotel Pierre in New York seventy-five per cent of the patrons are asking their waiter to send the curry wagon around. This popular specialty of the house is inspired by Indian chef Maih Kala, who sallied forth from his preserves to serve a helping in the picture above. Kala came to the States from Calcutta, India, about twenty-five years ago. He begins cooking at eight a.m. to have the day's choice of lamb, veal, beef or sea food curry on the wagon for luncheon. The Indian server, at right, Abdul Majid Cassab, stands ready to help with the chutneys, grated walnuts, orange peel, parsley, coconut and other decorations that point up the dish. Kala's curry, to try on your own range, goes like this: Braise 2½ pounds of meat with two onions, add 1 t. curry powder, 1 t. paprika, 1 t. cayenne, 1 small stick of cinnamon, 2 bay leaves, 3 or 4 condiment seeds, Comanche Powder (with discretion). Add water and simmer several hours. Serve on rice.

There were others who apparently came out of nowhere, or forgotten evenings, who also indicated that they had something that producers had carelessly overlooked. Among them, in both the male and female department, were: Juano Hernandez, in *Strange Fruit*; Mary James, in *Apple of his Eye*; Iva Withers, in both *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel* (she succeeded Joan Roberts in the former and Jan Clayton in the latter); and Patricia Marshall, a delightful soubrette in *The Day before Spring* whose musical comedy experience had been previously confined to a small role in the *What's Up* of several years ago and who had been neglected by producers to the point where she was forced to relegate her talents to the ice-skating shows.

Also Charles Fredericks, who was discovered by the producers of *Show Boat* and proved to be greatly superior to the Howard Marsh who played Ravenal in the original production; young Geraldine Stroock, who intimated some future competence, if properly trained and directed, in the revival of *The Winter's Tale*; young Ellen-Cobb Hill, who succeeded to the ingénue role in *The Late George Apley* and did well in it; Joseph Pevney, who got his first real opportunity after several bit parts in the leading role of *Home of the Brave* and made something of it; and Irene Manning, in *The Day before Spring*, who was brought to Broadway from such open-air arts as Midwestern municipal summer operetta and Hollywood cowboy-and-Indian pictures.

As I have earlier suggested, it is sometimes the eccentricity of criticism to give an actor or actress credit that belongs in considerable part to the director, to a single happy accident of role and type, or to other such lucky windfalls. One can't always be too sure that foreign elements haven't entered materially into what seems superficially to be a first-rate example of the histrionic craft.

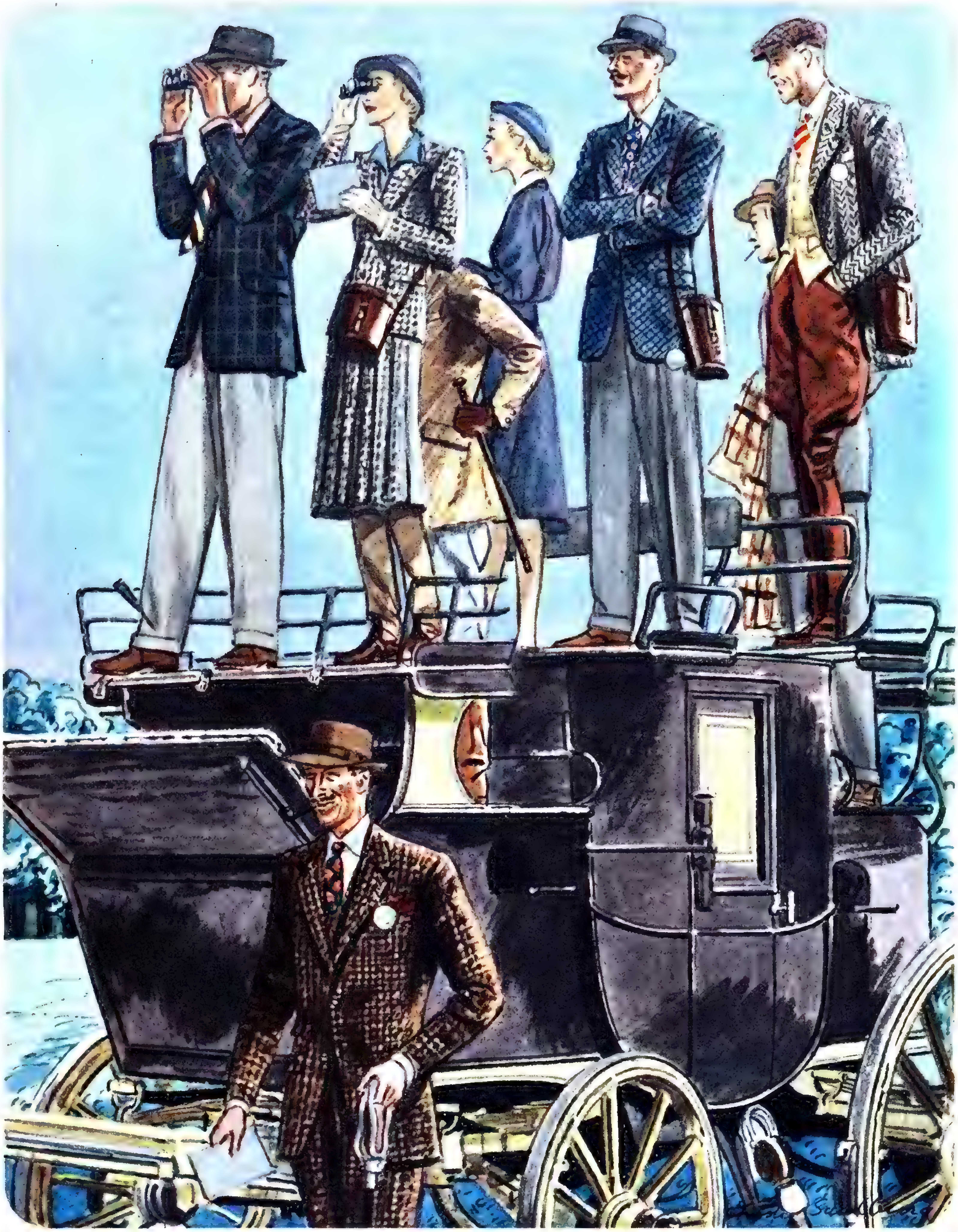
Thus, certain actresses who appeared to be highly gifted when under the late Belasco's guidance were found to be far from that when they later appeared under different auspices. Thus, too, an actor or an actress has sometimes made a deep impression in a role peculiarly suited to his or her personality and has blown up completely when another role has called for real acting competence.

But a number of the newcomers whom I have listed appear to have abilities grounded upon something more than good luck, and should, if the theatre allows them to pursue their careers, give further valuable account of themselves.

In other and lesser directions, there were also discoveries or what may fairly be put down as such. Dolores Gray, who was drafted from the night clubs last year for a small singing part in *The Seven Lively Arts*, was allowed more room in *Are You with It?* and, with her tropical personality and figure, which latter was not hidden from the audience in any perceptible detail, gave the show the bounce it lacked in other quarters. Like Miss Gray, there were other sightly young women whom the stage rescued from comparative oblivion. Althea Elder, who had been more or less buried in several musicals, was given a place nearer to the footlights in *Three to Make Ready* where one could enjoy her attractions without dislocating one's neck. In that same revue, the producers also dug up from somewhere a new young dancing girl—it was unfortunately impossible to determine her name from the complex program—who not only looks like the delightful Vera-Ellen, now lost to the movies, but who seems to have some of her humorous spirit and a lot of her physical grace. In Ruby Hill, *St. Louis Woman* uncovered the most beautiful colored girl seen on the stage in years—and one of the most engaging as a music show actress. And in both Frances Dee and Marjorie Lord—the former imported from Hollywood for *The Secret Room* and the latter, after a few days' appearance in last season's *Signature!*, given a chance in the few days' *Little Brown Jug*—considerable ocular *brio* was vouchsafed the connoisseur.

A number called Jacqueline Dalya, a French film export, gave the eyes something in *The French Touch* that the play didn't give the ears. In the revival of *The Desert Song* a dark dancing girl named Clarissa helped one to forget not only the hideous scenery but most of the other members of the troupe. And in the otherwise dreadful *Polonaise* there was some relief to be found in looking at three fresh apricots named Leta Mauree, Sherry Shadburne and Martha Watson.

While on the subject of feminine fairness, I observe in a copy of the publication *Players' Guide*, put out by the Actors' Equity Association for the benefit of casting producers and directors, several items who have not yet been given the opportunity fully to display themselves and who, if photographs don't lie, which alas they often do, might improve the stage at least in a visual direction. In the interests of constructive criticism, I append their names: Elizabeth Barry, said to have been in one of *The Corn Is Green* companies, but if she was, I missed the particular company; Joen Arliss, who has been restricted to the summer barn stages; Ann Donaldson, a lovely looking youngster who was an understudy in the *Foxhole in the Parlor* company; Sydna Scott, who is said to have appeared for a minute or two in *The Doughgirls* when I must have been in the washroom; and Gloria Willis, who hasn't been heard from since *Take It As It Comes* opened and promptly closed two seasons ago, and who fetched the attention very pertly for the all too brief time they allowed her to. #



TALLY-HO, VIEW HALLOO

Painted in England
by Leslie Saalburg

Forgetting the Machine Age (not to mention the Atomic Age) for a sunny Saturday, this group of spectators has rumbled up to the hunts race meet in an old-fashioned coach and converted it into a grandstand for a better view of the far jumps. The intent gent at the upper left wears a lovat Harris tweed jacket with rust overplaid, and grey flannel slacks, while the mustachioed man in the middle takes his slacks with a small-patterned blue and brown tweed jacket. The riding clothes at right combine a brown herringbone tweed jacket, post-boy waistcoat of yellow flannel, reddish-brown twill jodhpurs and brown jodhpur boots. The pipe smoker in foreground, below, caught making off with the shooting stick, is in a small-patterned tweed suit.

The Esquire Poll on Favorite Sports

Our sports writing and broadcasting experts pause briefly in their work to sing hosannas to football, baseball and basketball as top spectator attractions and toll the bell ten times over the declining appeal of boxing

Sports editors and announcers are sports fans first. They are blessed with all the strengths and cursed with all the weaknesses that expression implies. In other words, they have their likes and dislikes even as you and I. Any fan who has been a consistent reader of the writings of his local sports editor knows that the gentleman glows warm when he writes about certain athletic activities and flickers rather feebly when he writes about others.

The current Esquire sports poll asked our vast yet select roster of editors and announcers to name the sport they would rather cover in preference to any other. Returns show that the gentlemen definitely have their preferences. And, as might be expected, the top three sports are football, baseball and basketball.

The guy who pays for his tickets may raise a questioning eyebrow at the results, particularly the vote which relegates the nation's top attendance sport—basketball—to third place in preference among writers and broadcasters. The cage game, however, is a Johnny-come-lately on the major sports front, and though its rise in spectator popularity has been sensational recently, it'll be some time before the boys who cover sports can be expected to rate it on par with the old standards, baseball and football. Indications are that Dr. Naismith's court game will probably continue to have the most rapid rise in the years immediately ahead.

Leading sports casualty of recent years has undoubtedly been boxing. Why the tin-ear sport has slipped so badly can only be answered with a compound guess, but certainly the growth of monopolies which control the staging of matches and the fighters themselves have contributed to the decline. Another reason is undoubtedly the shortage of good fighters which forced even headline fights to feature pugilists of no consequence against others of even less importance. Many a Garden and Chicago Stadium windup recently has matched a has-been against a never-was. The only thing that can restore boxing to its former position is a transfusion of good bouts openly arrived at.

The above four sports are, of course, not the only ones to receive support in the poll. Other sports attractions which rate high with the men who give you the news are hockey, golf, track, horse racing, skiing, hunting and fishing, tennis and soccer—in that order.

Don't think for a minute that the boys who write the headlines in the merry-go-round of sports always go for the big events. Answers to a question asked in the poll, "What is the most exciting event you ever covered and filed on?" indicate that small-time attractions, such as high school and even G.I. contests, have given many writers and announcers their high-voltage memories.

Small Time "The most exciting event I ever worked was a high school football game between two Texas schools—Austin and Thomas Jefferson High of San Antonio. Jefferson came from behind to win 19-13 in the last seven minutes." Bill Whitmore, Sports Announcer, KPRC, Houston, Texas.

"By far my most exciting event was the game between Decatur and Galesburg high schools in the 1945 Illinois state basketball tournament, with Decatur winning, 73-72." H. V. Millard, Sports Editor, Decatur (Ill.) *Herald Review*.

"I have never witnessed a more exciting event in all my life than the battle between the Shemya and Aleutian Island G.I. teams in the Alaska Department softball tournament." Sherwood Denkin, Sports Announcer, KMBC, Kansas City.

"I have seen every Rose Bowl Game for the past ten years. I saw USC beat Notre Dame 16-14 in 1931 and hundreds of other big events, but the one that stands out most in my mind for excitement was a football game between Alhambra (Calif.) High and Whittier (Calif.) High a couple of years ago which found Alhambra defeating their rivals 21-18." Mel Rich, Whittier (Calif.) *News*.

Big Time "For the best I have seen I'll take the Olympic Game rowing finals in Berlin when the U. S. team won out by a scant foot over Germany and Italy." Royal Brougham, Sports Editor, Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*.

"The finest and most exciting event I ever covered was the Sugar Bowl game, January 1, 1945, in which Duke defeated Alabama 29-26." Dick Kerbert, Raleigh (N. C.) *News and Observer*.

"I'll name the Willard-Dempsey fight in Toledo in 1919 as my most exciting event." J. W. (Ed) Wray, St. Louis *Post Dispatch*.

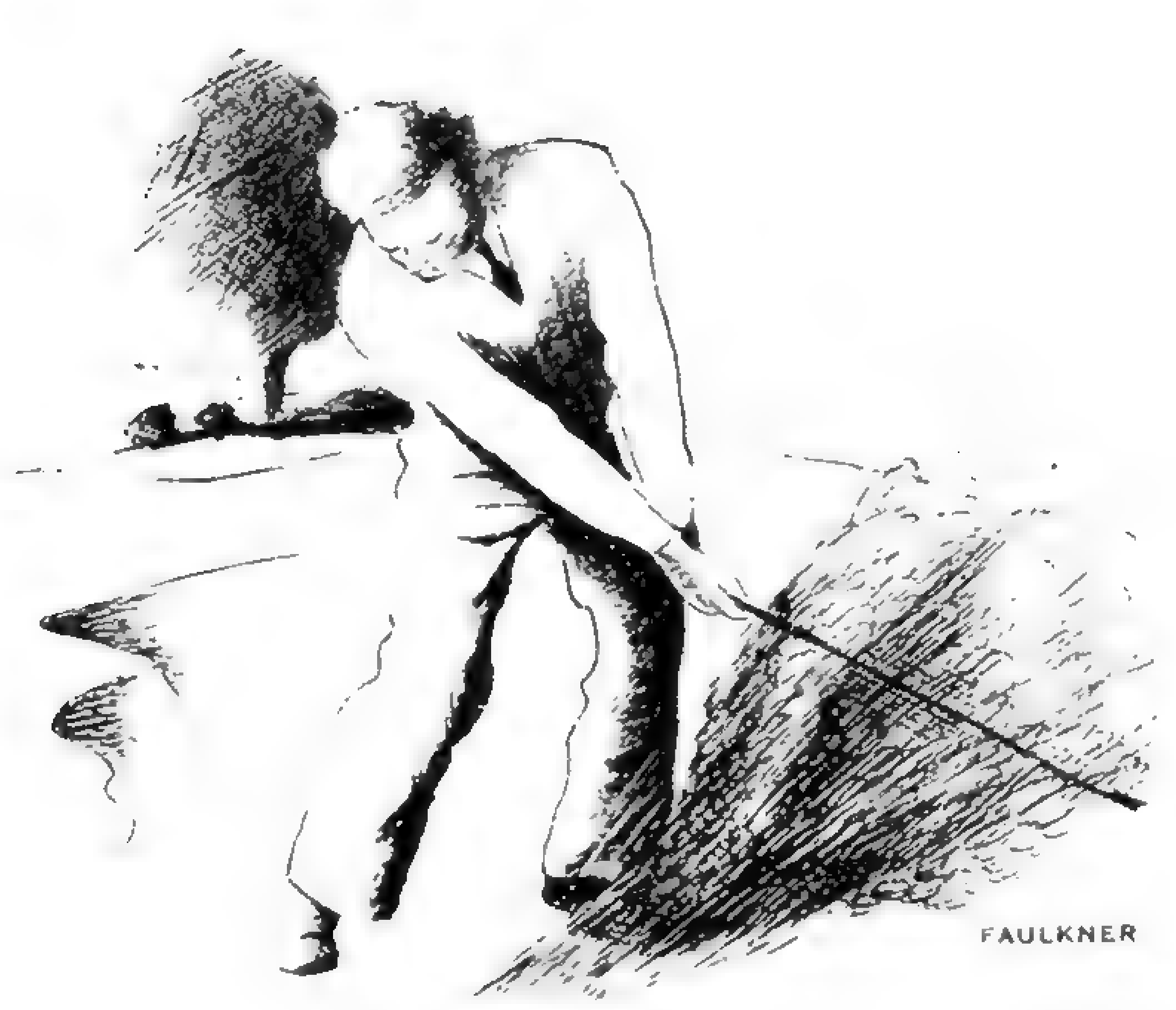
"More excitement than I have ever witnessed broke loose when Gabby Hartnett hit that homer in the dark back in 1938." Hy Turkin, New York *Daily News*. ⧺

Sports Fans, Take Heed:

If you would have your sports editor live a long and happy life, retain his hair until old age, and continue to treat his spouse and children with loving kindness, please observe the following "Don'ts." The following are his chief gripes according to the current poll.

1. Don't be a free ticket monger. Annie Oakley is dead.
2. Don't be a second guesser on anything he writes or broadcasts.
3. Don't be a press box "chiseler."
4. Don't be a crying or unco-operative coach.
5. Don't be a glory-grabbing parent or relative.
6. Don't be an anonymous letter writer. Sign your name if you have a squawk.
7. Don't leave the game before it is over.
8. Don't be an unsportsmanlike fan.
9. Don't encourage gamblers at any event.
10. Don't call him to tell him about an incorrectly printed score. He knows it!

Twin mysteries to the duffer, the chip shot and the explosion out of sand are pushovers to the man with hand control



Your Short Shots

by JOHNNY REVOLTA

Back in 1925, Johnny Revolta teed off on his golfing career by winning the Wisconsin State Caddy Championship at the age of fourteen with the remarkable 72-hole score of 312. Since turning pro at eighteen, Johnny has captured top golfing crowns from Miami to Sacramento. Among his trophies are the St. Paul Open, the Western Open, the International four-ball (with Henry Picard), the Miami Open and others. An ex-Ryder Cupper, Johnny is known as a rough man in a trap, his mastery of short shots enabling him to top all money winners one year and earn runner-up honors another. For the past ten years he has been pro at the Evanston Golf Club, where he personally gives an average of 400 lessons a year. —The Editors.

Short shots are to golf what jabs and hooks are to boxing. You don't headline at Madison Square without a complete assortment of short punches. And you don't pull that golf score down to the respectable eighties and lower without mastering the short strokes which alone can transform a long-hitter into a low-scorer and a short-hitter into ditto.

The explosion and the chip are two mysteries to the golfing dub who follows the tournament pros with bug eyes and the eternal questions on his lips: "How do you get so much spin on your ball when you explode it out of the sand trap?" "How do you get the ball so close to the hole on your short chip shots?"

Mr. Sunday Afternoon Golfer, it is not done with mirrors and it is not a trick which Nelson, Hogan and the rest of the pros learned in a dimly-lit back room from Harry Houdini just before he died.

It is not only not magical; it is a downright cinch. Follow me from here and we'll see just how much of a cinch. First, let's drop that superstition that explosion and chip shots come easy only to those few whom the angels have blessed, or you'll continue to be the guy who buys the drinks for the boys at the nineteenth hole.

The truth is that pros no longer sweat salt over short shots. In fact, when the flange was put on the sand iron in 1929, explosion shots became almost foolproof for them, because they merely let the club play itself. Chips and explosions can become foolproof for you. All you have to do is develop three fundamental qualities: firmness, clubhead speed, timing. Now let's see how that's done.

First of all, by firmness I mean firmness in the hands—particularly in the left hand. How firm is firm? Well, the two extremes are limp relaxation on one end and inflexible rigidity on the other. We don't want either; we want to be middling firm, and to find out what the middle is, first try for relaxation and sloppiness and then try being rigid and tense. Somewhere in between you will find out what firmness means.

Perhaps the most important lesson you can learn in going through your basic training in golf is how to use your hands. I'd much rather see a beginner grip the club with the right hand underneath the shaft than too much on top. Put that right hand too far forward and you invite the right elbow to go off on a tangent away from the body.

When you throw a baseball underhand or strike a handball, you want the palm of your hand to be squarely across the intended flight of the ball. The face of the club is, mechanically, simply a projection of the palm of your right hand.

Now, about the left hand. My whole theory of how to play short shots is based on keeping the left hand firm at impact. You may think that such theory is treacherous because it tends to make you tighten up. You're right, but there is an obvious antidote. You can counteract the danger of tenseness by having a certain amount of play in your hands. In other words, the hands must be active—not passive or dead.

I am not going to say too much about wrists, because the wrists will take care of themselves if you keep the hands and forearms firm. Get rid of that desire to snap at the ball, to scoop it out of the sand or off the fairway. Have a little faith and let the loft of the club do the lifting for you.

While I'm at it, let me make another thing clear before we go down to the trap and actually try a few shots. I believe that in all golf shots—long or short—the hands do the business and the body and everything else simply respond to the correct movements of the hands. If you keep your hands firm, if you keep them working as a unit as you swing the club, you'll find that the arms, the hands and the clubhead all start moving together, with the clubhead leading the way. The body will respond properly—it simply has to—as the swing develops.

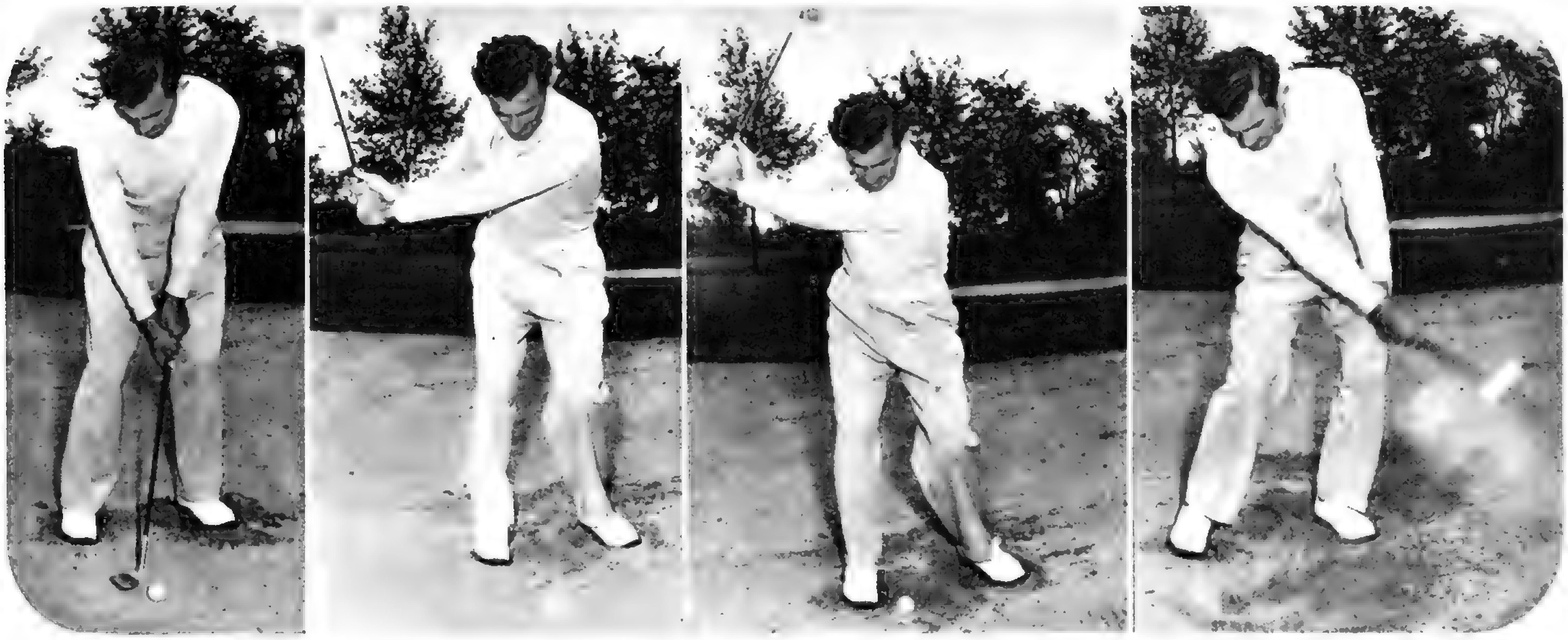
Now, let's go down near the green and see how closely we can drop the ball by the pin. The object is to freeze the ball dead to the hole, of course. And that's where backspin comes in. Backspin is applied by swinging into the ball crisply and decisively, never allowing the left hand to collapse. I hit all my short chips and pitches that way. Too much high scoring can be traced to short shots which are hit lazily, sloppily, with a scooping movement.

I try to get all my pupils to increase the tempo of their swing on short shots. Most of them have too slow a tempo, too lazy a swing. Here's an instruction trick that has clicked with them. Try developing clubhead speed on short shots by swinging to a 1—2 cadence . . . one for the backswing, two for the downswing. Run through the exercise a few times and you will obtain a sense of swing and timing. Remember, don't jerk the club and lunge at the ball. If you keep your hands firm and swinging, you can't miss. And strong backspin comes when you shorten the arc of your swing and develop more speed. You will be surprised at the length of your short shots when hit this way.

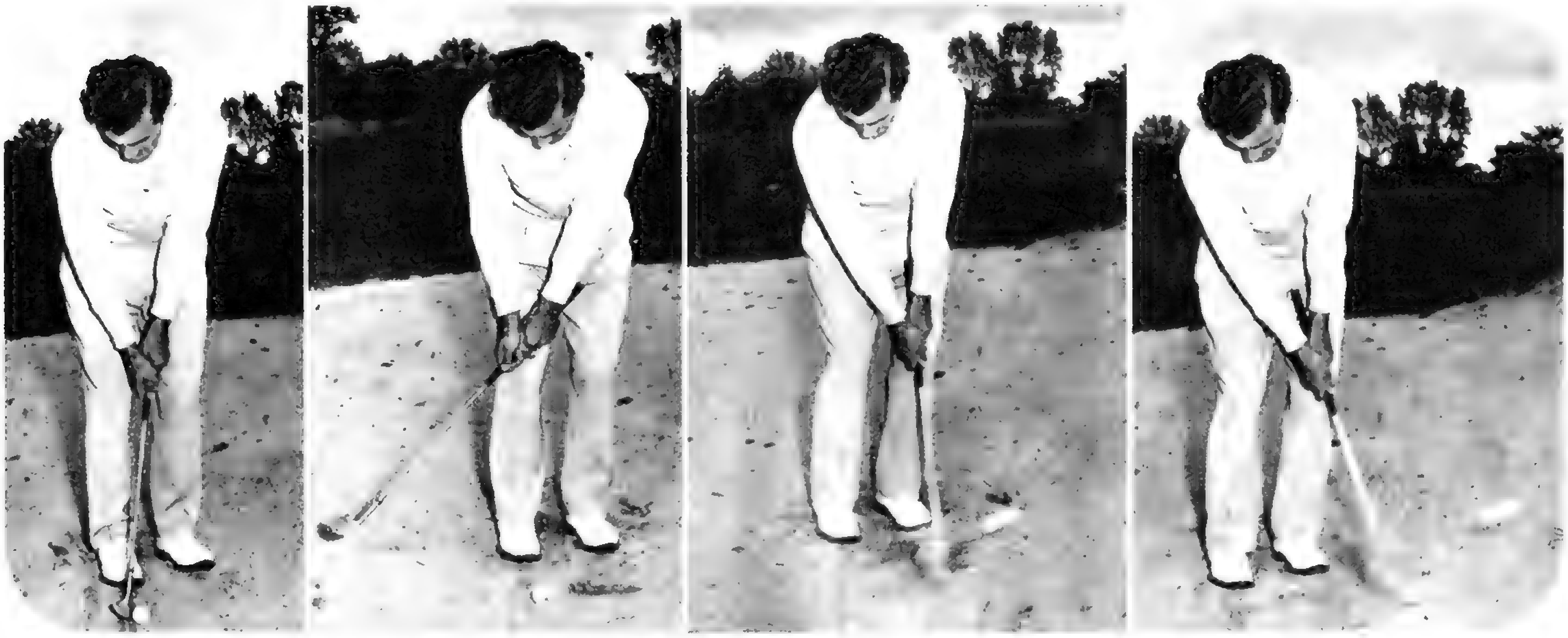
Here are two rules to keep active in your mind when you're in a trap just off the green: (1) On a chip shot, you hit the ball first and then take sand; (2) on an explosion, you take sand before you hit the ball. Remember- (*Continued at top of page 104*)

Bill O'Malley

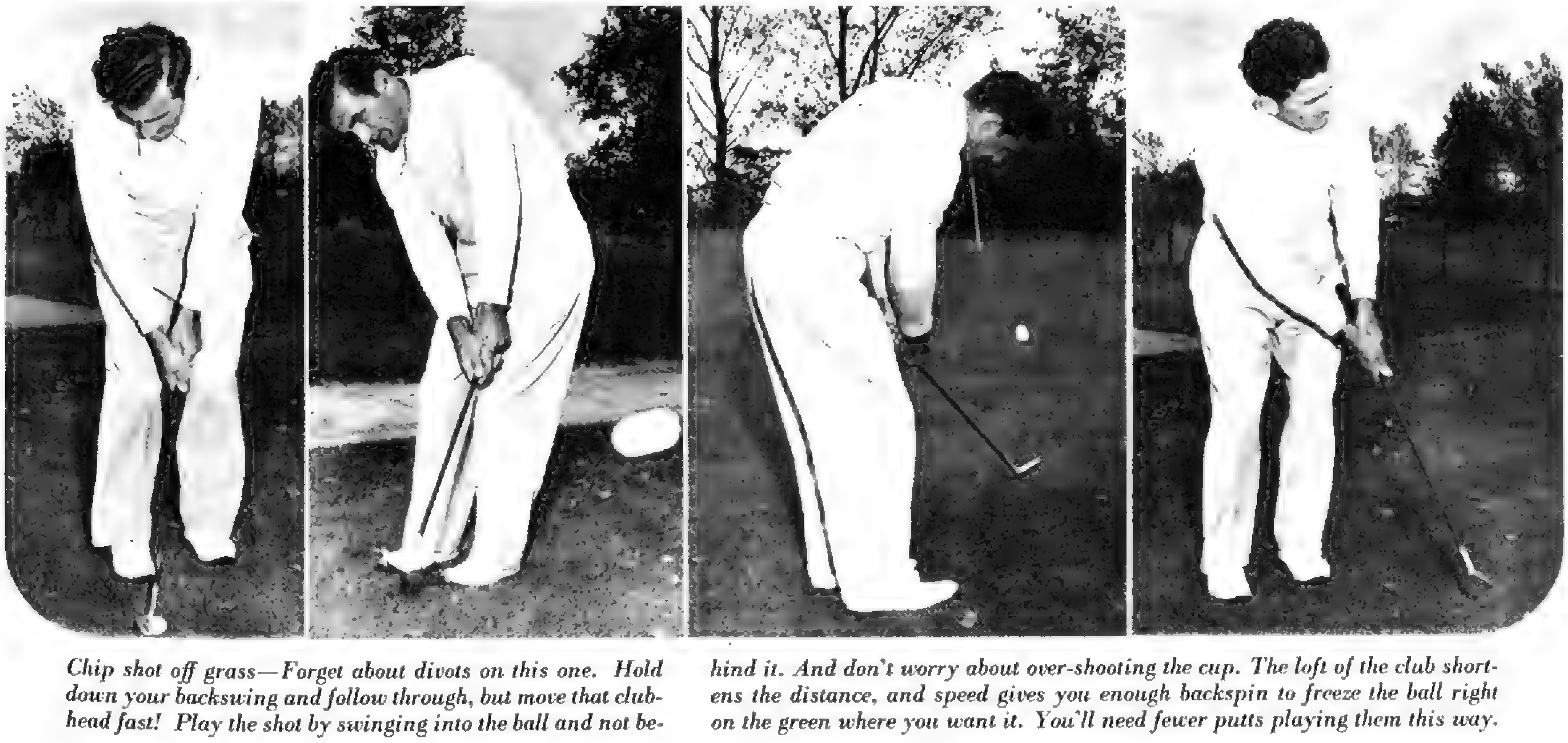
"Fore!"



Explosion shot—Whatever the yardage to the cup, all shots in golf should be played confidently, smoothly, with the loft of the club doing the lifting. This series demonstrates just what the rule entails for explosions. Club is gripped low, lined up an inch behind the ball and swung with great speed. The result is a clean shot, dropped close to the hole and held there by backspin. The sand taken acts as a cushion.



Chip shot out of sand—In the chip shot, the cardinal rule is: Hit the ball before taking sand. Observe that the clubhead is lined up directly with the ball and that when the shot is executed the sand is not disturbed behind the line, but in front of it. Strike downward into the ball, and let the clubhead follow through into the sand after the shot is away. Proper execution insures distance and accuracy.



Chip shot off grass—Forget about divots on this one. Hold down your backswing and follow through, but move that clubhead fast! Play the shot by swinging into the ball and not behind it. And don't worry about over-shooting the cup. The loft of the club shortens the distance, and speed gives you enough backspin to freeze the ball right on the green where you want it. You'll need fewer putts playing them this way.

ing these rules and acting on them is the best cure for trap shock or hazard neurosis, known in other words as the chip and explosion willies. Ever had them?

You will notice from the pictures accompanying this article that I take the same stance in a trap that I use on the fairways. On the chip shot, I play the ball a little toward my right foot, with my feet spread apart in a solid foundation. And I hit the ball first—not the sand.

Now look at the explosion-shot pictures. This shot should be the easiest one in golf, because it allows such a generous margin of error. You can hit a half inch, an inch, or even more behind the ball and still get good results. But the duffer fouls up because he feels called upon to give the club some help by scooping with it instead of swinging down and letting the club do the lifting. And another thing: This is one shot in golf where you don't keep your eye on the ball. You keep it an inch or so behind the ball—that's the spot you want to hit so the clubhead can slide into the sand behind the ball and through it.

Notice from the pictures that I play explosion shots from an open stance, with the left foot drawn back a bit so my body is turned slightly toward the hole instead of squarely toward the ball. Standing this way keeps the hands a little ahead of the ball and helps assure hitting down into the sand behind it. You'll get the pivot you need by swinging as though you were going to hit the ball with the back of your left hand and the palm of your right.

Now about timing. There is timing in every shot in golf, from tee to green. The short shots are the tough babies for timing, but once you've licked them, the long ones come much easier. Timing comes from smoothness—smoothness in the backswing, the downswing, the follow-through. You can't take a quick, short slap at the ball and call that timing. You have to be as graceful in playing your short shots as Willie Hoppe is in playing a rail nurse in billiards. Timing, that's the ticket. When a golfer has good timing, we say he has a fine touch—and touch is that quality which distinguishes the play of all champions, whatever their sport.

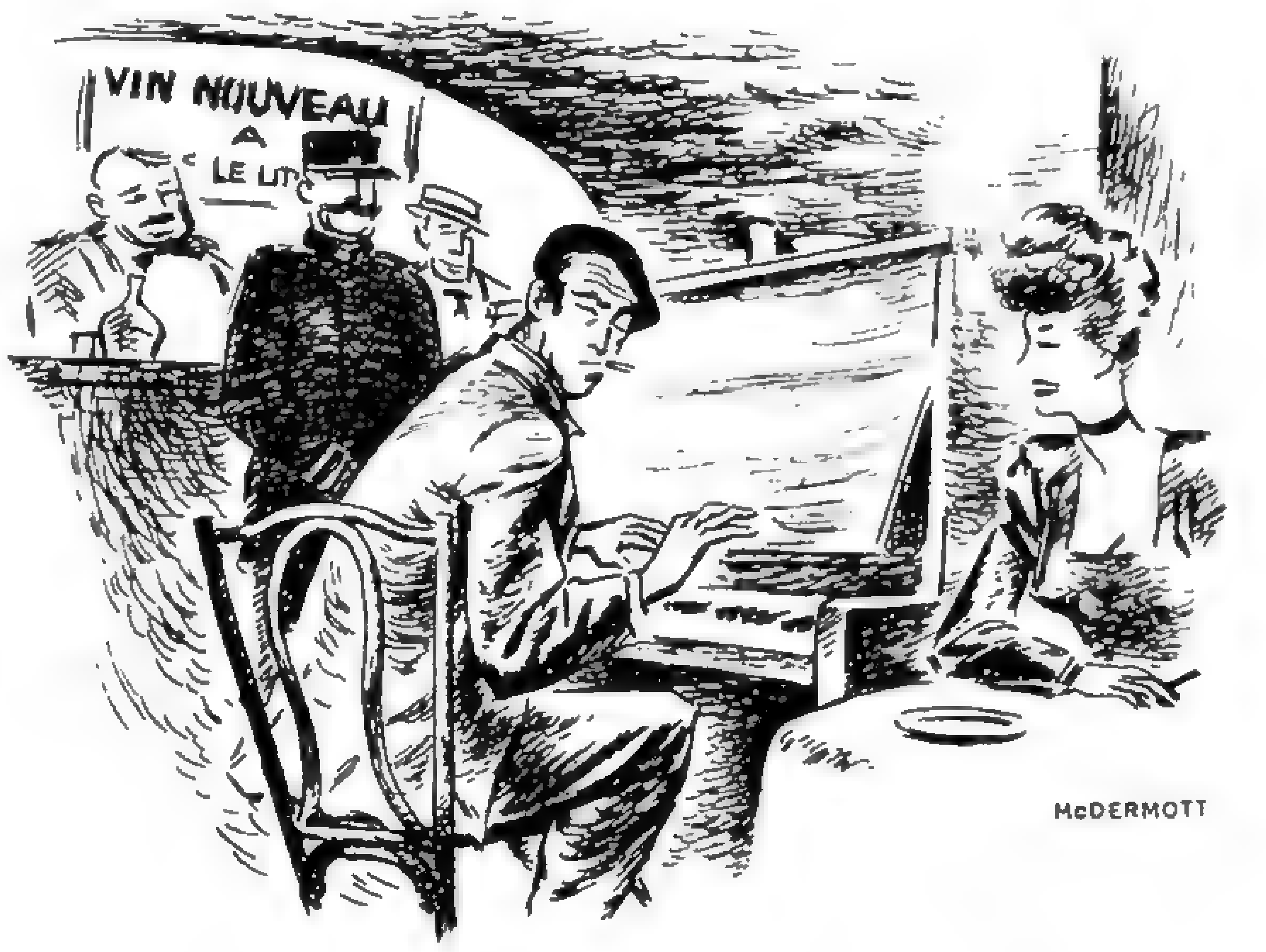
Now, assuming you've memorized all your short-shot lessons, what have you got? Not much. Nothing at all, in fact, unless you get yourself down to the nearest trap and practice. What I've given you is a little of the theory of short-shot playing. Execution alone can translate this theory into a lower golf score.

My experience as an instructor convinces me that the average golfer can pare seven or eight strokes off his score by learning to play short shots correctly. I never yet met a golfer who wouldn't give plenty to do that. ⌗

Even American Jazz, lived underground in a Paris filled with marching boots

How Many Zeds in Jazz

by **VICK KNIGHT**



It was a sergeant who tipped us off. From Utah Beach to where we stood now, on a starlit hillock above the last remains of St. Lô, we learned with increasing conviction that sergeants personify that strategic middle stratum in the army cake. They touch both top and bottom layers. They usually know what they're talking about.

"A French general name of La Clerk, or somethin', will take a couple divisions into Paris first. Ike's havin' us lay back so the French can make it look like they're liberatin' their own capital."

Peter, inscrutable as he was, told me nonetheless with his eyes that this was our cue. Being a major in the Royal Artillery, he outranked me comfortably. In fact at that particular time, Sad Sack outranked me. But Peter left our half of the conversation to me, realizing that a crown on his battle blouse shoulder would rate a courteous salute from a G.I. but bring little in the way of confidential information.

"Suppose," I ventured, "that we were to take our gear into Paris and attempt to record the liberation. Think they'd stop us?"

The sergeant stroked his chin. And his lower lip rolled out like a red canopy over his forefinger. "Worth a whirl, I'd say."

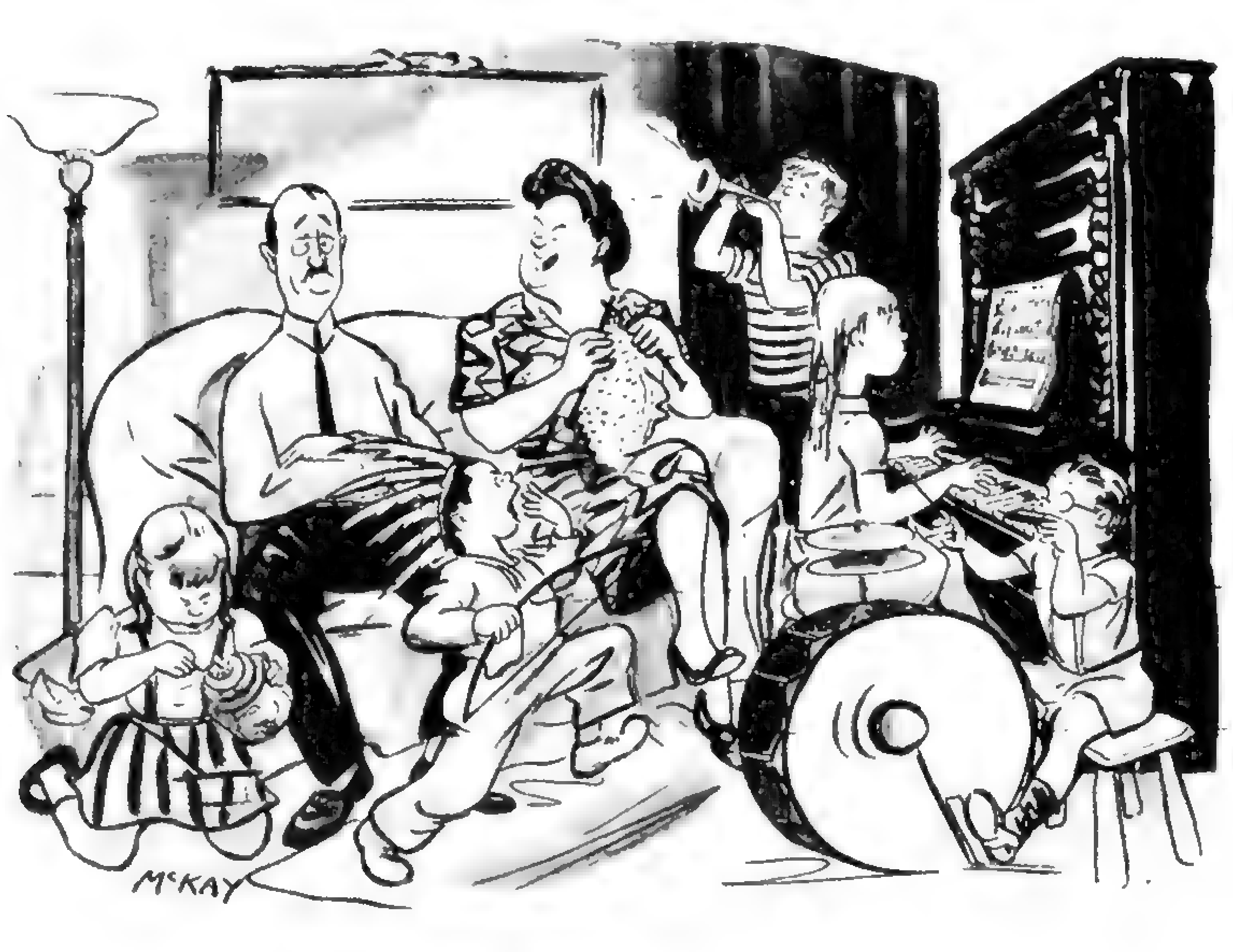
So we thanked the good sergeant and we whirled.

Not that Peter and I would fork over a fig for the privilege of placing our microphones alongside Leclerc's swaggering *soldats*. But getting to Paris—that was something else! From the misty moment an LST had disgorged us on the beach, Paris had been our own personal objective. War is that way. More European villages were taken by doughs bent on liberating wine cellars than on winning Silver Stars.

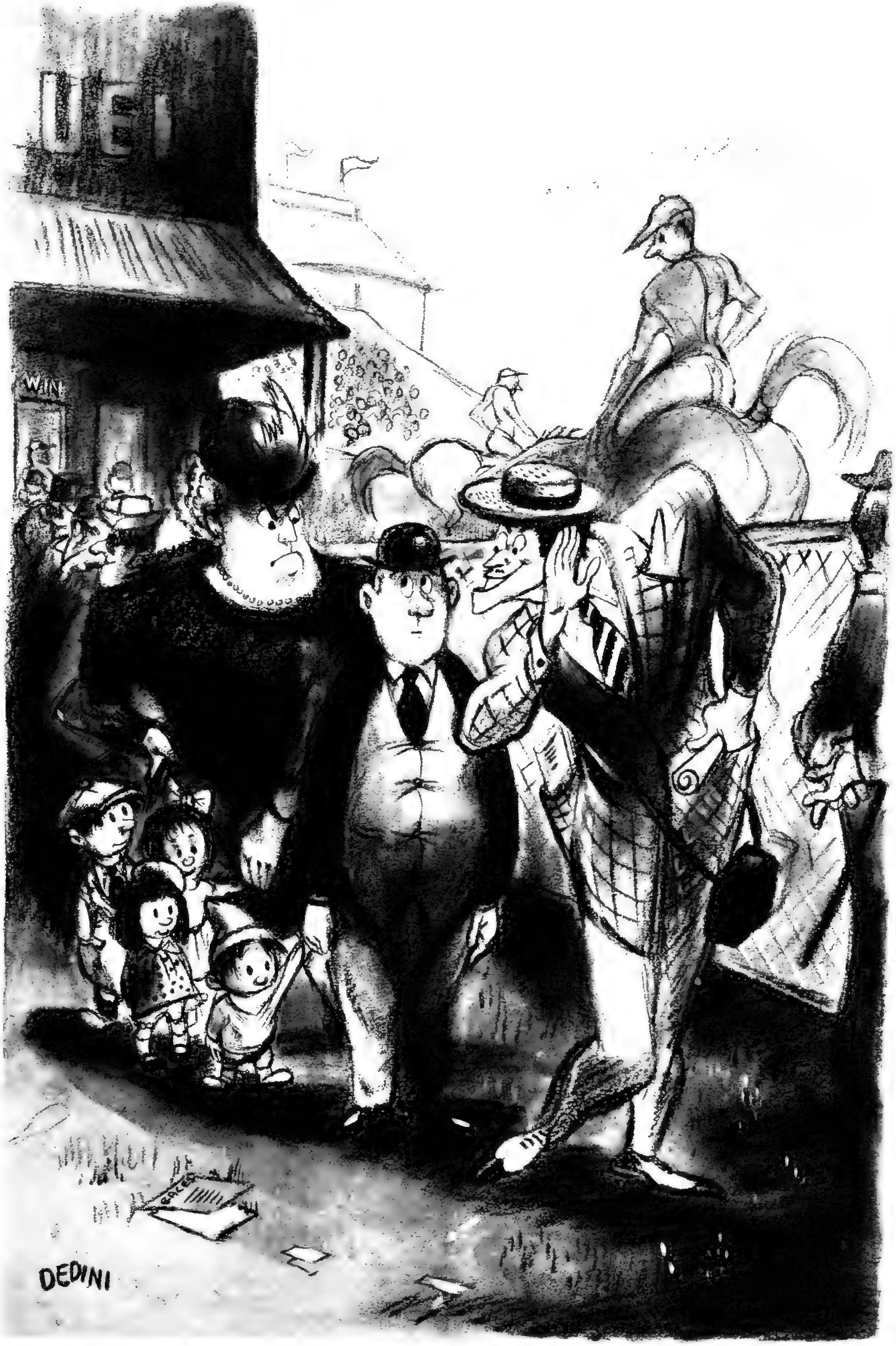
At such times as things became rugged, the word "Paris," to Major Blair and me, was always the carrot that dangled before the jaded horse. Paris was where we wanted to go. And we had reasons.

Peter had lived this war a long time. He had been a part of that valiant and at once miserable army of Englishmen who had gone off to hang their washing on the Siegfried Line and returned hanging their heads in shame instead. Before Dunkirk, Peter had been the most competent musical control room operator on the BBC staff. To appreciate that statement, one needs to know that whatever British radio lacks in name performers, it makes up in engineering proficiency. It has been my lot in the past fifteen years to produce commercial radio programs on all the American networks, to record Dinah Shore and others in the studios of the various disk companies. Take my word, the British recording engineer is more than abreast of the times.

Peter and I, sharing a love *(Continued on page 205)*



"Happy Father's Day!"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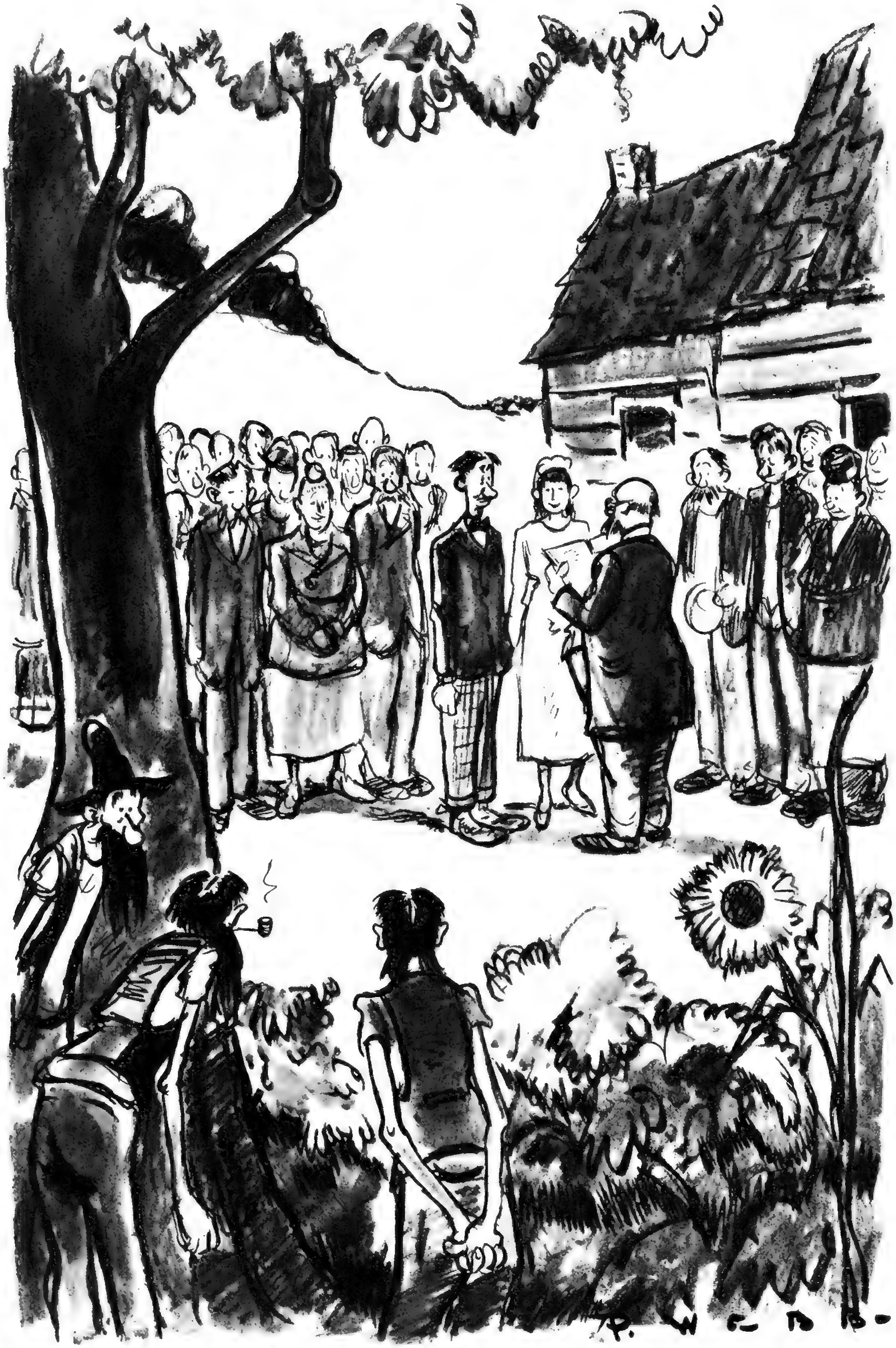


"Ah knew damn well Cousin Bazzy would want a dress-up affair —lookit all them shoes in the fust row"

The Accent of Truth

Contending that the bulk of radio actors comprise a distinct new race of "types" bearing no resemblance to anything human

by GILBERT SELDES

There are people who like to hear the sound of their own voices, and I don't mean they like to talk. They listen with pleasure to recordings they have made. But the majority of nonprofessionals shrink with horror when they hear the metallic squawkings which are presented to them as faithful reproductions of their tones and accents. Not being exactly honey-toned myself, I have always hoped that my friends would not recognize me when I broadcast. They say —I'm not so sure they're friends—that they do. But my sourest moments are those when I have to hear my own voice played back to me. I am told that this experience is common.

Still, when an actor has only his voice with which to express all the profound and varied emotions called for by a radio script, he is as much a performer as a flute-player is. He has to listen to tone and modulation, to make sure that he has played the right notes. And my present wonder is whether radio actors and directors have been listening, whether they are conscious of what has happened to them. To me it has become more and more clear within the past few years: dramatic radio has lost the accent of truth. Or, to put it another way, human beings do not talk the way radio people talk. Their diction has little to do with what they are saying; the way things are said is as artificial as grand opera. This isn't at all true of most of the comedians. They play a character or are simply themselves, and in either case the half-dozen elements that make up a way of speech are humanly credible. There are also half a dozen trained actors from the stage, some with movie experience, who give you the feeling that you are listening to normal human speech. The rest are a new race of people. I don't like them.

I have heard actors do the great soliloquy from *Hamlet* (not, as Bernard Shaw says, "To Be Nor Not To Be") and thought, this is the way human beings talk. And I have heard a thousand radio actors say, "Will you be home from the office early tonight?" and felt that something appallingly false had been uttered. And the worst of it is that radio *is* actuality. In the movies you see a one-dimensional image talking and you do not have to feel that this is a man or woman. But when you hear radio, nothing prevents your imagination from making up your own image, in the round, with clothes on, a human being like yourself. Nothing except the phony talk.

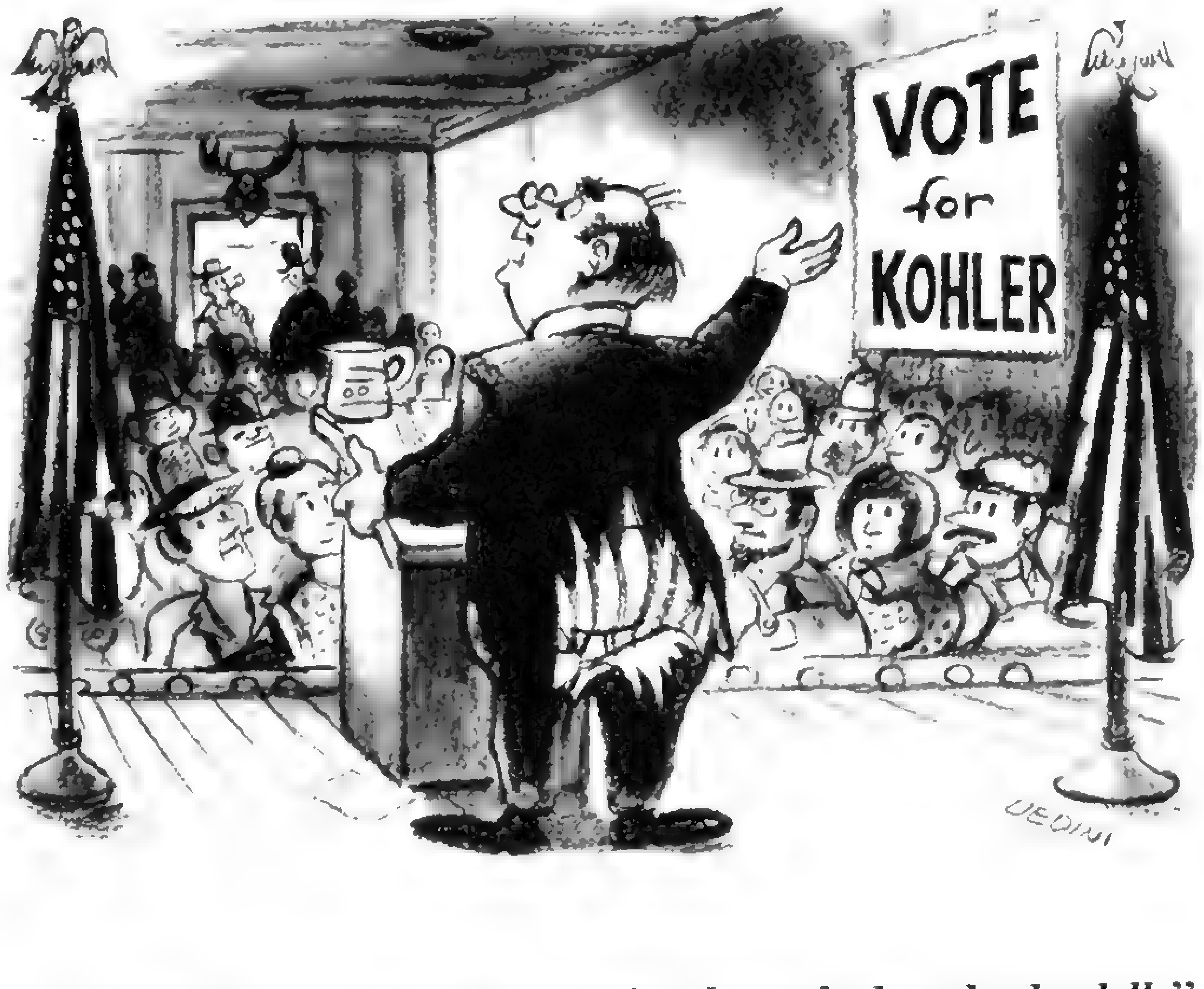
There is the too-too-significant pause; there is the artificial break in the voice; there is the insidious leer of the villain to take the place of the curled lip; there is the too rapid pick-up of answer to question (radio being afraid of silence); there is the filling-station-attendant type of speech which has no "dems, dese, and dose," but is loud and plain, as if the actor were trying to conceal a Harvard accent; there is the spurious laugh gurgling under the spoken words; there are a hundred other stock tricks which add up to the biggest trick of all—making human speech into nonsense. The daytime serial and the heavy night-drama are alike in this. And some of the stylized unrealities creep into the documentary and the poetic drama.

One reason for the artificiality of speech on the air is that American radio is frightened of people. A few quiz and interview programs dare to pick their people up without forcing them to read lines they would never speak. The British go in more for the actual person. (I do not defend that system which has the same defects as the Russian system of using people, not actors, in movies.) In Transatlantic Call, which alternated between America and England, you sometimes got a perfect contrast, the uncertain stammer of the British participants seeming more true than the fluent American spoken over here. The excellent basic idea of We, the People was spoiled a dozen times over because men and women, suffering great emotion, read a script-writer's revision of what they had said in a pre-air interview. There is always a chance that a contestant in a show or a person being interviewed may utter an impropriety—although the chance is a slim one. So too much is reduced to script, and the living truth is typed out of existence.

You can divide all radio voices—as they come out of your loudspeaker—into two classes: the projected and the easy. Projection is a necessity, it is a way of getting the meaning over. But projection is the enemy of naturalness. In the intimacy of your own house, you may shout or murmur; you do not project. And the way to get the effect of natural speech in radio, admitting that you have to put the voice over, is to establish the level as low as possible so that only a slight emphasis will carry. But when you start with everyone being emphatic, you have to bring your emphatic moments up until they sound like brass gongs in the night.

One reason for this is that radio programs begin after the commercial announcement which is projected all over the place in accents as false as flattery. The oily, the homey, the man-to-man, the fake-humorous, even the understated—all these types of commercial presentation are pitched high. I have no statistics, but I believe that the average commercial carries three adjectives, two of them double-barreled, to every noun. Everything is "honey-packed, triple-sealed, glowily-glistening"; and everything else is "yum" which is also doubled. You can't say these words at the level of ordinary speech, because you are not trying to persuade, but to overwhelm. And you can't let the program sag right after. Your actors coming up with Ibsen catch the contagion—and talk Maxwell Anderson.

This sort of thing happened on the stage years ago. At one time you had the ranting actor. Then you had the mutterer (it must have begun with Mrs. Fiske and was carried to an extreme point under the direction of Arthur Hopkins). More recently, the Russians gave us a new cue for naturalism. But the stage is an accepted artificiality. It doesn't happen in your sitting room; it has a set of conventions which you believe in before you hand your ticket to the man at the door. If it isn't belief, it is at least "a willing suspension of unbelief"—or else



"Today I had occasion to wander through these bosky dells"

you get no more satisfaction out of a dramatic show than you could out of a musical comedy in which you expected a pure logic of character.

Radio doesn't enjoy that privileged position. A man is talking to you—he may be a mannered man like Orson Welles, a dry man like Elmer Davis, a cultivated man like Raymond Swing (I am speaking of the effect of their voices). And immediately afterwards, you have a comedy or a melodrama; you have something basically imaginative caught in a web of reality. You have a new thing in this world, a dramatic action you didn't go to a special place to hear and see, a work of the imagination played out in the unimaginative setting of your kitchen or bedroom—or in the privacy of your automobile. To put this over, you have to create strict conventions—but they've got to be the right ones. The principal convention chosen by radio is that people shall sound as little like human beings as possible.

One reason you feel this so much is that a dozen or two skillful radio actors appear again and again; and several dozen more try to get jobs by the practical expedient of being as like the established leaders as possible. The whole business of casting in radio bristles with difficulties. You not only cast for type, you cast for the stock-type. You haven't time to rehearse and create new characters. So a small number of people (outside of the stars and guests) dominate the air.

Always constructive in my criticism, I have a suggestion to make. First, that directors sit in the studio with the cast and have the actors "walk through" their lines, just saying them as if the lines meant something. This involves looking at the script and thinking of it not as dialogue, but as conversation. For there is no such thing as dialogue in human intercourse. There is talk, and when talk is shared, it is conversation. Obviously all the hesitations and repetitions and clichés of ordinary talk between people cannot be incorporated in a script, and "lines" for dramatic effect are too packed and too pat. But written lines can be made to convey meaning when spoken as people would speak them.

Long ago I found out that the "level of projection," the intensity with which you have to hit your words, in a dramatic television show, is close to that of a walk-through. I had been watching some actors pushing every word and then, suddenly, I saw and heard them again and they were talking with the tongues of angels. I looked into the studio and discovered that they weren't acting at all. They were hearing each other's lines. The camera and the amplifier can so magnify an actor's expression that he has to play down; there is no gallery for him, as there is none in radio. The movies still necessarily remember the gallery. Radio should remember the twelve-by-eight room into which it enters. ⁂

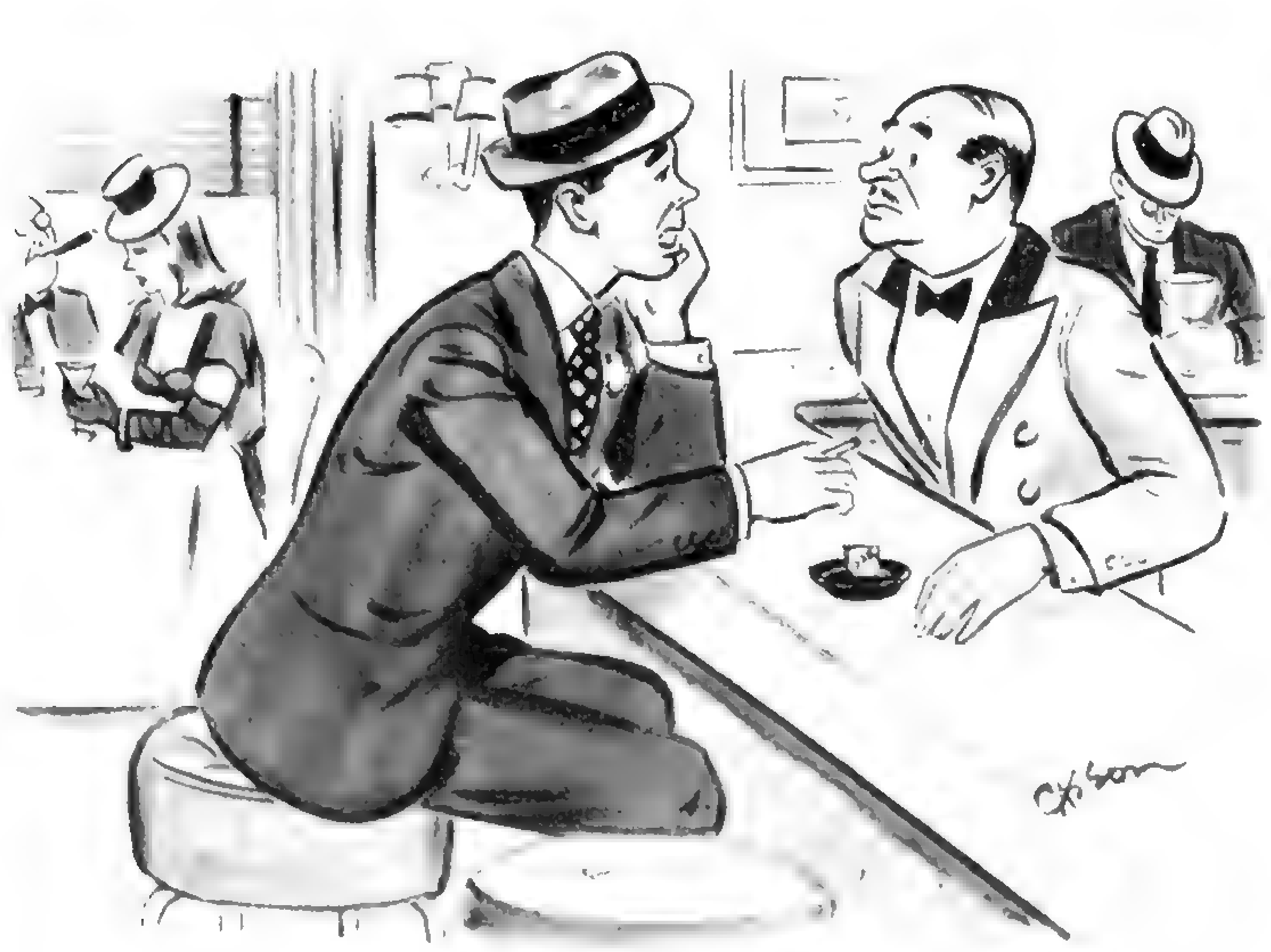
Blends are no stopgap phenomenon, but classic potions to be imbibed on merit

The Blend Trend in Whiskeys

by LAWTON MACKALL

Naturally, the scarcity of straights has something to do with it. So your favorite merchandiser of bottled Gemütlichkeit shakes his head and says things like, "If I had any bonded stuff, wouldn't I sell it to you? Try this blend. It's just as good and maybe better. And no cracks. I recommend it."

Even a casual whiskey drinker has seen the trend toward blends remake liquor-store shelves. Since whiskey makers became producers of alcohol for munitions and rubber, blends of straight and grain neutral spirits have been filling about eight out of every ten jiggers of whiskey swallowed by Americans. Drinkers have long memories, and some of them recall with nausea the foul, blended concoctions of prewar and Prohibition days. Their long memories tell them that blends are inferior to straights and strictly makeshift substitutes for bourbon or rye at best. But the whiskey scholar will tell you this attitude is bigoted and untutored, that even before the war, blends accounted for better than half the national liquor consumption, that they are not makeshifts at all, but light-bodied, heady and with a heartwarming bouquet. In short they're for you.



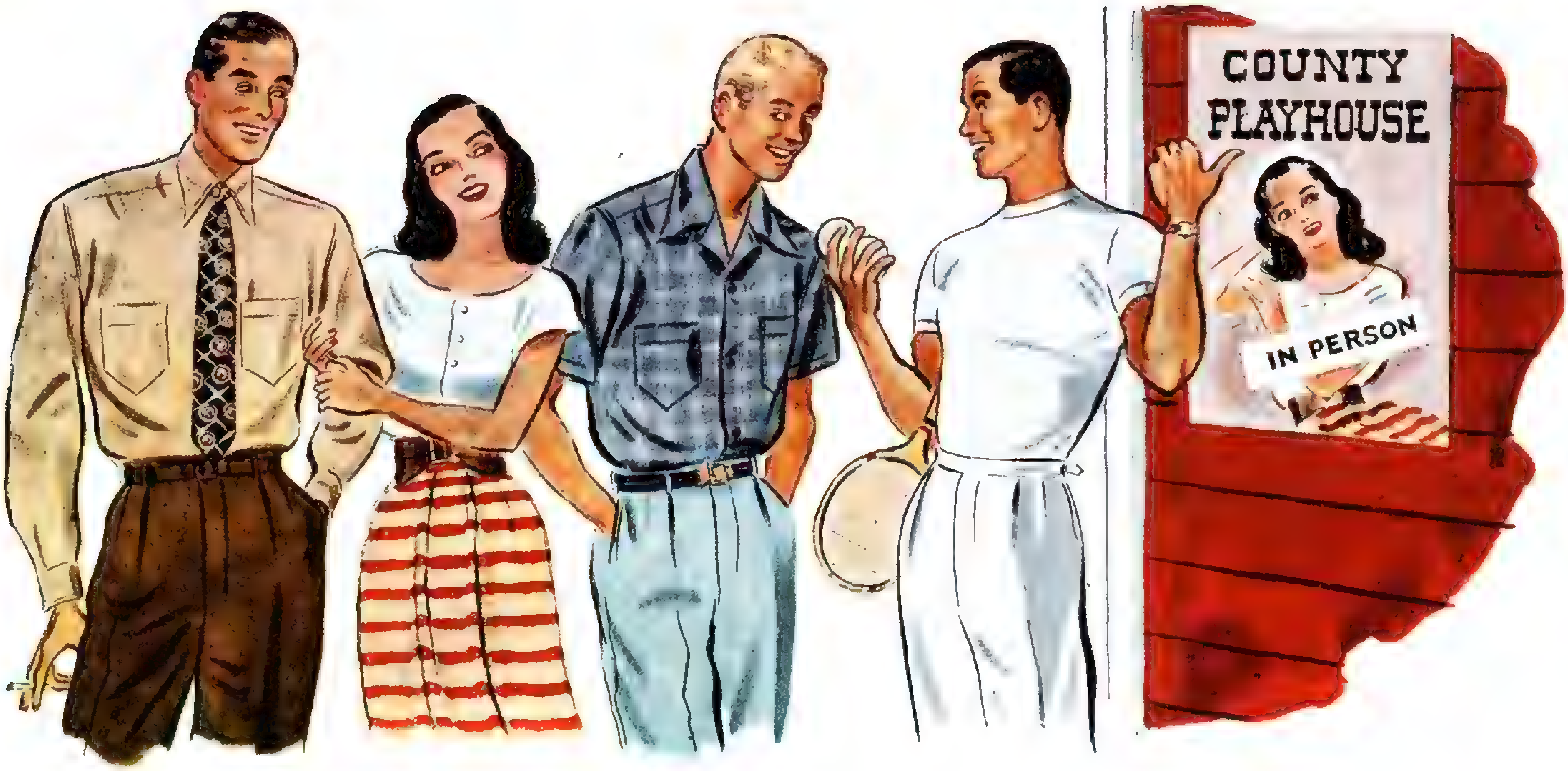
"What goes good on top of a cocktail made by a woman?"

The case for blends is historical as well as contemporary. That prince among whiskies—Scotch—is a blend. Once upon a time, though, it was a heavy-bodied malt liquor which never came down from the highlands to attract followers among the kiltless. Then an inspired Scotsman lightened it up with an admixture of "grain whiskey"—identical with what we call grain neutral spirits, meaning a grain-mash proposition distilled at such high proof as to emerge free of all baggage. Thus revised, old peat-smoky had a body comparable to that of brandy and teamed up most gratifyingly with "splash"—soda to us.

All the well-known brands of Scotch are blends, each boasting its flavor personality which is a combine (as per secret formula) of the flavors and characters of many individual whiskeys assembled from one district and another. The smoky tang is pot still; the delicacy is grain neutral spirits.

Properly matured American whiskeys had been heavy-bodied ever since Colonial days; traditionally, the Yankee antecedent who wanted light-bodied stuff was forced to dip into greener stocks. When the idea of making *smooth* and light American whiskey dawned upon distillers, they were up against palate habits based on the two American traditionals—straight bourbon and straight rye, of which the prime examples were the bonded whiskeys, stored four years in the barrel under government lock and key, with no blending permitted. Combine two or three contrasting whiskeys, each at least four years old, into a flavor nifty, and off had to come the word "bonded,"

(*Continued on page 138*)



You'll like two things about these Sports Shirts!

ONE
HAS TO DO
WITH WATER

First thing you (and even more, the Mrs.) will like about this wonderful line of sports shirts is that they are WASHABLE. *Positively!*

Many sports shirts need special treatment—but not these! They launder as well as a regular Arrow shirt.

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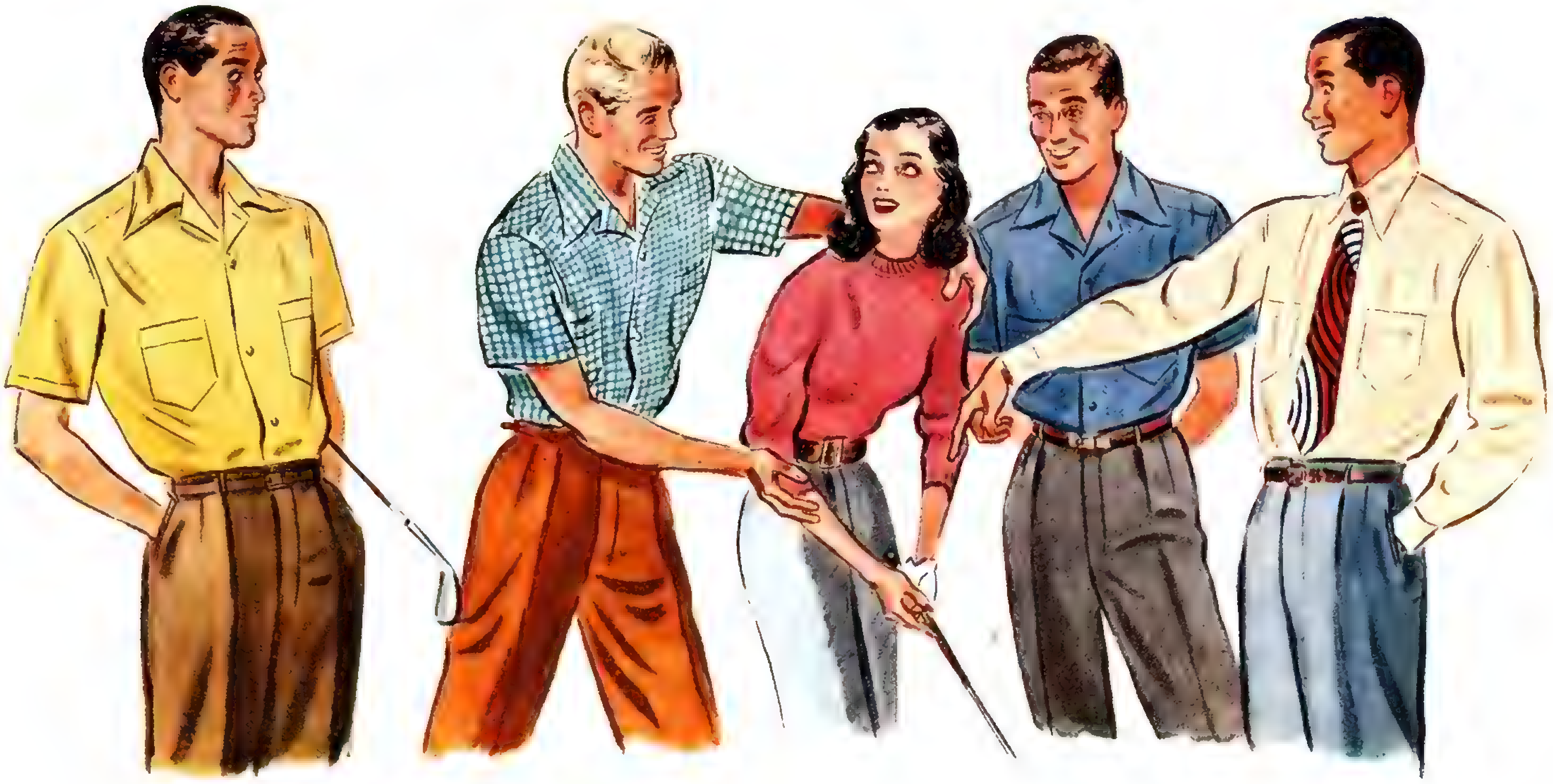

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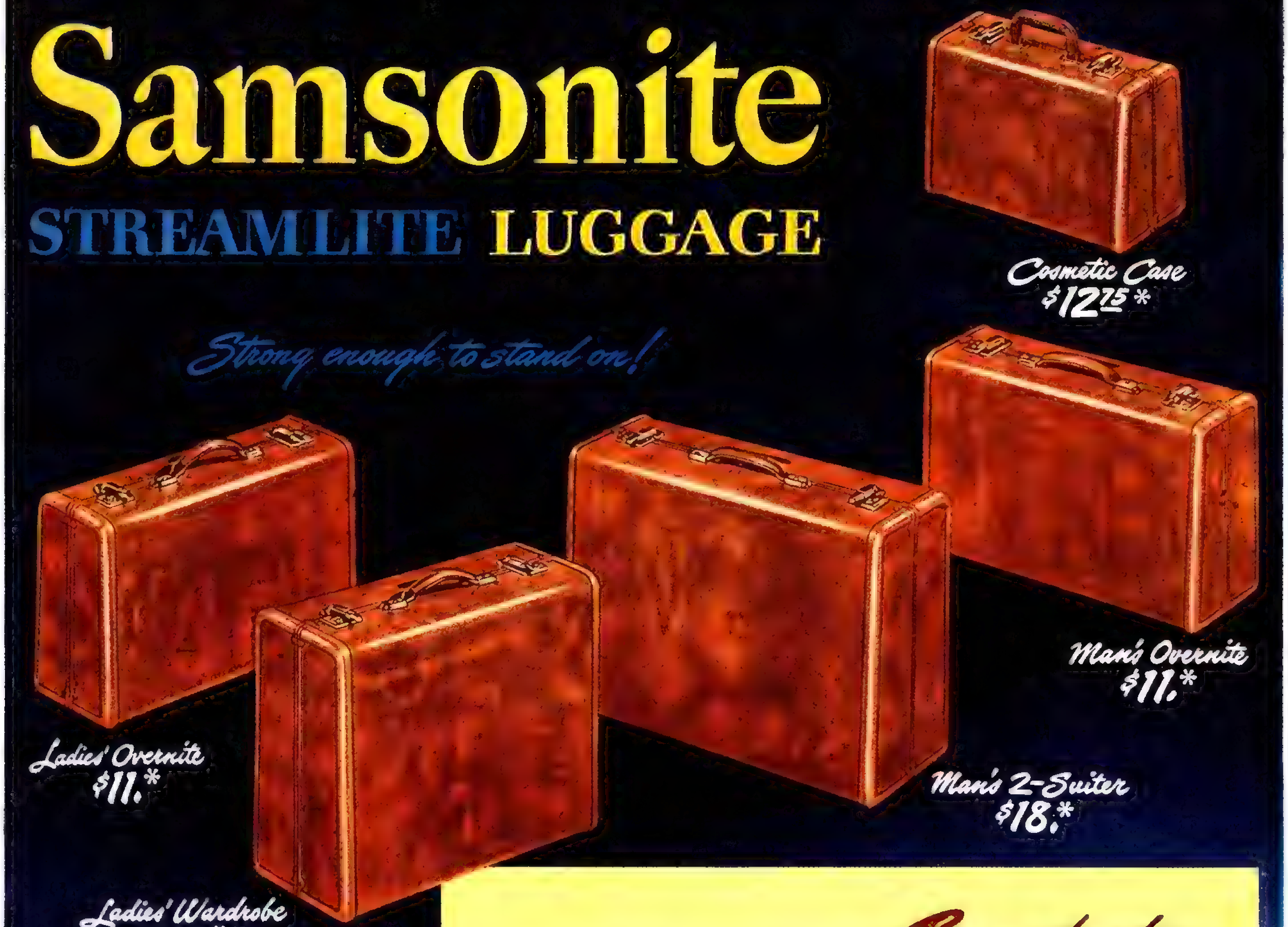

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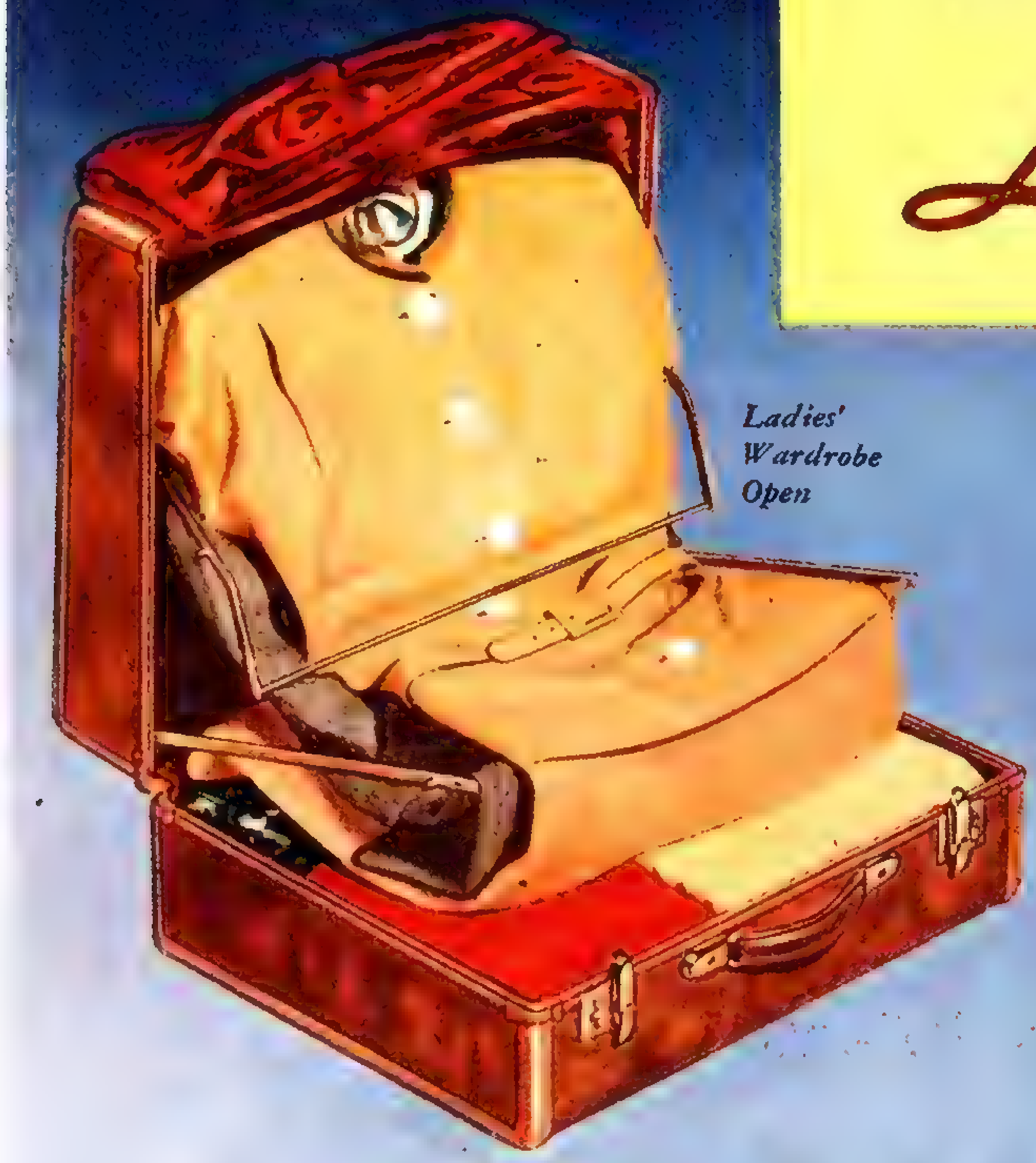

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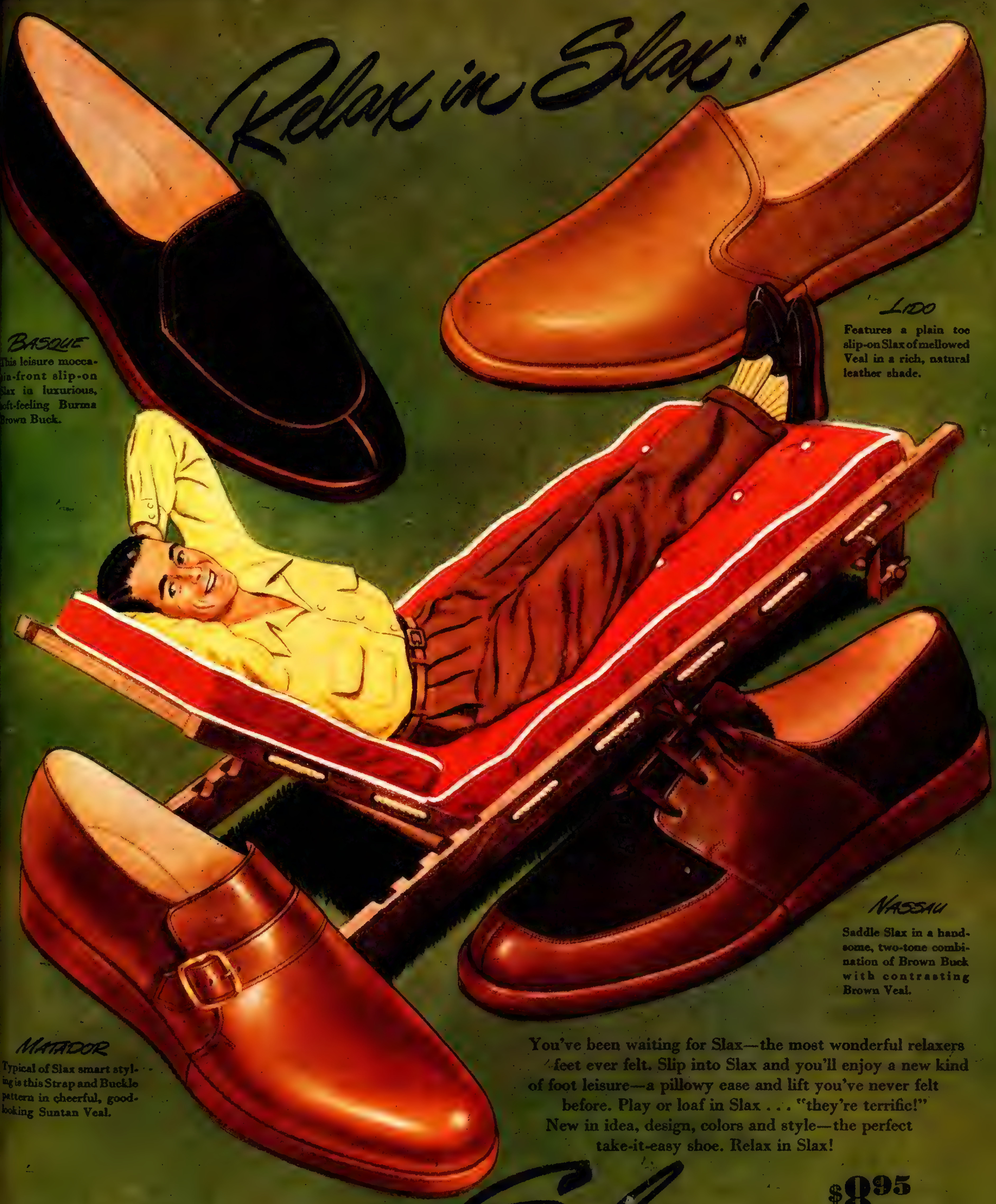
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Cobb Comes Back

The "Georgia Peach" returns to manage one of Esquire's junior baseball teams

by **JIM CROSSETT**

THE old "Georgia Peach" is coming back. To the baseball addict that can mean only one thing—the return of Ty Cobb, the greatest ballplayer who ever lived and one of the top competitors in sports history.

Ty isn't returning as a player, of course. Long ago, those fabulous legs of his lost their spring and he took off his playing uniform for good. But he is coming back as manager of one of Esquire's All-American Boys' Baseball teams this summer when the third annual classic is played at Wrigley Field, home of the Chicago Cubs, on Saturday afternoon, August 10.

Comeback is strictly the apt word for Ty's appearance this year. Last year, his Western boys' team lost to Babe Ruth's Eastern team, 5-4, in a game that wasn't wrapped up until the last out in the ninth. Ty, a fighter now as always, didn't like losing that game one bit. Old-timers who dropped around to console him in his dressing room after the game reflected that the Georgia Peach was as deep in gloom as if he'd just lost a close one back in the days when he was Mr. Detroit Tiger.

Comfortably settled now on the West Coast and taking things easy like a well-to-do squatter, Cobb still has baseball in his blood. In late years he has been one of the most ardent boosters of improving American youth by baptizing them young in the fire of junior amateur competition. So he's packing his bag once more and saying a momentary good-bye to his summer hideaway high in the mountains at Lake Tahoe, Nevada, for another taste of the game which made him and which he helped make.

Ty says his experience as manager and coach of the West team in Esquire's All-American Boys' classic last year is one of the most cherished episodes in his colorful athletic career. Ty gave his manager's assignment everything he had, and it was like a chapter out of baseball's golden book to see him out on the practice field directing sessions of his junior squad. Perhaps that was the first time the most feared of all professional ballplayers passed along trade secrets to nonprofessionals. Secrets that the famous Ty had stored up in his mind for the past twenty years since his retirement from active competition, such as the renowned hook slide originated by him as far back as 1910 or the art of hitting behind the runner, pulling a bunt or short-gripped place hitting. And the boys who worked for him had an experience they will never forget. They were far too young to have known him except as a living legend whose records stand unchallenged and whose name is enshrined at the Cooperstown Hall of Fame. They played their hearts out for him—and they just missed. This year, says Ty, things will be different.

One of the most memorable aspects of the 1945 Esquire All-American Boys' Baseball classic was the competition between Cobb and Babe Ruth. The Babe, an old adversary of Cobb's, is probably the only baseball personality who can give Tyrus Raymond any competition for all-time honors. Their rivalry dated back to their playing days, when Cobb stood alone as a hitting and base-stealing marvel with Detroit, and the Big Bam was burning them over the plate for the Boston Red Sox.

Appropriately enough, Cobb and Ruth represented almost opposite schools of baseball thought, the Peach specializing in speed, cleverness, and "inside" ball and the Babe going in for the more devastating strategy of the long ball and the big inning. The game marked the first time since they'd hung up their cleats that the two had met on a diamond.

The 5-4 thriller of 1945 and the Ruthian finish put on by the Eastern team that stirred the huge Polo Grounds crowd is history. This is another year and Ty Cobb will be back for revenge. But win or lose, the Peach is sold on the importance of his job as manager of one of the junior teams. When Esquire invited him, he said, "I feel doubly honored that I should be asked to serve again as a manager of one of the teams taking part in one of the finest junior baseball programs in the history of the game." ##

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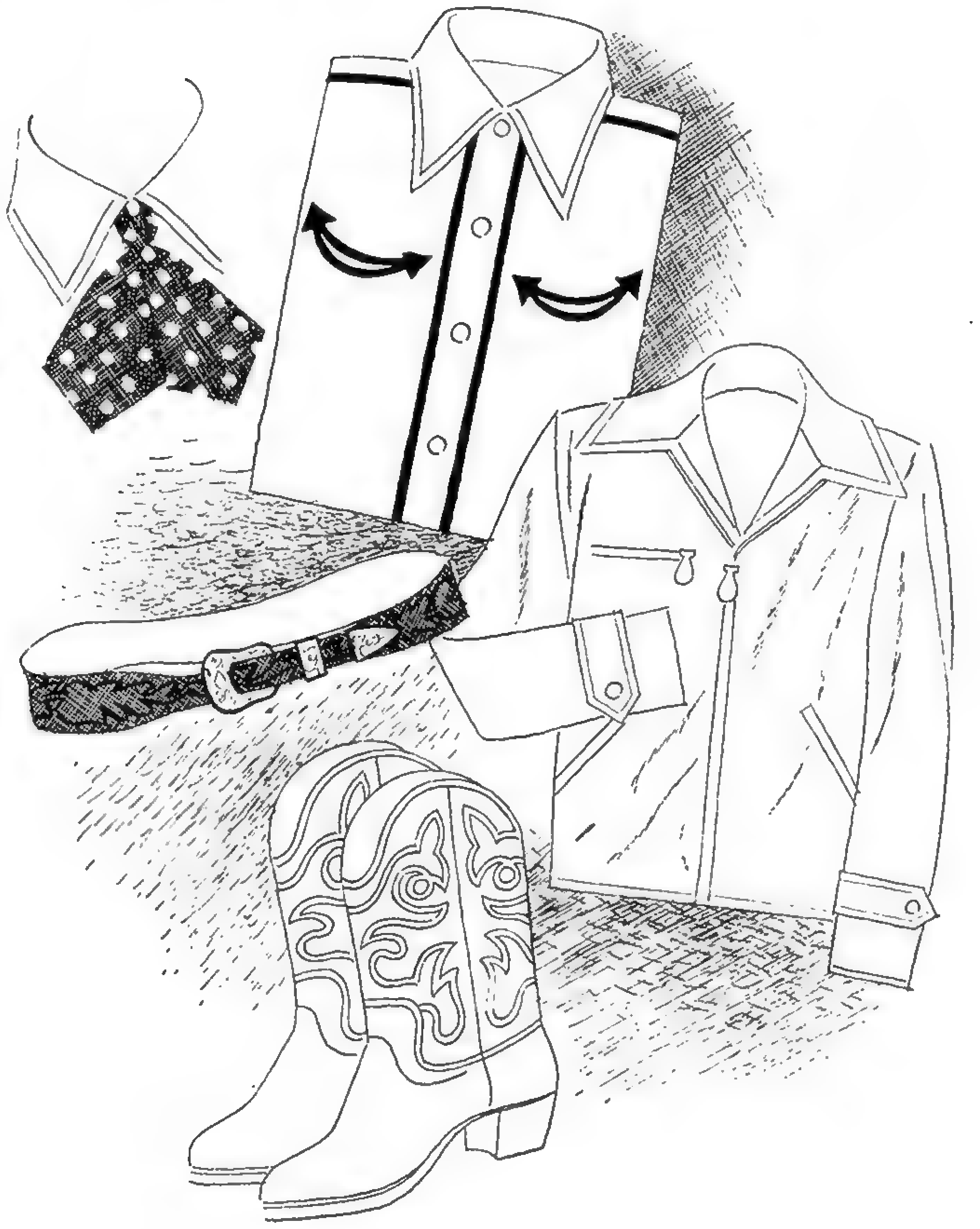
Merely a Penny or Two More

Yippee, Ranch Clothes

Clothes tips to make the dude feel right at home on the range

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**



If you are ranch-bound this vacation, let's hope your clothes won't get you the horselaugh from critical cowhands and other tenderfeet who are in the know. Even though you've never had a leg up on a pony, you want to look as though you were as familiar with a bronc as with the front seat of your car. You'll soon be roaming the range like a herdsman, but you'll feel more at home—and so will the cows—if you look the part. Here are a few handy hints.

Life at the Western ranches and also at the Eastern versions puts certain types of clothes on the must list. Riding pants are of two types, both necessary. One, known as the frontier type, is cut narrow in the legs and re-inforced. Of worsted whipcord, these pants are primarily designed for the position of the legs when the wearer sits in the saddle. The other type, similarly cut with re-inforcement in the seat, is of blue denim. Strengthened at the corners of the pockets and other points with copper rivets, their metallic trim, which may be open to question from the standpoint of functionalism, has a definite fashion importance. Some people like the idea of having a new pair laundered in order to soften the fabric and take away that new look.

A jacket of whipcord to match the whipcord pants, usually tan, is a short model with slide fastener closure and slanting pockets. It is worn not only for riding but also as part of an outfit for hoedowns and general life at the ranch. Another style is the suede jacket with deep collar, strips of fringed leather across the chest and around the bottom.

In shirts, visitors follow the lead of cowboys by wearing gabardine shirts. One style, the gambler's shirt, is close fitting at the waist. This is preferred in solid colors—tan, brown, blue, maroon. Typical, too, are the two-tone shirts with contrasting piping at the edges and trimmings of the pockets.

Neckties are reduced in size as compared with the conventional four-in-hand. The vaguera tie, popular in solid colors, polka dots and small figures, has the approval of Western men.

Hats are broad brimmed. The extra width shades the eyes. Crowns may be the flat-top porkpie or the dented, tapered shapes. Light tans rate as the best color.

Boots with high heels, with the trousers tucked in or worn over them, have decorative designs created by the stitching. ♯

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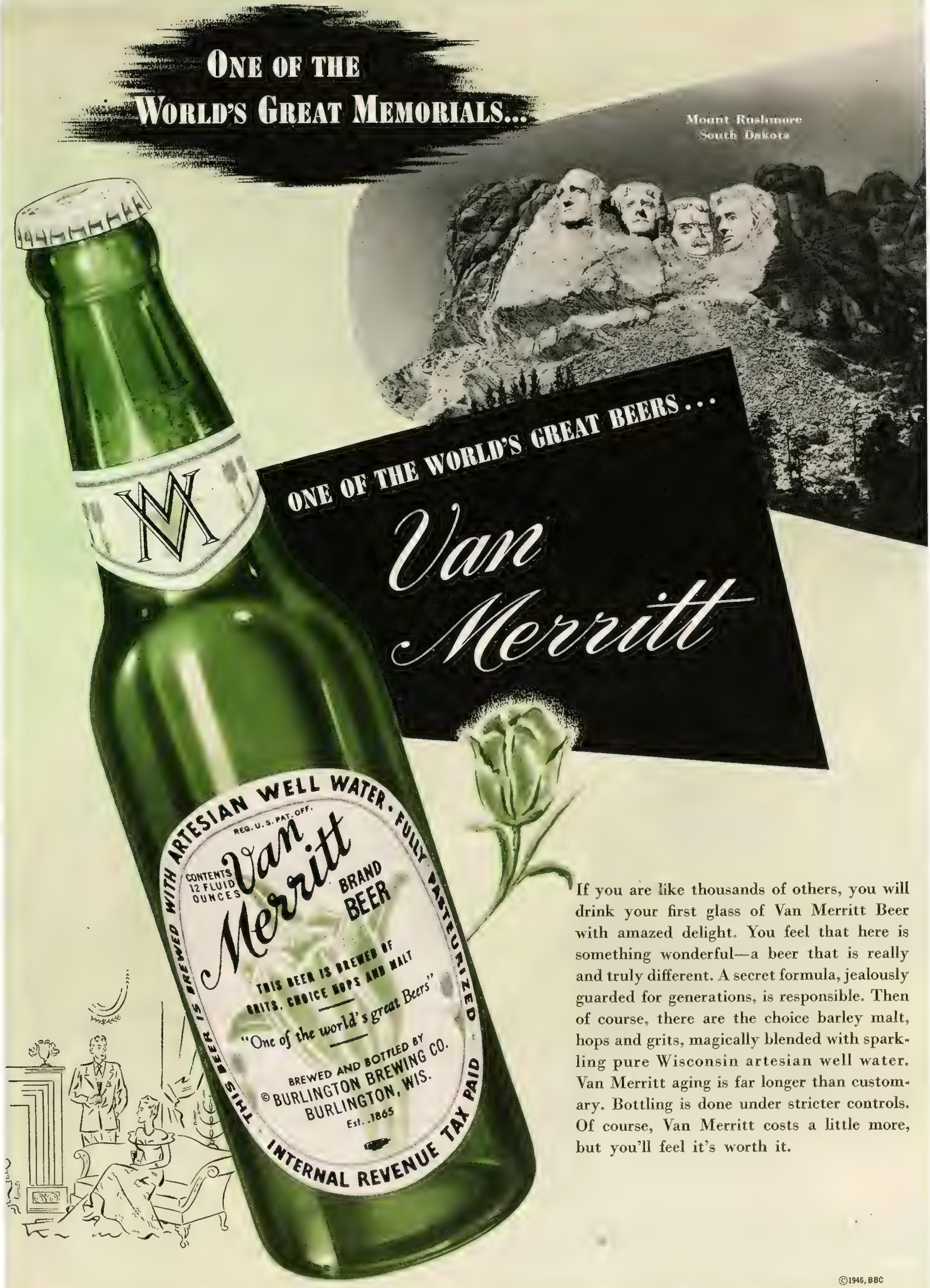
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Contract Gin Rummy

A new game combining the bidding of bridge and the emotions of rummy

by **HOWARD ADDLESTON**

Contract Gin Rummy is not just another variation of gin rummy. It is an entirely new game, combining some of the principles of contract bridge with the pace and gambling element of ordinary gin rummy. Because it's four-handed and involves partnership, the best aspects of kibitzing, theory and argument are retained.

Amateur psychologists have long noted that bridge-playing addiction is at once the father and the offspring of a meticulous turn of mind. And those who have sat down to gin rummy at a cent or better a point only to wake up in a cold sweat the next morning understand the almost criminal emotional hold the fast little game can have over its converts. It was the present intention to conjure up a parlor pastime that would blend the two games into one super-attraction to which addiction would be tantamount to slavery.

It is anticipated that emotional tension may run high once four participants sit down to the board flanked by score pads and glasses of good cheer. So, choose your partner with care and frisk all participants in the foyer. In the interests of avoiding serious mayhem, it is suggested that all hands study the rules below, before dealing:

Step I—Seating

As in bridge, partners sit opposite each other. In the ensuing explanation use this chart as your guide and consider yourself as "A"—your partner thus being "C."

(A)
(D) (B)
(C)

Step II—Dealing

The dealer is determined by high cut. Let us assume that "A" has won the deal:

(a) He deals ten cards to each player including himself.

(b) He places the remaining cards, of which there are twelve, face down in center of table.

Step III—Evaluating Your Hand

Each player arranges his ten cards as in ordinary gin rummy, by placing the sequences, the threes of a kind, and the "possibilities" together. Everyone is now in position to evaluate his hand for purposes of bidding.

Step IV—Bidding

Bidding is based on the player's forecast of how many cards he thinks he will have to draw from the center of the table in order to "knock" with ten or less. The maximum bid is ten, and the minimum bid is obviously one. If a player thinks his hand is so poor it will take more than ten draws for him to "knock" he may pass. Bidding procedure follows:

(a) The dealer is first to bid.

(b) Each player is only allowed two bids before the bidding closes.

(c) A double or a redouble is counted as a free bid.

(d) Bids from 10 through 6 receive smaller bonuses and smaller penalties than bids of 5 through 1 (consult the score chart at the end of the article for the actual count).

(e) In the first round of bidding it usually is best to make as high a bid as possible. A high bid means a bid which allows the bidder the maximum draws up to 10. There may be instances, however, where a player's hand may be so good that he may immediately want to shut out all other bidding with, say, a 5 bid. This would be considered a low opening bid and only an exceptional hand would justify such an opening.

(f) After the first bid is in, each succeeding bid must be lower than the last previous one.

(g) Bidding proceeds to the left as in bridge.

(h) The bidder making the lowest bid wins the bid and his partner becomes the dummy.

Step V—The Dummy

(a) After his partner has won the bid, the dummy must shuffle his cards so that he disarranges their order. He then places them face down on the table.

(b) Assuming, as an example, that "A" has won the bid, "C" consequently being the dummy, follows step (a) as above. Player "A" then proceeds to discard any number of cards in his hand which he thinks weakens it.

(c) He places his discards in the center of the table on the top of the twelve cards left over from the deal.

(d) He now proceeds to pick blindly from the dummy's hand the same number of cards he has discarded. In this way he may either strengthen or further weaken his hand by adding other unwanted cards. That is his gamble.

(e) After he has done this, he places the balance of the dummy's hand in the center of the table and mixes it in with the twelve original cards and bidder's discards.

(f) The dummy may at this point sit beside his partner and inform him of the remaining cards that were in his hand. He may also assist in playing the game.

Step VI—The Play

(a) The bidder, player "A," turns over the top card in the cen-

Continued on page 118

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Contract Gin Rummy

Continued from page 116

ter of the table as in gin rummy.

(b) That is all "A" does. It is now "B's" turn. If he cannot use this face-up card, "B" must give his partner "D" a chance either to accept or reject it before he may draw a down card from the pack. If "D" accepts the card, "B" automatically loses his turn. On the other hand, if "D" also refuses the card, then "B" draws a card and makes his regular discard. Since "D" and "B" are partners, it would be to "B's" interest to discard what he thinks would be helpful to "D."

(c) It is now "D's" turn (remember that "C" is the dummy and no longer in the playing of the game) either to accept or refuse the face-up discard.

(d) If he refuses it, he must ask "A" if "A" wishes it before he can draw another card. If "A" should accept it "D" loses his turn.

Step VII—Forcing a Lose

It will readily be seen from the above that it is possible to cause a player to lose a turn by accepting a discard which he has refused. It is naturally to the interest of the two players who are playing against the bidder to force him to lose his turn at drawing. Since he has contracted to draw a minimum number of cards in order to make his bid, he will obviously have great difficulty in making his contract if he is forced to lose many successive turns. Thus it would be to "D's" advantage to make a discard which he is quite certain "A" cannot use. And in most cases it would be advisable for "B" to take his partner's discards even though they may not fit into his hand at all, in order for "A" to lose his turn. Forcing a lose is the most important maneuver in Contract Gin Rummy.

Step VIII—Scoring

(a) If player "A" "knocks" and melds his hand, his opponents may discard on his hand as in regular gin. If he gins they may not.

(b) Assuming that "A" "knocks," his partial score, as in gin rummy, is the total of all the unmatched points held by both opponents, less of course, his own unmatched points.

(c) To this partial score he adds the bonus earned. (See below.)

(d) A game consists of 200 points—in other words, exactly double ordinary gin.

(e) Twenty points is counted for each box.

(f) A bonus of 100 points is given the winning couple.

(g) A "schneider" or "blitz" (a game which is won by a shut out) counts for double the total.

Contact Gin Score Chart

	1-5 bid	6-10 bid
Bonus points to be added to gin score		
1. Bidder makes bid	20	10
2. Every play under bid	3	1
3. If doubled, then every play under bid	6	3
4. If doubled and makes bid	40	20
Penalty points to be added to opponent's gin score		
1. Bidder fails to make bid	0	0
2. Every play over bid	3	1
3. If doubled, then every play over bid	6	3
4. If doubled, and bidder fails to make bid	20	10
5. Bidder loses hand	20	10
6. If doubled, and bidder loses hand	40	20

Demonstration—Game

(In following the steps of this demonstration game, refer to seating chart at the beginning.)

(1) Assume "A" is the dealer.

(2) "A" opens the bidding with a bid of ten.

(3) "B" has a very weak hand and passes.

(4) "C" has a good hand and bids nine, thus underbidding his partner's hand to show strength and perhaps wishing to play the hand himself.

(5) "D" bids eight.

(6) "A" realizes that this is his last chance to bid. He therefore bids his minimum—six.

(7) "B" passes.

(8) "C" passes.

(9) "D" passes.

(10) "C" becomes the dummy and "A" plays the hand.

(11) "A" now discards three weak cards from his hand and picks, blindly, three cards from his partner's hand.

(12) The playing of the hand now begins with the bidder, "A," who turns up the first card from the stack in the middle.

(13) "A" improved his hand with the three cards he drew from the dummy and, after the fourth draw, he "knocks" with four unmatched points in his hand. He catches "B" with nineteen points and "D" with fifteen points.

(14) Subtracting four points (his unmatched cards) from both "B" and "D's" score, he receives a total of twenty-six points.

(15) To this he adds ten points, the bonus for making the bid, and two additional points—one point each for every play under his bid of six.

(16) Thus, the total score for partners "A" and "C" is thirty-eight.

If bidder "A" had been doubled, the scoring would have been as follows: "A" would have received the regular twenty-six points as in the previous example from the unmatched cards in his opponents' hand. In addition to this, he would receive twenty points for being doubled and making his bid, and three points each for every play under his bid, which would make six additional points. His and his partner's total score, therefore, would be fifty-two points. ###

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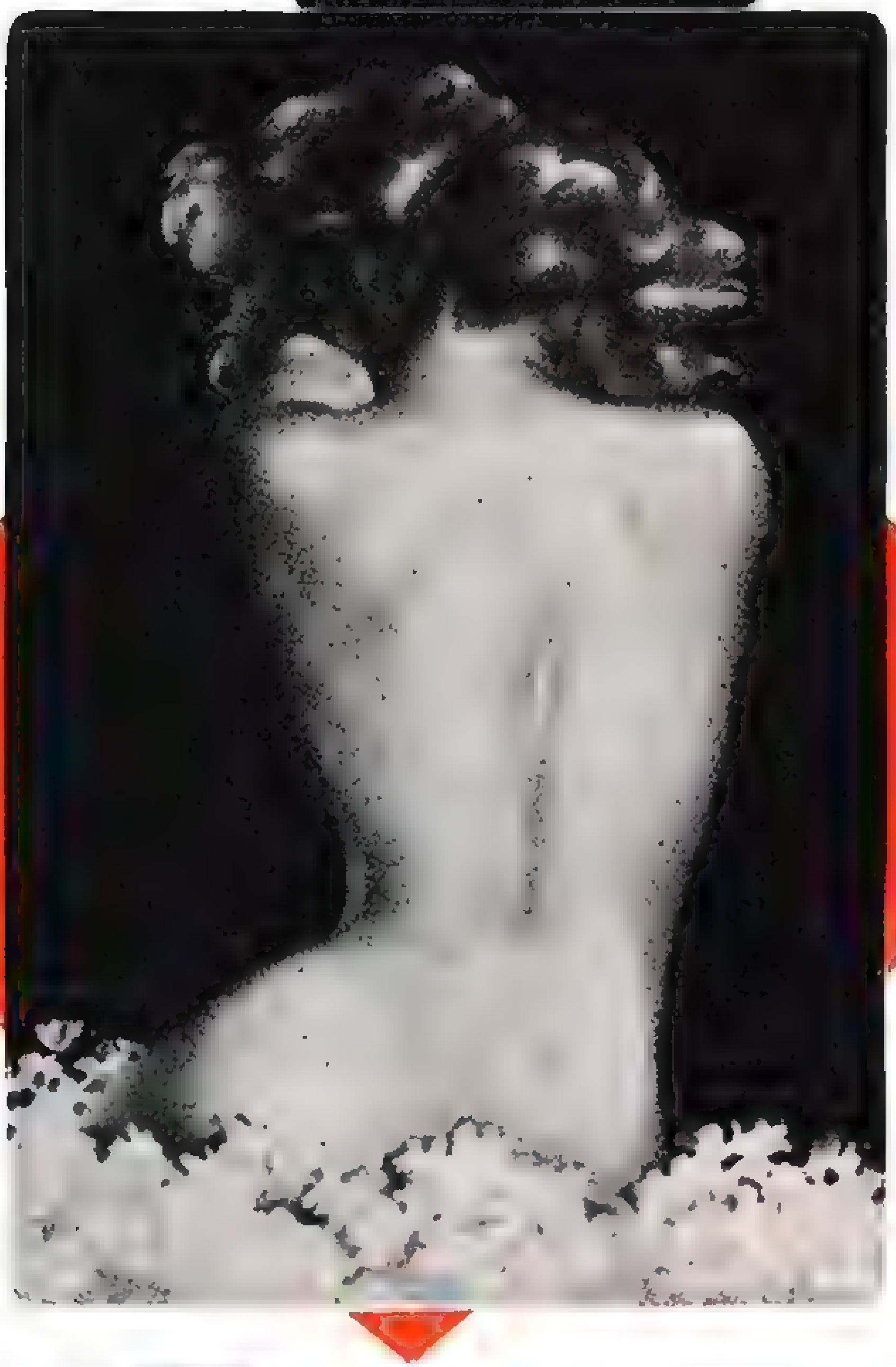

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How to Recognize a W-o-m-a-n

Continued from page 45

blood that keeps her warm. This is assumed to be a factory for production of miscellaneous emotions, with the devil and saint in joint ownership. It manufactures such products for the home as passion, tenderness, love, hate, courage, grief, pity, et cetera. Its laboratory is a testing ground for romantic notions, its drafting rooms design sentimental inclinations which invariably explode in operation, and its advertising department constantly reiterates the indispensable virtues of faith, hope, charity and other proven failures. Another vital interior appurtenance is a pear-shaped, bladder-like contrivance known as the stomach, which serves as an advance-agent for indigestion. It insists that a woman feed it three times daily, and its opinions on food are manifestly inconsistent with her own.

A woman's extremities are the arms and legs. The arm, a beautiful group of muscles extending from shoulder to hand, is capable of almost anything when unobserved, but is helpless when accompanied by its male counterpart. It consists of the elbow, a bend between the wrist and shoulder which forms a hard, bony structure used as an all-purpose weapon of offense and defense, the wrist, which was designed by nature to fit under expensive bracelets, and the hand, an excavating apparatus at the terminal of the arm, specially constructed for digging in pockets. The under, or business, side of the hand is called the palm, and it has at its end five digits, called "fingers" to differentiate them from claws.

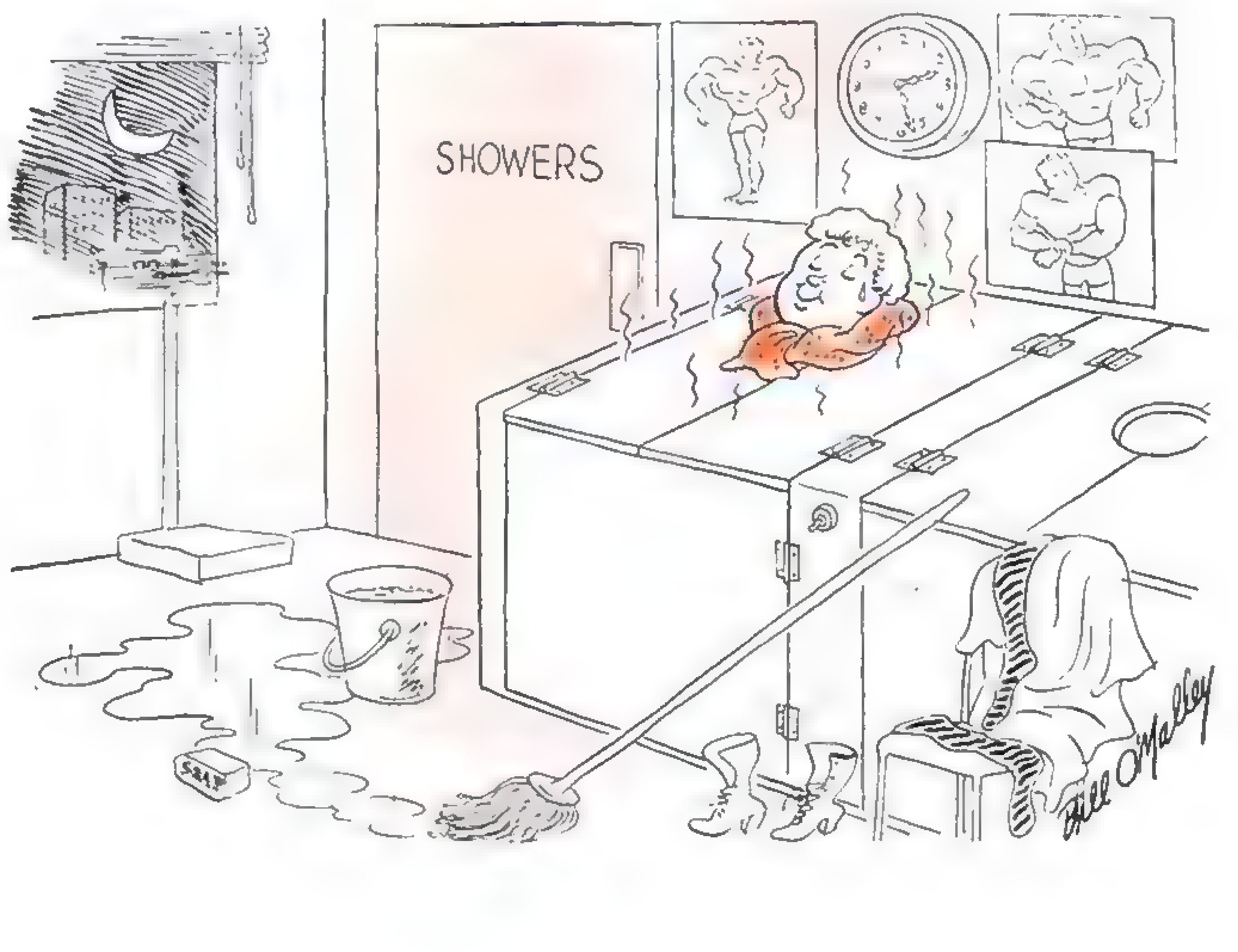
You will undoubtedly notice the two well-shaped configurations that hold a woman's body in an erect position. Formerly known as "limbs," they are now more commonly referred to as "pins" or "gams," and as applied to certain types of young ladies are designated as visible means of support. The upper leg, or thigh, is joined to the lower leg by means of an attractive joint called the knee, which obtains maximum attention through minimum exhibition. The forepart of the leg below the knee is the shin, to be kicked by small boys and ogled by large ones, while the calf—the fleshy part of the leg to the rear of the shin—is said to be the only animal a woman wants to see in nylon. Further down along the leg is an agreeably proportioned structure known as the ankle. In technical circles this is described as an "articulation," and as such has often been known to speak for itself. The foot is the part of the female closest to the ground and upon which the weight of her body is carried when in motion. It is not usually exposed to view, being encased in high-heeled shoes which, it is claimed, were invented by a girl who was always being kissed on the forehead.

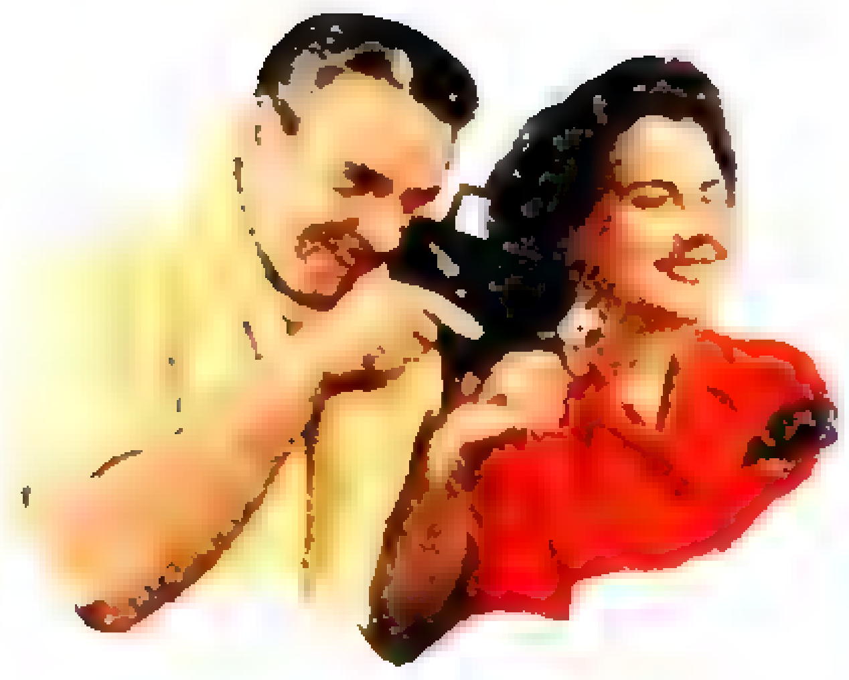
Though often described as the "nuder gender," women come nicely wrapped up in colorful packing materials. In theory, their clothes are designed for warmth and protection, but private admissions acknowledge that decorative considerations are paramount, and the female costume is deliberately worn at the male with an eye to catching his. This is because women realize that a man's capacity for asking why is less common than his blindness.

As an aid to the beauty of the figure, clothes may hide defects or emphasize natural gifts, embellish the true parts of a circle or confess to mechanically sustained embonpoint and upholstered convexity. In any case, you must remember that genuine bodily grace is a creation of God—and few women are qualified to infringe on the copyright.

Altogether, from top to bottom and across the beam, a woman's physical characteristics are clearly defined and easily detected. You may feel that your true knowledge will depend on the way you grasp the subject, you may view with detached indifference or you may dislike them almost as much as they dislike each other. But with practice you should have no difficulty in picking out a woman.

In fact, she will help you do it. ⌗





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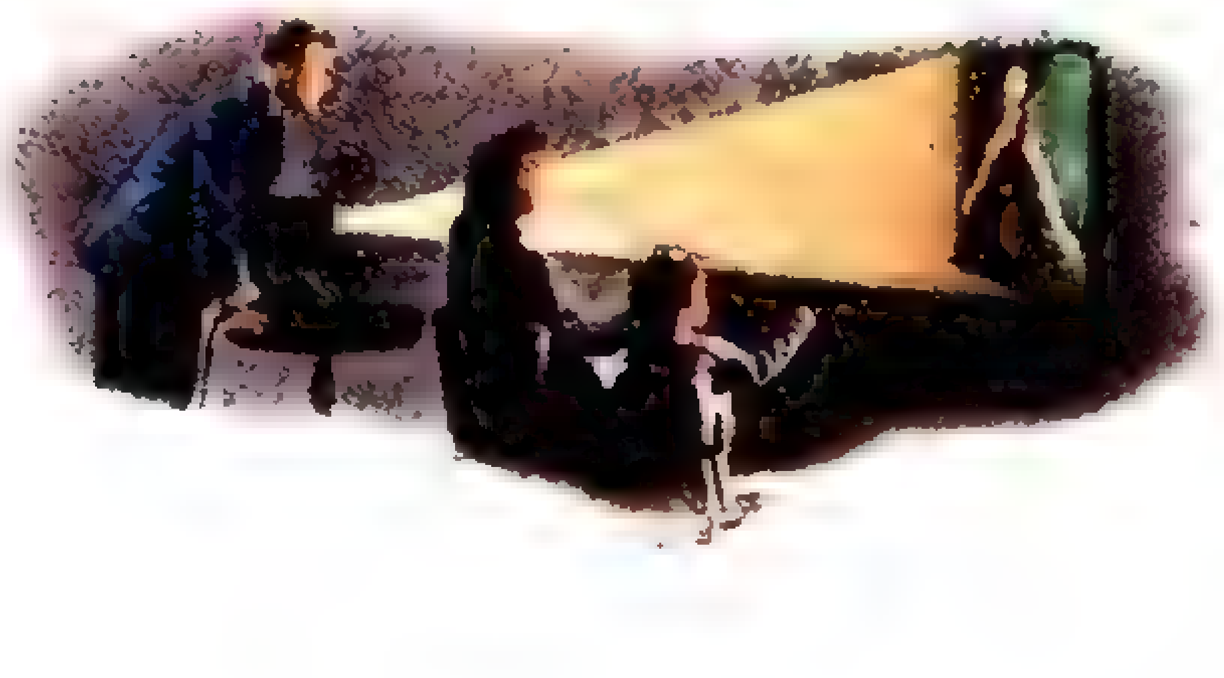

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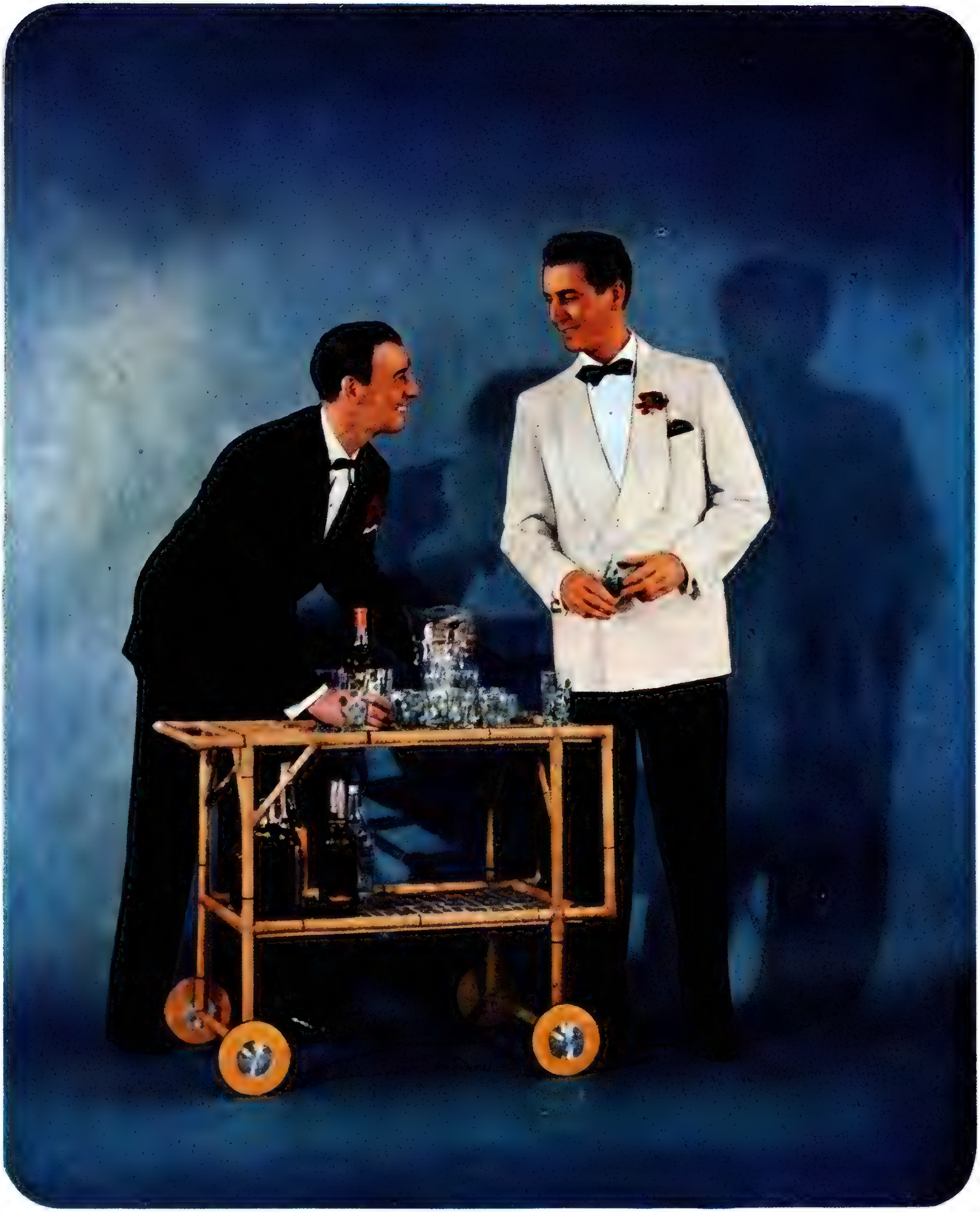


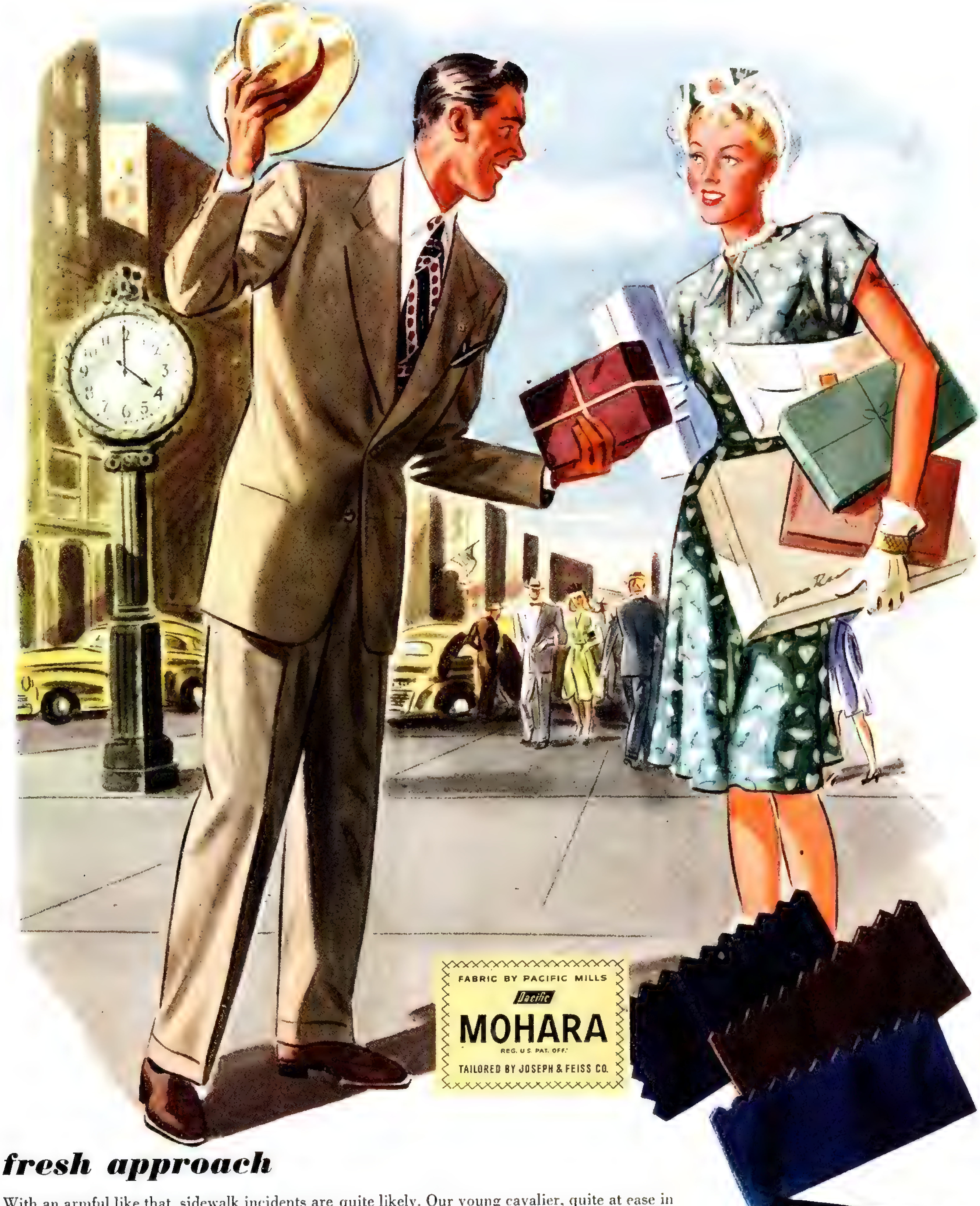
WAGON AND GLASSES BY W. & J. SLOANE

SAY WHEN, FRIEND

Photograph by Arnold Glantz

"On the Wagon" in this case hasn't the usual dirgeful sound since this serving wagon perambulates around the terrace with drinks before and after dinner. Looking cool and comfortable, these chaps relax in two popular styles of formal wear for summer evenings. At the left, a white Palm Beach dinner jacket made in double-breasted style with shawl collar. His dress shirt (soft with attached collar) is fastened with black pearl studs, and his maroon tie sets the color accent for his boutonniere and chest handkerchief. The other outfit is a midnight blue lightweight double-breasted dinner jacket with matching trousers, midnight blue tie and pleated bosom dress shirt. Both men are wearing black socks and patent leather formal low cut shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



fresh approach

With an armful like that, sidewalk incidents are quite likely. Our young cavalier, quite at ease in his cool Mohara tropical, hastens to aid the lady. Despite the summer heat and the late afternoon hour, his appearance is crisp and smooth. A mighty tribute to the unusual blend of worsted and mohair in his suit. The shape-retention of this new Pacific fabric is notable for its lasting freshness on humid days. The weave is clear-cut and porous. And for further comfort, Mohara has the benefit of tasteful colors that have a high resistance to the infra-red heat rays of the sun. Mohara's good looks are enhanced by a silky texture, and maintained by an amazing resilience. The suits are made exclusively by the Joseph & Feiss Co., long experienced in tailoring fine summer clothes. Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16.

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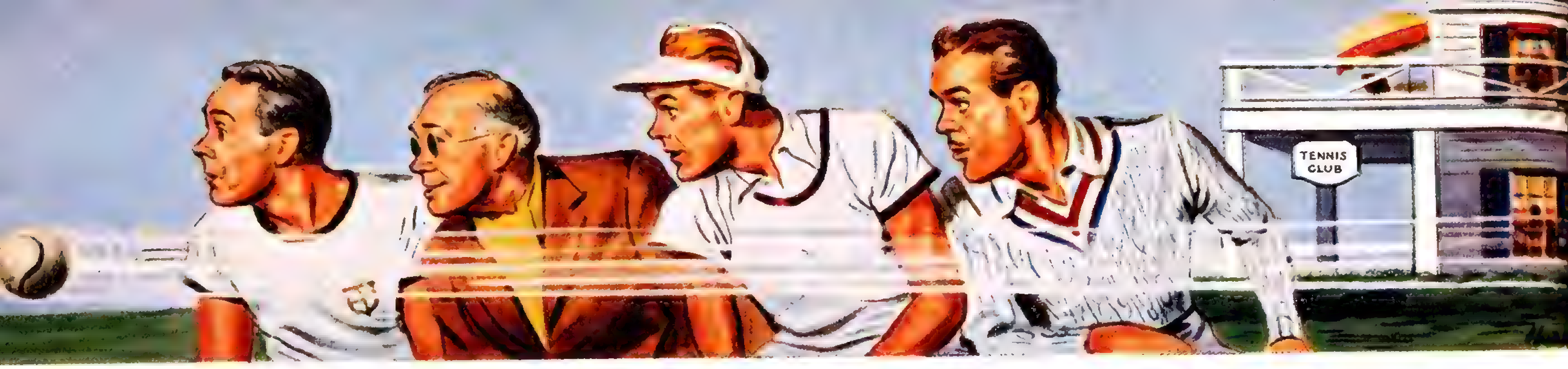
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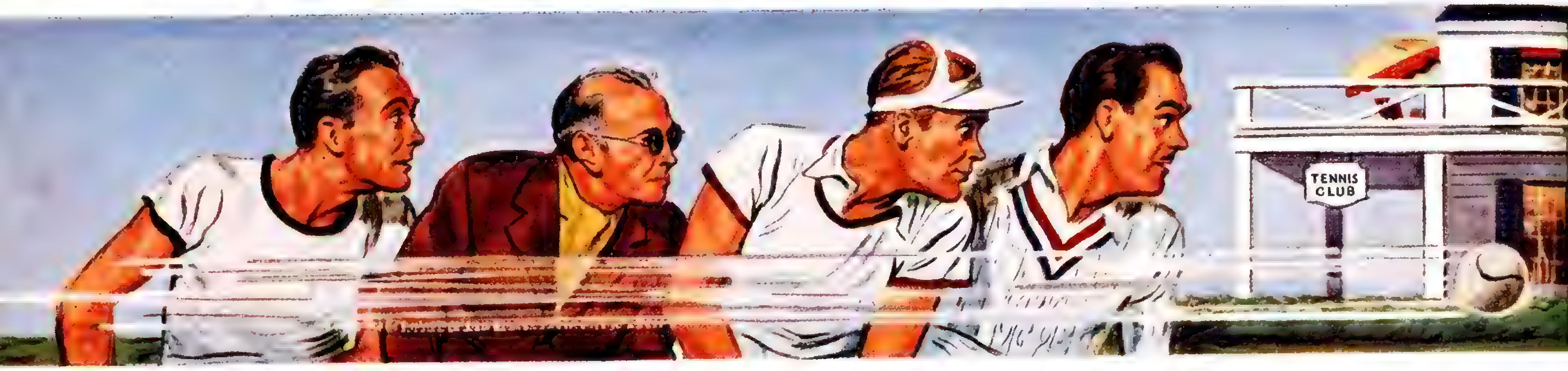
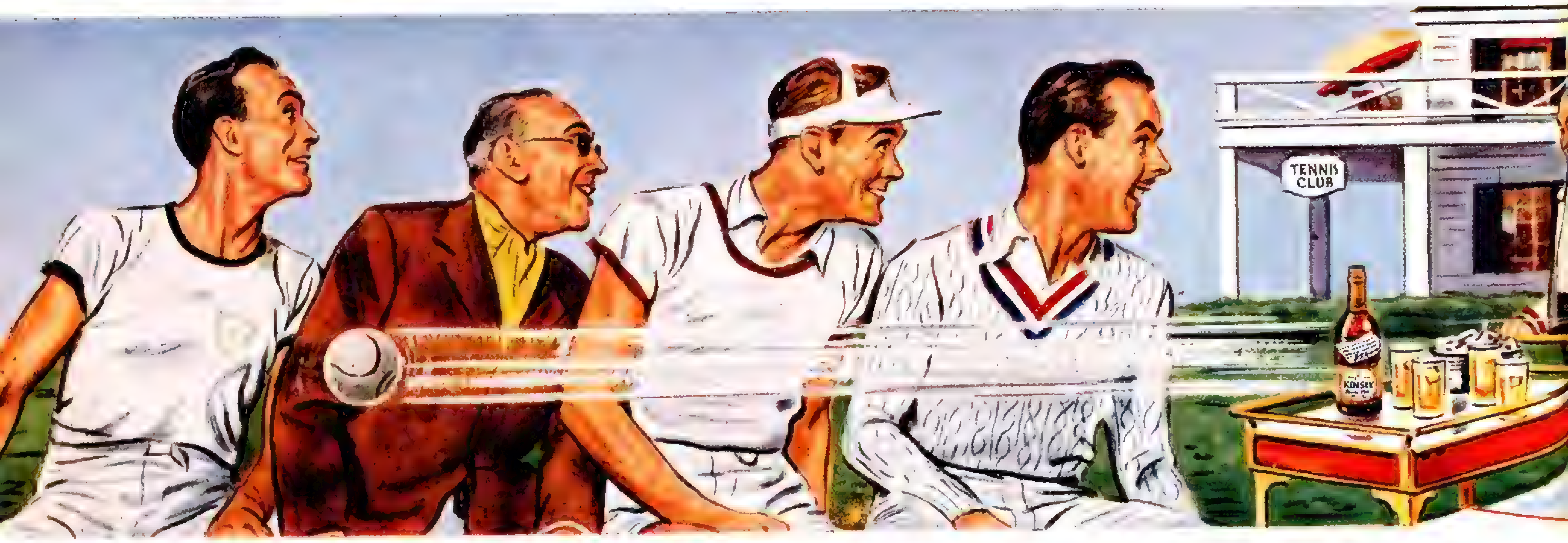

TENNIS CLUB

2—turn heads back and forth. But when . . .


TENNIS CLUB
KINSEY

3—someone delivers a master stroke like this, it's hard not to . . .

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the unhurried whiskey
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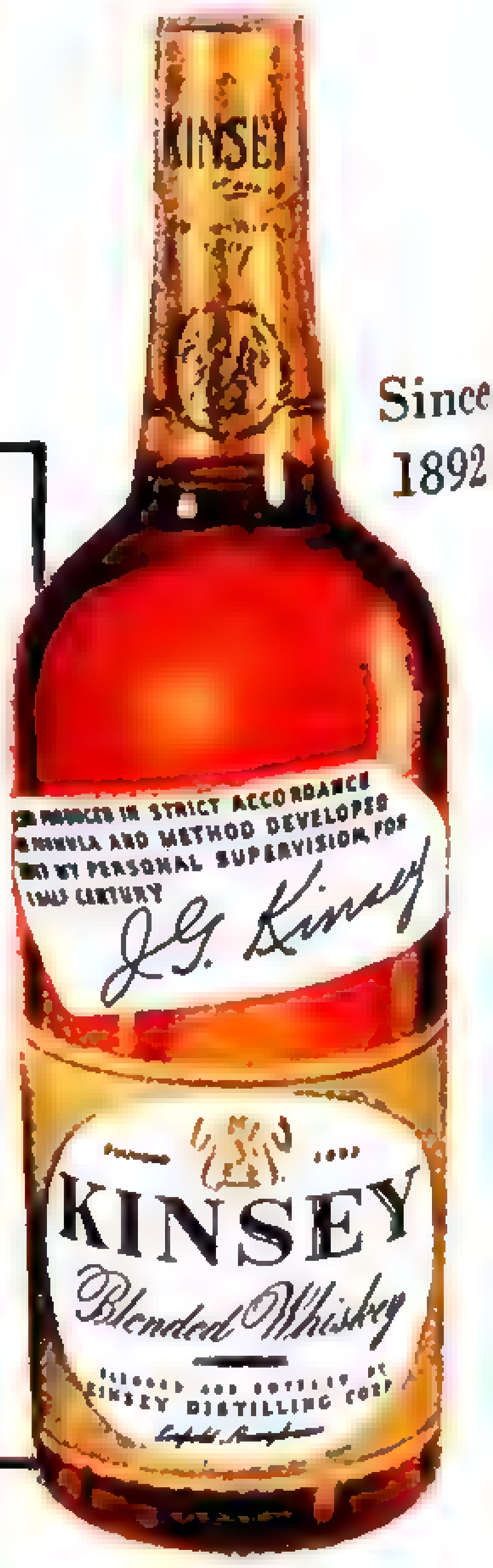
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The Lost Numbers

Continued from page 71

er man said. "Can't you remember that?"

"Fourteen, fourteen. I just say eet and eet be right?"

"Certainly," said young Tarvin. "That's all you have to do."

A moment passed in which the sun's first ray explored the window. Suddenly Pablo arose. "The teen," he said with a note of wonder in his voice, "ees gone. She meex up and I no remember. If eet could be tweenty I could know. The tweenties are like little blocks stacked in a row."

Another glance passed between the Tarvins. "If you'd clean out that nest of squatters on the river," said the older man, "you'd have twenty or more, something you could remember."

"But *Señor* Tarvin," said Pablo in eager excitement, "all the times you say not keel too fast. Keel one now and then, you say, so the rangers don't come. Ees it not so?"

"If the price was right you could go ahead," said the rancher. "Each time you have raised the ante. The other cattlemen who are helping pay the bill are getting tired of that. Yesterday I gave you five thousand pesos for one homesteader."

"He was of the important ones," murmured Pablo.

"Your price is too damned high," put in young Tarvin. "And another thing, we don't want you coming to this ranch house in daylight."

"Eet will be as the *Señor* wants eet," said Pablo humbly. "Only let me keel queek to the tweenties."

"You'll get five thousand pesos for six," said the older man. "Take it or leave it."

"And when the seex are feenished that put me to tweenty?"

The Tarvins nodded.

The first man was no trouble at all. He was leaning between the plow handles talking to his woman when Pablo rode suddenly from out of the woods. When he looked around, Pablo placed the bullet just below the left buckle of the overall bib. The man looked surprised but the woman screamed.

"Be quiet, *Señora*," said Pablo, "else I smash in your teeth."

"Kill me! You beast!" she screamed. "Kill me!"

Pablo had dealt with these situations before.

"Bury your man and leave the country, and I no come back again. Stay here and one day I ride up queek like today."

Pablo rode on.

Two men were plowing in the next field he found. He lay in the woods and watched them. The old man was unarmed but the young man wore a gun and might cause trouble. Then he mounted and patted the horse's neck and said, "Pablo make the double like on the quails."

He rode the horse at a walk toward the field. Just as he entered the opening Pablo slumped back in the saddle. When he was within fifty yards of them he slid from the horse and piled up in the soft dirt. He was careful to roll on his back with his feet toward the plowman.

One of the men shouted at the other. Next they were saying that the stranger was hurt or killed. Pablo heard their feet making a soft crunching sound as they approached him. He opened his eyes just enough to see them. When they were within five yards he grabbed his guns.

Though the bullet struck the heart of the young man he spun around three times before he fell. The old man who looked tired anyway, just sighed and stretched out. One arm he threw over his eyes as if to keep out the sun. The fingers of his other hand caught in his white beard which was now stained red.

Before he found the fourth man, he saw a rider at a great distance, going fast over the crest of a hill. He wondered if someone were spreading an alarm. But then he turned a bend in the trail and saw a man drinking from a spring. This one never saw Pablo. The bullet knocked a great chunk from the back of his head.

Pablo visited three shacks which seemed deserted. But the fourth one contained men and hidden death. Before he was within a hundred yards of it a rifle bullet tore through the crown of his hat. He whirled quickly, but not before another slug burned his ribs.

When he was out of gun range he reflected bitterly on his own weak sentiment which he felt sure had almost caused his death. Certainly the woman who screamed had ridden ahead and spread the news of his coming. Had he killed her, his work would now have been complete.

The wound in his side was bleeding and stiffening his clothes. It was paining, too, and the day was almost done. He had not solved his problem and tomorrow Jesús Maria Garcia would find him lost in the teens.

He would go back again, he decided wearily, and ask more help from the Tarvins.

Pablo hitched his horse a quarter mile from the ranch buildings and, guided by the light in the big house, went the rest of the way on foot. Tarvin and his son seemed startled when, without knocking, he opened the door.

Young Tarvin sidled over to a table where his guns were. He looked at Pablo's drawn face and fevered eyes and the great splotch on his blouse. "Well?" he asked.

"Pablo ees in trouble again," said the Mexican sadly. "I keel four but the others have get together and shoot Pablo. Eet be very dangerous to go back there." Then he described his encounter at the fortress of the homesteaders.

Old Tarvin frowned. "You'd better hit trail and hide out for a few weeks."

Pablo turned his palms upward

Continued on page 126

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The Lost Numbers

Continued from page 125

in a helpless gesture. "But the teens, *Señor*," he said. "I can't count theem. And tomorrow my cousin will arrive and make me a laughing goods. If two more I keel then I tell him Pablo have got to tweenty. Then I have no occasion to talk in the teens."

The rancher shot an uneasy glance at his son. Young Tarvin now had his right hand close to one of the guns on the table.

"Listen, Pablo," said old Tarvin hurriedly, "get out and lay low a few weeks and I'll pay you a bonus of one thousand American dollars."

"But my cousin, *Señor*."

"Damn your fool cousin," exploded the rancher. "If you leave he'll never see you."

"I have sent the invite to Jesús," said Pablo stiffly, "and I weel stay to see heem."

"Get the hell out of here," ordered the rancher.

Suddenly Pablo felt the hot fluid in his brain and saw the jumbled teens. Two—two more and he would be to twenty. His lean hands came up in a scooping motion, but though he knew his shots were well placed he felt young Tarvin's bullet burn a streak on the side of his head.

As is the way with old men, the rancher died quietly. But young Tarvin threshed around on the floor until finally Pablo stuck a muzzle over the left breast and pulled the trigger.

He hummed a little tune as he found his horse and rode out through the opal dark.

"Eet is nothing, Jesús," said Pablo as he rode along and began rehearsal of tomorrow's speech. "Pablo have keel only—Pablo have keel only—"

Suddenly he sawed the bit until the horse stopped, reared up and pawed the dark. A wind stirred, a coyote wept and Pablo crossed himself. "Mother of a saint," he whispered, "I have lost the tweenties. The young Tarvin's bullet near the skull brought back the teens and took the tweenties."

From the thicket where he made his fireless camp he had heard the sounds of riders passing through the night. Now that the sun was up and he could see the surrounding plain he saw that these horsemen were still abroad in the land.

They did not ride singly, but in little groups. And all of them carried rifles. Perhaps, decided Pablo, they hunted the mountain lion which sometimes wandered down to the plains. He'd have liked to join the sport had it not been for this strange thing of the teens and twenties that had come upon him.

Pablo mounted, spurred the horse and again gave thought to this strange spell. The last day but one he had lost the teens. Then last night the twenties exploded in gunfire. Suddenly he brightened as he saw there was a pattern to the lost numbers.

The first bullet that brushed his head took away the teens. The second one brought them back and took the twenties. If there were a next one, it would, perhaps, bring back the twenties and lose the thirties.

Then he saw a wagon moving up the trail. He stopped the horse and waited for it to come close. He rode from the thicket, smiled at the two men on the seat and held up his hand.

The driver pulled back on the reins and grasped his rifle.

Pablo's white teeth flashed in the sunlight that was bright as gold. "I am come in peace," he said reassuringly. "And I make what to you may be most strange request. If you shoot well, I give you five thousand pesos to place the bullet so near my head it take a leetle of the hair."

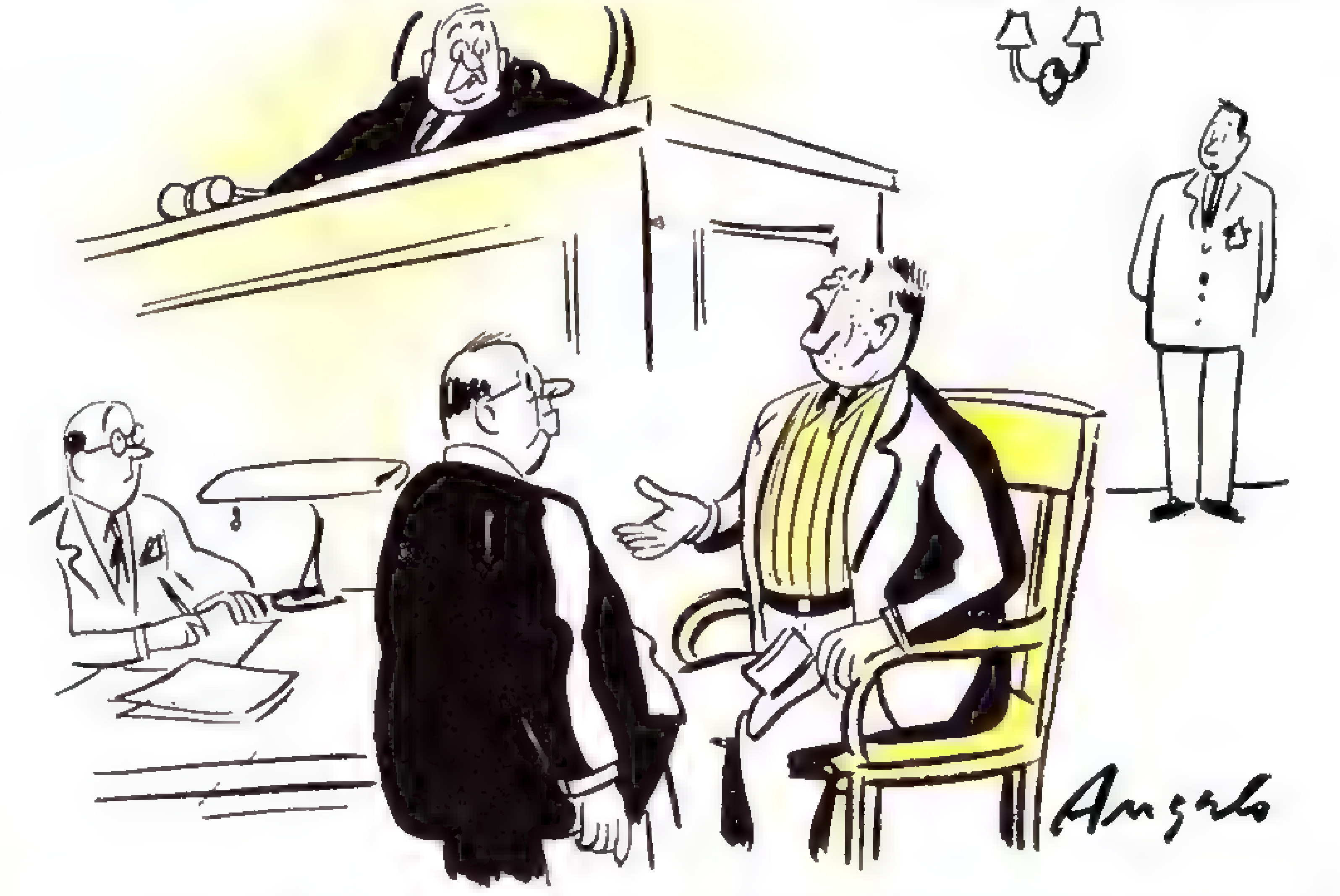
The homesteaders looked queerly at Pablo.

"Weel you do eet?" he urged.

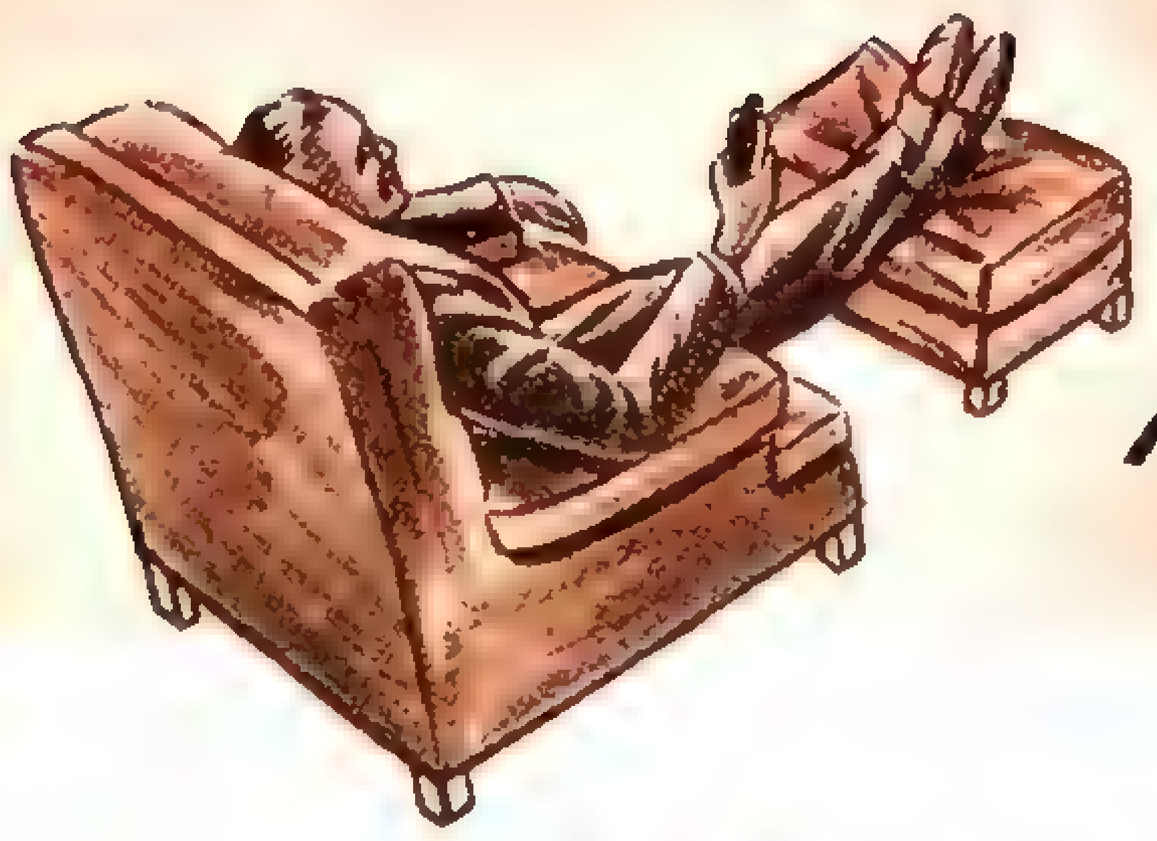
The driver nodded and handed the reins to the other man. His grim eyes looked steadily along the rifle barrel.

Then as the flame leaped from the muzzle and before the bullet crashed through his brain, Pablo saw the teens and twenties and thirties lined out in beautiful numbers on the borders of that strange country where he must go. #

Continued from page 71



"Your Honor—let us not becloud the issue with learned counsel's arrogant pedantry and half-baked metaphysical propositions!"



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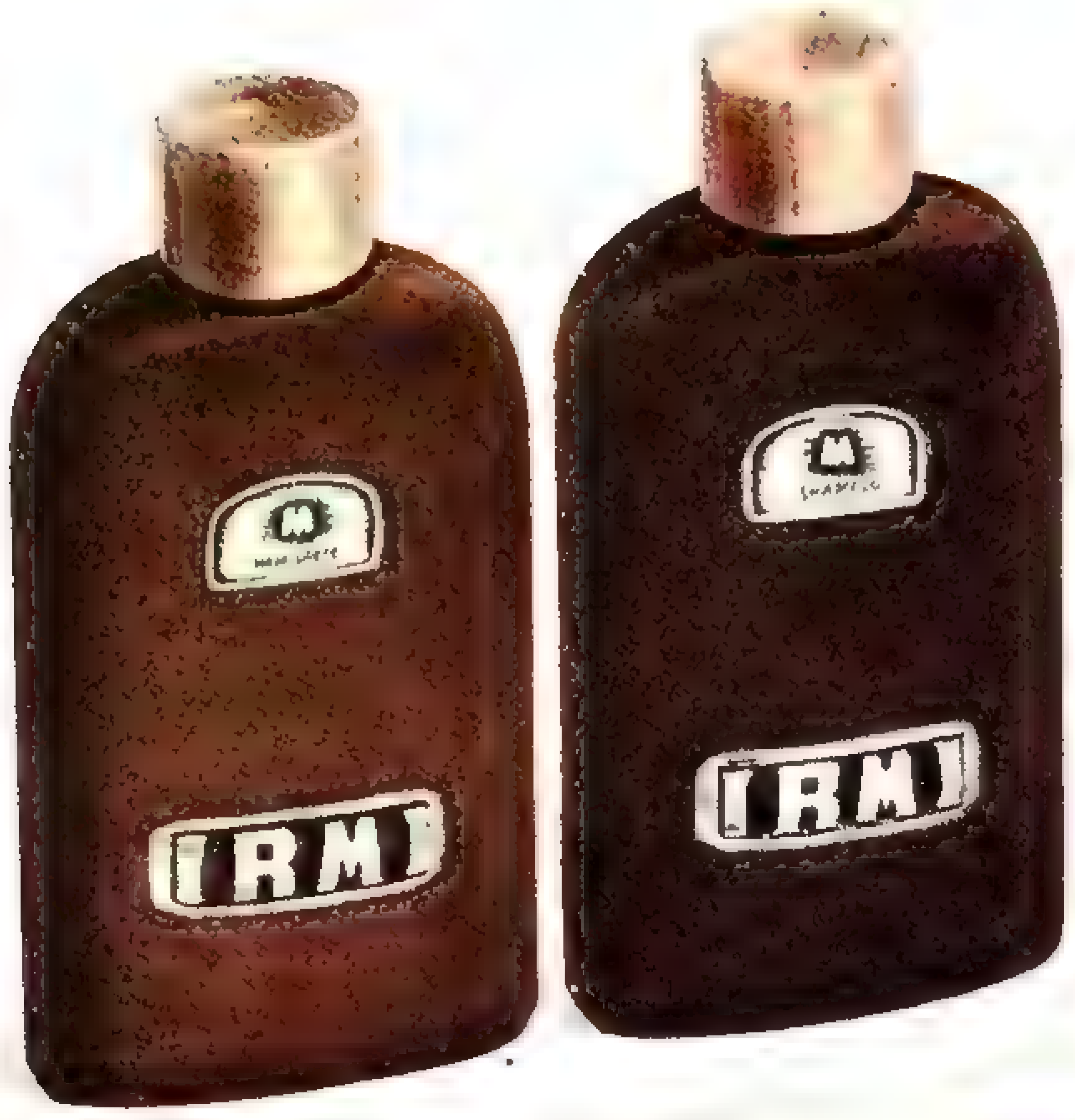

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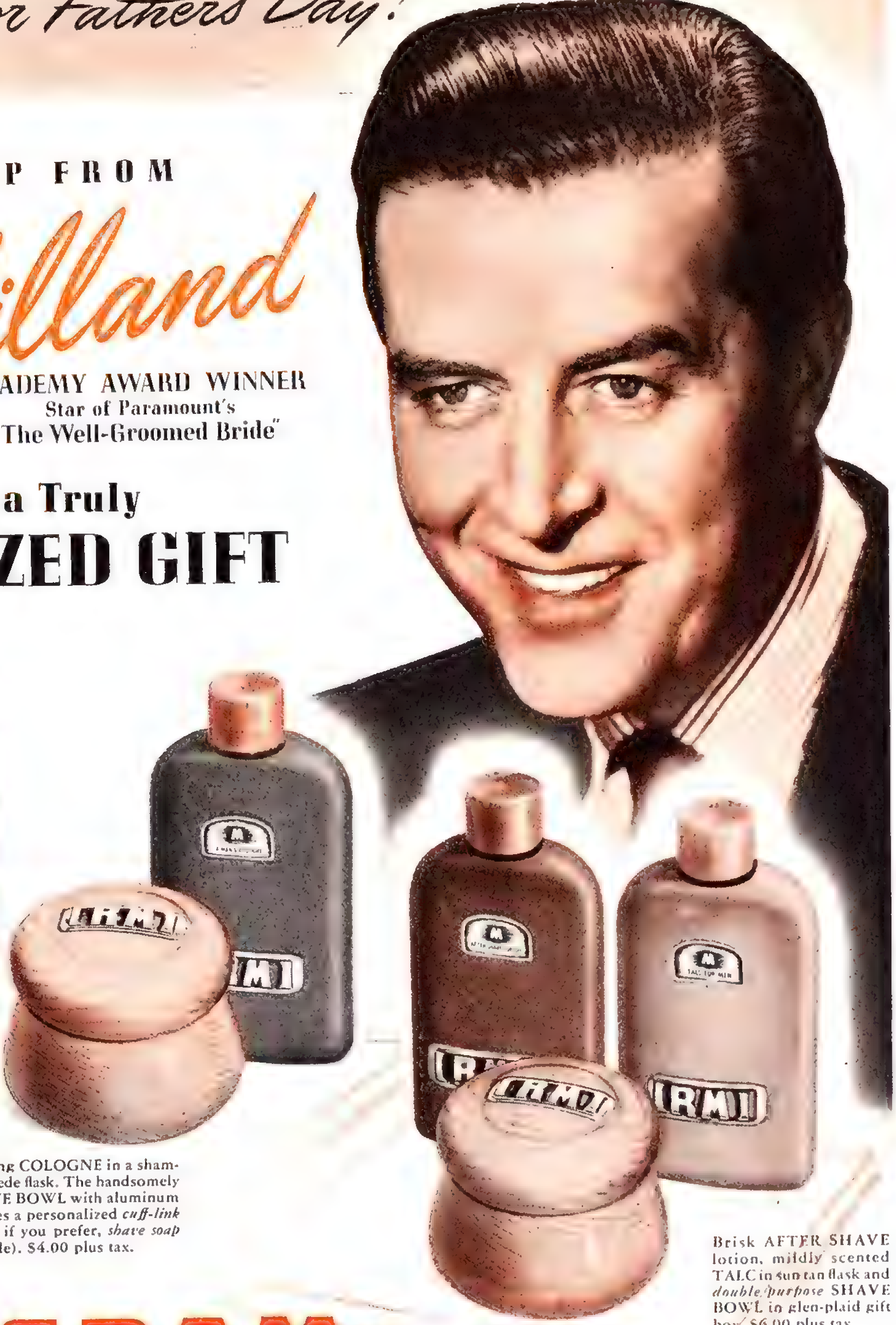

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Sirens Under Sail

Continued from page 92

a few figure-eight turns on the cleat, she had made four or five granny knots, bownots, whatnots. I picked frantically at the wet, tight rope, while we caromed from one newly-painted boat to another, collecting a rainbow of blotches on our bow and leaving our white calling card everywhere. The air around us was charged with the curses of irate owners of boats.

"That's lightning. I want to go home," Bopsie said with tears in her voice.

Then I heard the thunder, although I had noticed no change in the sky. "Those damned dark glasses!" I said, throwing the cause of my weather blindness over the side. The heavens were frighteningly black. "Why didn't you warn me?"

In the brief calm before the squall, we just had time to drop all canvas and tie up astern of a large motorboat, whose skipper sheltered us during the storm. I never used sunglasses on the water again.

Despite this clumsy beginning, we soon mastered the little sloop. We sailed her to Port Washington on the north shore of Long Island, where my sister-in-law was signed on as bosun. From then on, sailing on the distaff side was an educational experience. You see such girls in every small-boat harbor. They wear paint-smeared dungarees and men's shirts with the tails out and no make-up except lipstick. Yet, I discovered there are lace panties under those rough clothes after all.

"Let go the main halyard, smartly now!" you command. They pout and look hurt at being addressed in such peremptory tones.

They resent the skipper's insistence upon keeping the cockpit policed, lines coiled, gear stowed in a regular place. Yet, suddenly they will seize a piece of cleansing tissue to wipe the dust out of some obscure corner of moulding.

Fair lady, fair weather. They demand conditions made to order. Unfavorable weather (which a good skipper welcomes as a challenge to his boat and seamanship) they regard as a warning from Fate to stay in port.

"Oh, you," they sneer, "you're just an overgrown kid playing viking."

A female crew had one advantage. Whenever we were becalmed out on the bay with supper time coming on, I would put Bopsie and Ropsie to swinging the sweeps, while I lay flat on the floor boards. After awhile, a motorboat skipper entering the harbor would notice the two little blondes toiling at eight-foot oars and would lay alongside to heave a towline. At that moment, I would leap up to snatch the line, yell "Thanks," while the wolf in him slunk away snarling.

Two symptoms of yachting fever are the outgrowing of your present boat and the ceaseless craving to sail beyond the horizon. So, it was not long before we disposed of *Breeze o' Wind* and acquired a beautiful eight-ton yawl.

While we had the eighteen-foot dory, we used to dream of a cruise to Maine. As soon as we got the thirty-two-foot boat, we began studying books about the West Indies. But the best any Long Island yachtsman could do that war year was a cruise to Hamburg Cove.

Everybody went to Hamburg Cove. That is, everybody but me. Like Moses, I was brought within sight of the Promised Land, yet not permitted to enter. I had the tide against me and two women with me. Hamburg Cove is a charming, secluded, woodland nook in the Connecticut River just above Essex, which lies six miles upstream from the Sound. We determined to get that far at least.

As we got under way from Port Wash one breathless August morning, the bosun kicked the bucket. It sank like a stone. I would have rowed ashore to buy another, except that in boarding the yawl, my dear mate had fumbled one of the dingy's oarlocks and stowed it, also, in Mr. D. Jones' locker. Thus I learned my first cruising lesson: have two of everything, with the exception, of course, of wives and sisters-in-law.

Before that cruise ended, Bopsie dropped three more rowlocks overboard. I threatened to make her wear the fourth one in her nose, like a Zulu princess. Right after that she dropped herself overboard.

I had just shortened the scope of the anchor cable preparatory to getting under way from Port Jefferson, Long Island, while the girls had started to remove the sail covers. The mate walked out on the boomkin to attack the mizzen and just kept on walking. Hearing the splash, I rushed aft to fish her out. We carried her below and wrung her out, and we had a drink all around and a good laugh, and then Ropsie glanced out a port and asked, "Was that rock there before?"

"Well, maybe not before 50,000 B. C.," I said. "What are you talking about?"

She mounted the companionway ladder, took one look at the

Continued on page 130

INTERIOR—W & J SLOANE—HOUSE OF YEARS

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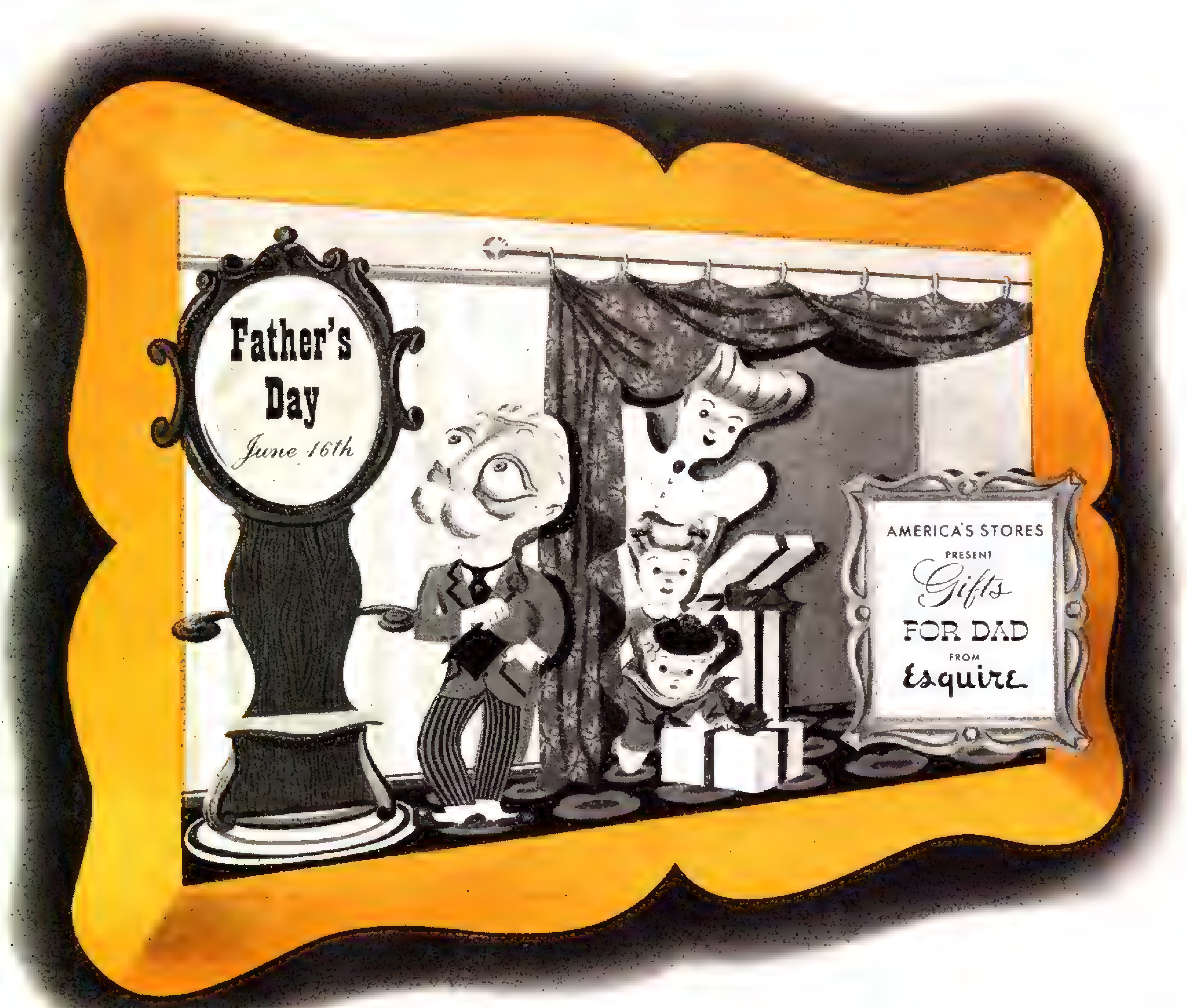

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Aurora, Ill.—Alshuler's
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Binghamton, N. Y.—Sisson Bros. Welden Co.
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Manchester, N. H.—Chas. M. Floyd Co.
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Miami, Fla.—Burdine's, Inc.
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Minneapolis, Minn.—Juster Bros.
Mount Vernon, N. Y.—Langdon
Nashville, Tenn.—Castner-Knott Co.
Newark, N. J.—Hahne & Co.
New Bedford, Mass.—M. C. Swift & Son
New Brunswick, N. J.—Snellenburg Clothes Shop
New Haven, Conn.—J. Johnson & Sons
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche Co.
New York, N. Y.—Wallach's, Inc.
Norfolk, Va.—The Hub
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Rothschild's
Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska Clothing Co.
Paterson, N. J.—Meyer Brothers
Peoria, Ill.—Block & Kuhl Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's Dept. Store
Portland, Maine—A. H. Benoit & Co.
Portland, Ore.—Lipman Wolfe & Co.
Providence, R. I.—The Outlet
Reading, Pa.—Walter Jones
Richmond, Va.—Meyer Greentree
Rochester, N. Y.—Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
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Trenton, N. J.—Nevius-Voorhees
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They fit comfortably because they're made by prideful *experienced* craftsmen. They're smart because they're designed by wide-awake *experienced* designers. Their long wear is due to the fact their leathers are selected by canny *experienced* buyers.

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WALL-STREETER SHOE COMPANY, North Adams, Massachusetts.

SHOES WORTH WEARING

Sirens Under Sail

Continued from page 128

landscape and shrieked. "We're adrift. We're drifting onto the rocks."

While we were below, the tide had risen and the boat had lifted the anchor and wandered off.

"It's all right," I said. "Nothing to fear. We'll just start the engine and pull out of here. Turn on the gas and cooling water, Rop."

"Which way is on?" she asked, kneeling below at the engine.

"I have told you twenty times. In the United States, all standard valves open to the left and close to the right."

"There's no right and left to a circle," she persisted.

"Well, clockwise and counterclockwise, then. Hurry up."

We had run out beyond the breakwaters about ten minutes and were in the clear, when the mate said, "I smell something funny."

The engine died with a gasp. I opened the hatch and wisps of smoke curled out. A gauge showed the temperature of the cooling jackets to be at least 210 degrees—the instrument could not rise any higher.

"You might have ruined the engine, Rop. Didn't you turn the water valve counterclockwise?"

"Clockwise, your glockenspiel," she cried. "I turned it. If I turned it off, it was on in the first place, so it's all your own fault."

Thus I learned my second lesson: no matter what misfortune befalls the skipper when sailing with women, it's always his own fault.

The engine was not ruined, but it was temporarily conked. We could keep it running only about five minutes at a time, before we had to shut it off for a half hour to cool. Luckily, we caught some breeze, and in a day or so dropped the hook off Lyme, where the engine was repaired.

Afterward, we spent a lazy day on the picturesque Connecticut River, and the girls washed their hair in the soft, sweet water. It began to seem as though our troubles were ended. The ship's long-standing rule against cocktails before anchoring for the night was relaxed.

Maybe that was an error. Maybe it was the dusk. Maybe it was the tricky wind-against-tide situation. Maybe it was just women again.

We were approaching Hamburg Cove under power, anticipating a good dinner and a moonlight swim, when it happened. We knew the channel was narrow, but we could not tell whether the buoy at the entrance marked the limit of fair water for the mainstream or the cove. The mate took the wheel, while I perched on the bowsprit.

We crawled forward uneasily, sometimes the wind swinging us to one side, sometimes the current to the other. I thought I saw the yellowish cast of a sand shoal on the port bow.

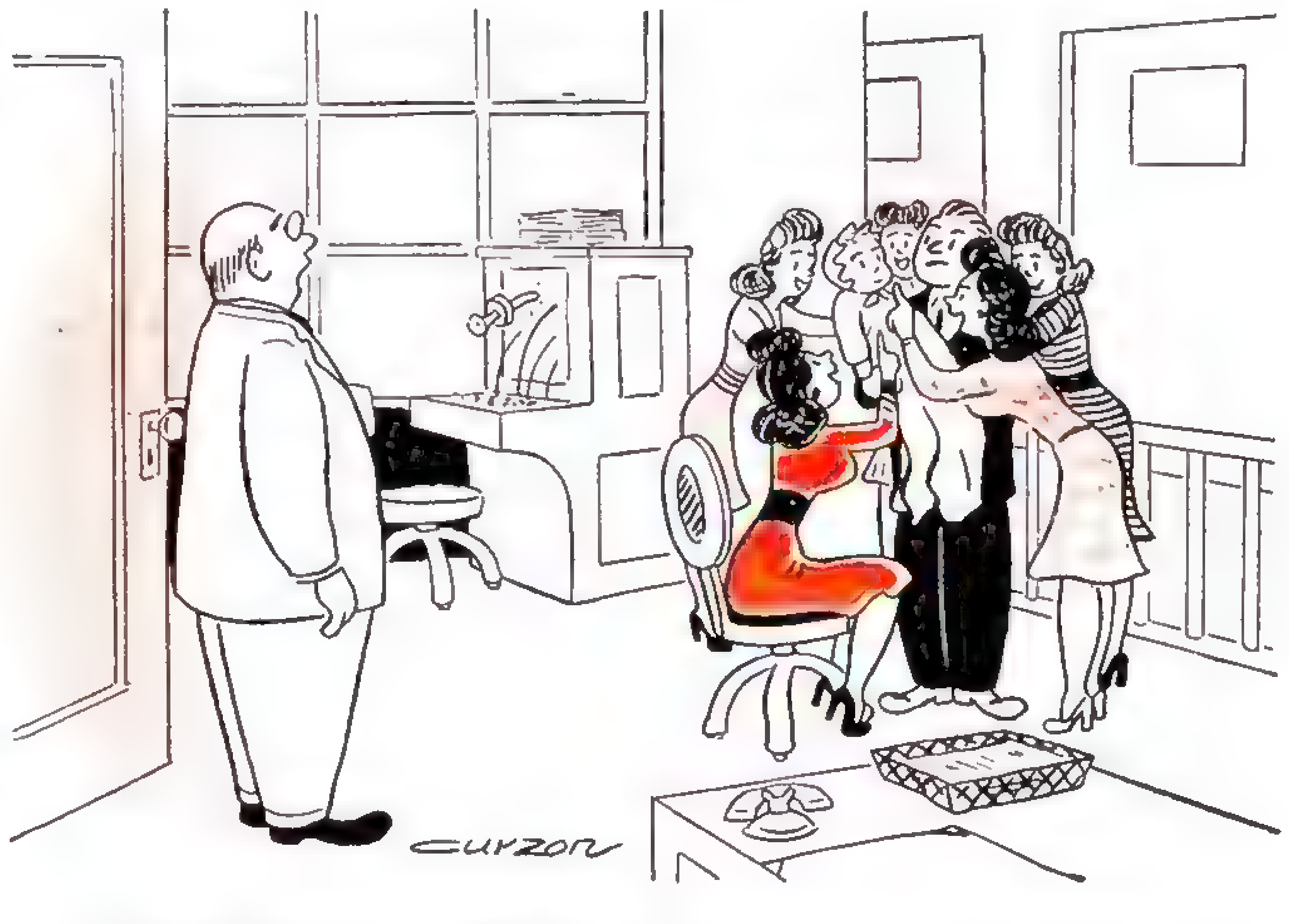
"Hard over!" I shouted to Bopsie. Sea grass appeared to starboard. "Reverse!" She reversed. "Straighten out quick!" She put the gear stick in neutral to right the helm. That did it. With no way on, the current put us deeply on a bar.

And there we stuck. We attempted everything the books tell and more. We put the engine full speed astern while we all bounced on the bowsprit. Planting the anchor in deep water, we hauled mightily on the line. But instead of pulling the boat to the anchor, we succeeded only in drawing the anchor back to the boat. We made sail and everybody hung over the lee rail to take her off at a sharp heel. She did not budge. The water was dropping away fast, and the mud was like glue.

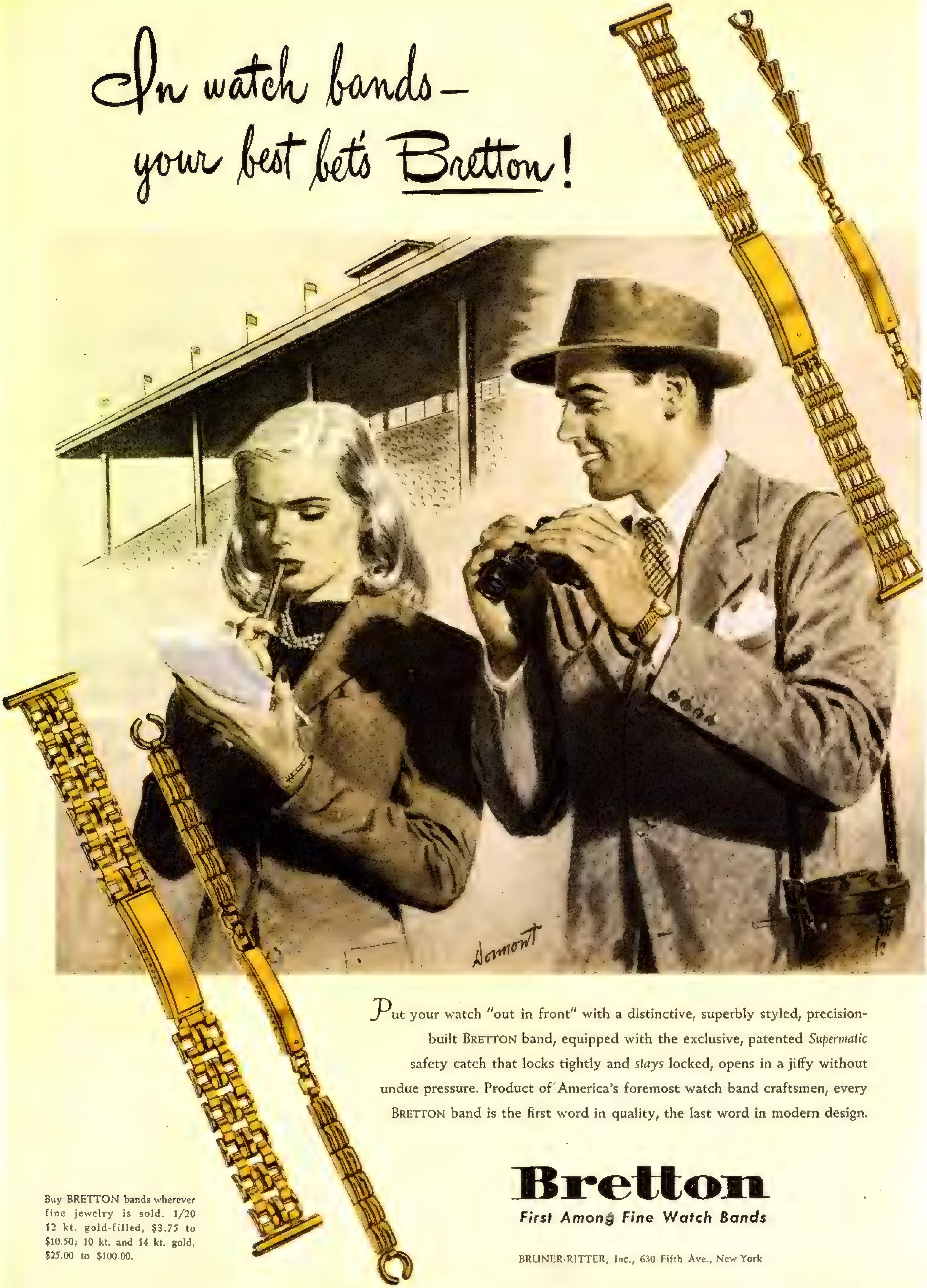
You know how firemen are when turned loose on a burning house—they create more wreckage than the fire. Motorboat men seem to be affected in somewhat the same way by sight of a grounded vessel. They swarmed about us, insistent on trying to pull us off.

When you are becalmed without an engine, you can't persuade a powerboat to tow you in short of firing a shot across his bow. But as soon as we got stranded on that shoal a squadron of monkey-

Continued on page 132



"Mr. Stevens, after this I suggest you carry your baby's picture"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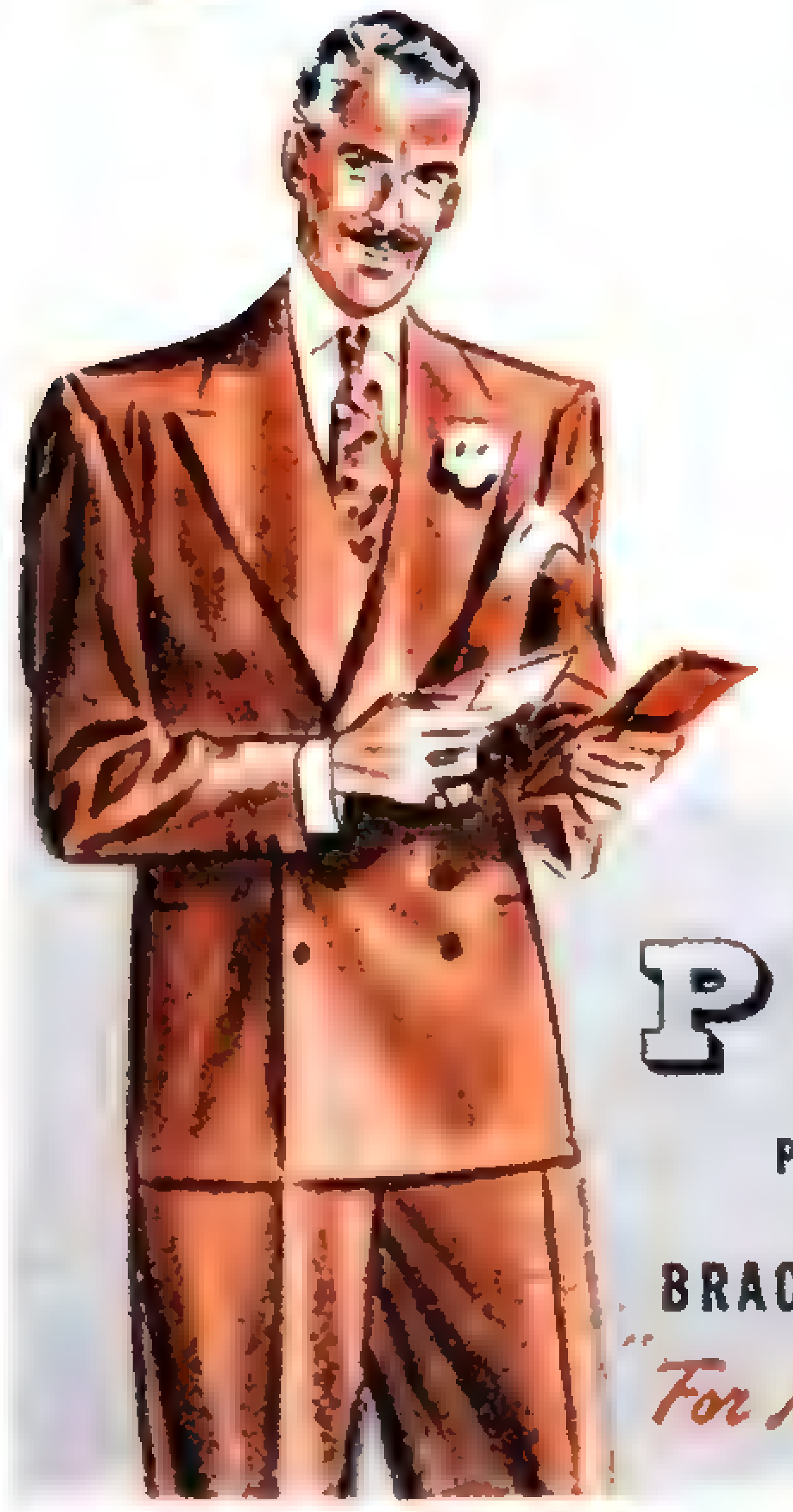

Bench-crafted, fine "crunchy" leather in glazed saddle finish helps make this a wallet any man would be proud to carry. Smartly designed, it boasts a slip-out, plastic bound, leather-covered pass-case; a snap closured compartment . . . One of a galaxy of Pioneer wallets for every occasion. On sale at most men's counters from $1.50 to $7.50 plus tax

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"For Men Who Care What They Wear"

Sirens Under Sail

Continued from page 130

wrench sailors begged to hitch up their hundred horsepower to drag the bitts right out of our boat.

"That can't happen," one of those helpful characters argued with me. "Your bitts are bedded in the keel, aren't they?"

"Yes," I granted, "but what's my keel bedded in? Just leave it lay, thanks. We'll sweat out the next flood tide."

Worn out with our efforts and alone at last, we hung a light in the rigging and waited. High water and liberation we reckoned would arrive about 3:30 a. m.

"It was my fault," said Bopsie. "But we'll have a good dinner."

The mate and bosun got to work on a veal scaloppine à la Marsala while I sat on deck, gloomily watching the tide fall. When they called me to chow, I say they had done the ship proud. In the fragrant skillet bubbled a gem of Bolognese culinary art. At that happy moment, our little home afloat rolled over on her side in the mud; the lights went out; and I got my veal—all over me.

My crew screeched and scrambled for the main hatch.

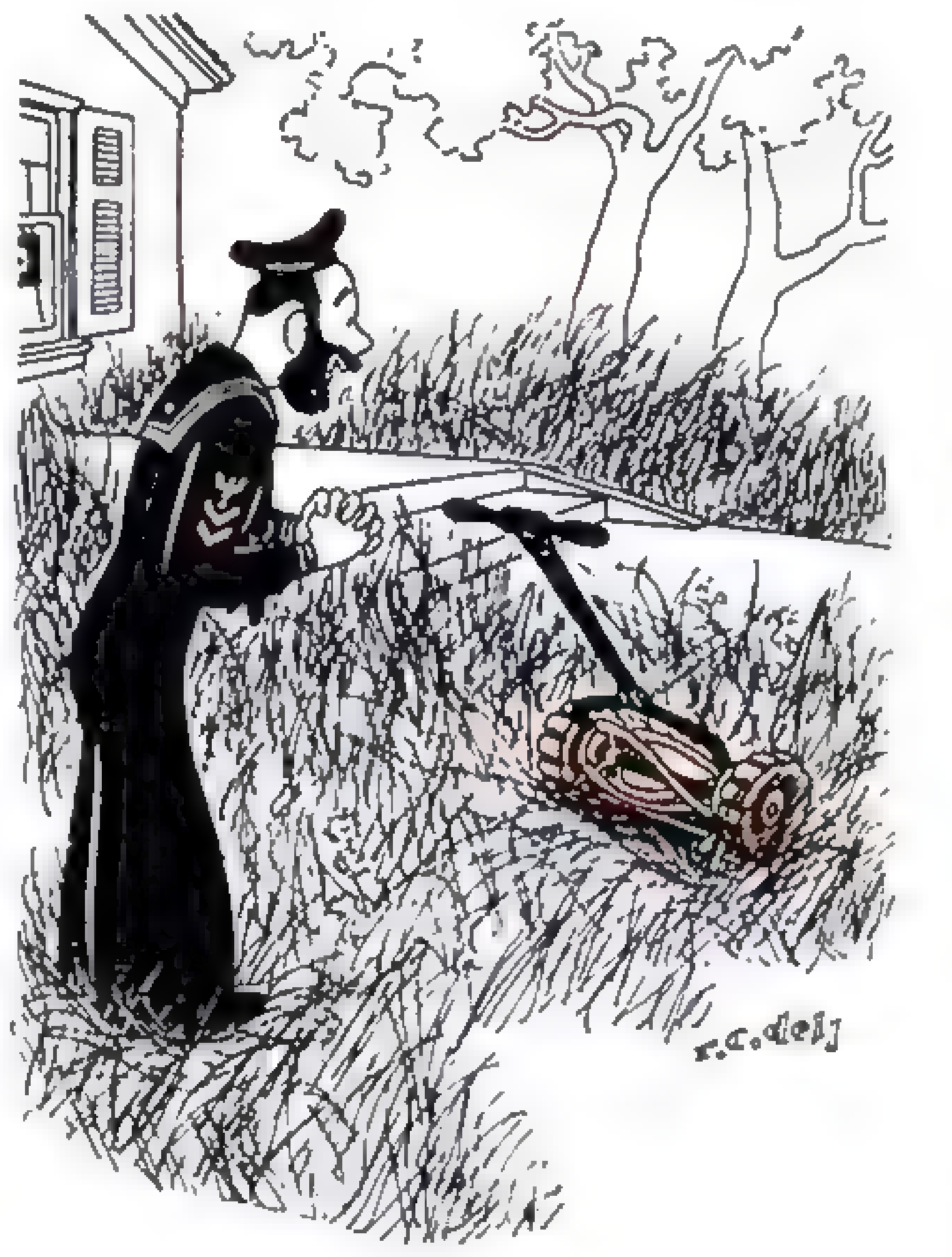
"Lemme outa here!" Ropsie cried.

In the darkness, we stumbled over the dishes and all manner of gear. Nothing was in its familiar place, and the companionway ladder lay nearly horizontal.

"Come back," I called. "There's no danger."

I caught hold of my wife and held her, but Ropsie, panic-stricken, had escaped and was dragging herself over the steep, canted deck.

When a deep-keel sailboat lies down in shallow water, the cabin looks as your room at home might if it were suddenly overturned onto one side wall. When the bottom is soft and the weather calm, things may appear like Alice's world through the looking glass, but there is nothing to worry about. As the water comes in again, the boat will straighten up and eventually float off.



"Oh, boy!"

Explanations to my crew were of little avail. They saw the berths hanging in mid-air, the floorboards where the bunkboards should be, and found themselves crawling over locker doors. I think Bopsie might have stuck by me, but the bosun was beyond that.

"Lemme outa here!" she kept screaming. Frantically, she donned a life jacket and got into the dinghy. I told her to be sensible. She pleaded with us to abandon ship with her. She broke into tears, and then Bopsie said, "All right, all right, we'll go."

"We will not," I said. "She's hysterical."

"That's just the point, you brute." The mate turned on me. "I'll never sail with you again."

Despite my pleas, both girls put off in the dink. They drifted around the boat in the night, blowing the foghorn to call help.

"Stop that," I implored. "You'll make us look like damn fools."

When it seemed nothing could induce them to return, I went below and rolled up in a blanket on the bulkhead to try to sleep. My last prayer was that no one would come to the "rescue."

I must have dozed off, in spite of the braying horn, for I was awakened by a shout from shore.

"Ahoy there! What's the matter?"

"We're aground," the girls shouted.

I heard a splashing from shore. By then, the water had dwindled to a foot or two in depth, and someone was walking out to us. I hid quietly in the dark cabin, peeping out a porthole. Not for command of a Cup Defender would I face that person.

I saw him in the moonlight, a fisherman evidently, standing in water up to his knees next to Bop and Rop in the dinghy.

"What's the matter?" he asked again, staring down at their life vests. "What yer tootin thet horn fer?"

"We're aground," Ropsie answered.

"What about it?" he demanded. That cured them immediately.

The fisherman became gallant.

"How'd you like to come up to my place for a little drink?"

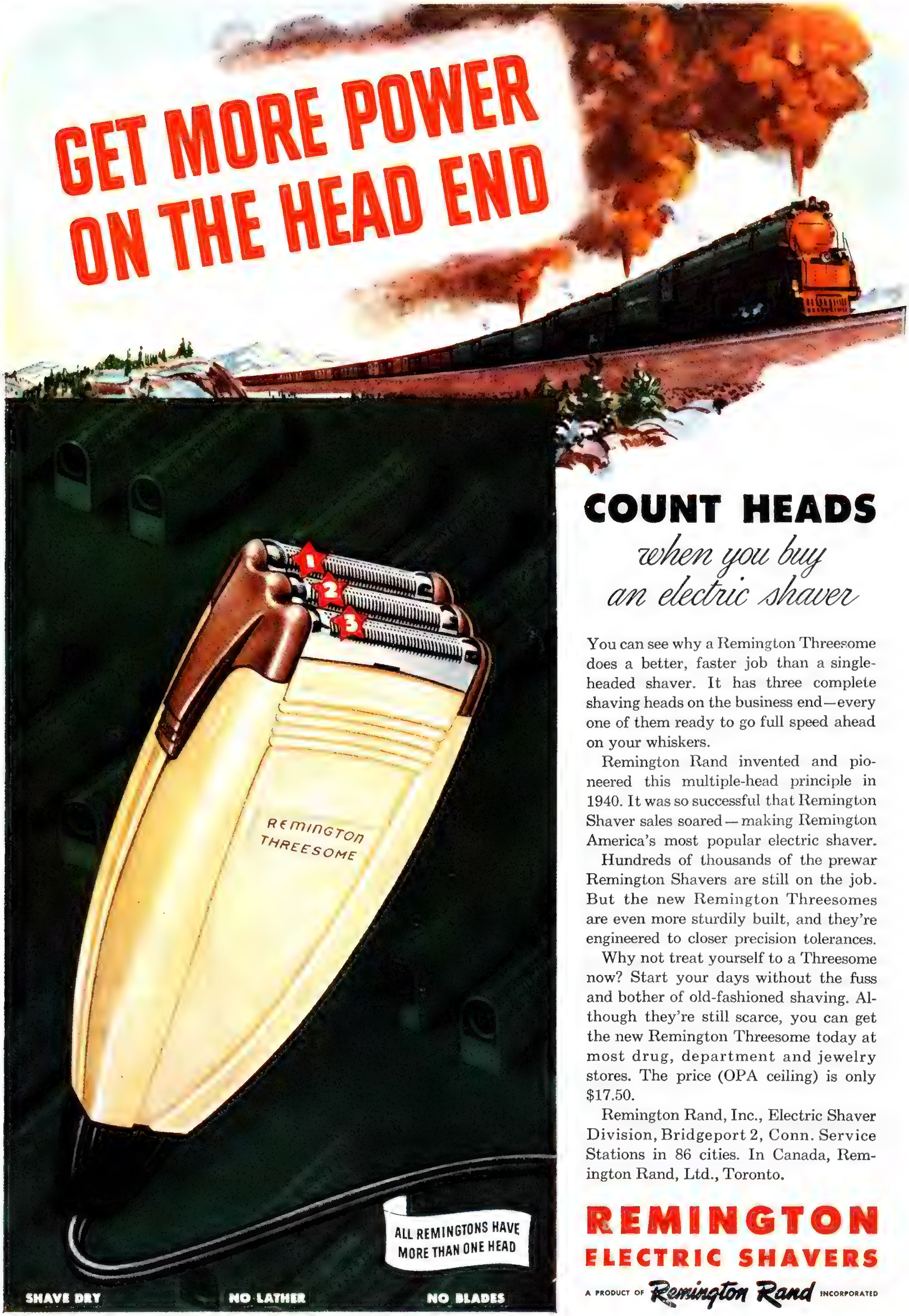
"No, thanks," they said hastily and bolted back to the yawl.

"Fine thing," they complained to me as they clambered aboard. "You leave your own wife and sister-in-law out alone at night in a wilderness. You don't care what happens. You just go to sleep."

As the tide rose, the boat gradually righted herself and at 3:30 we floated free. Although the anchor lights of yachts inside Hamburg Cove beckoned, we had lost our enthusiasm for the place. We ran to Essex for the rest of the night.

Bopsie and Ropsie are still threatening never to sail with me again. They have turned into pretty good shipmates at that. They don't get seasick, they sometimes put things away, and, in general, they act less and less like ladies all the time. Still, I do not expect miracles. Comparing the curves of my boat and those of my crew, I know they were not made for each other. #

Continued from page 92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OLD CHARTER, KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. THIS WHISKEY IS 6 YEARS OLD, 90 PROOF . . . ANCIENT AGE, KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. THIS WHISKEY IS 5 YEARS OLD, 86 PROOF . . . I. W. HARPER, KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF . . . OLD RIPY, KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF . . . JAMES E. PEPPER, KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF . . .

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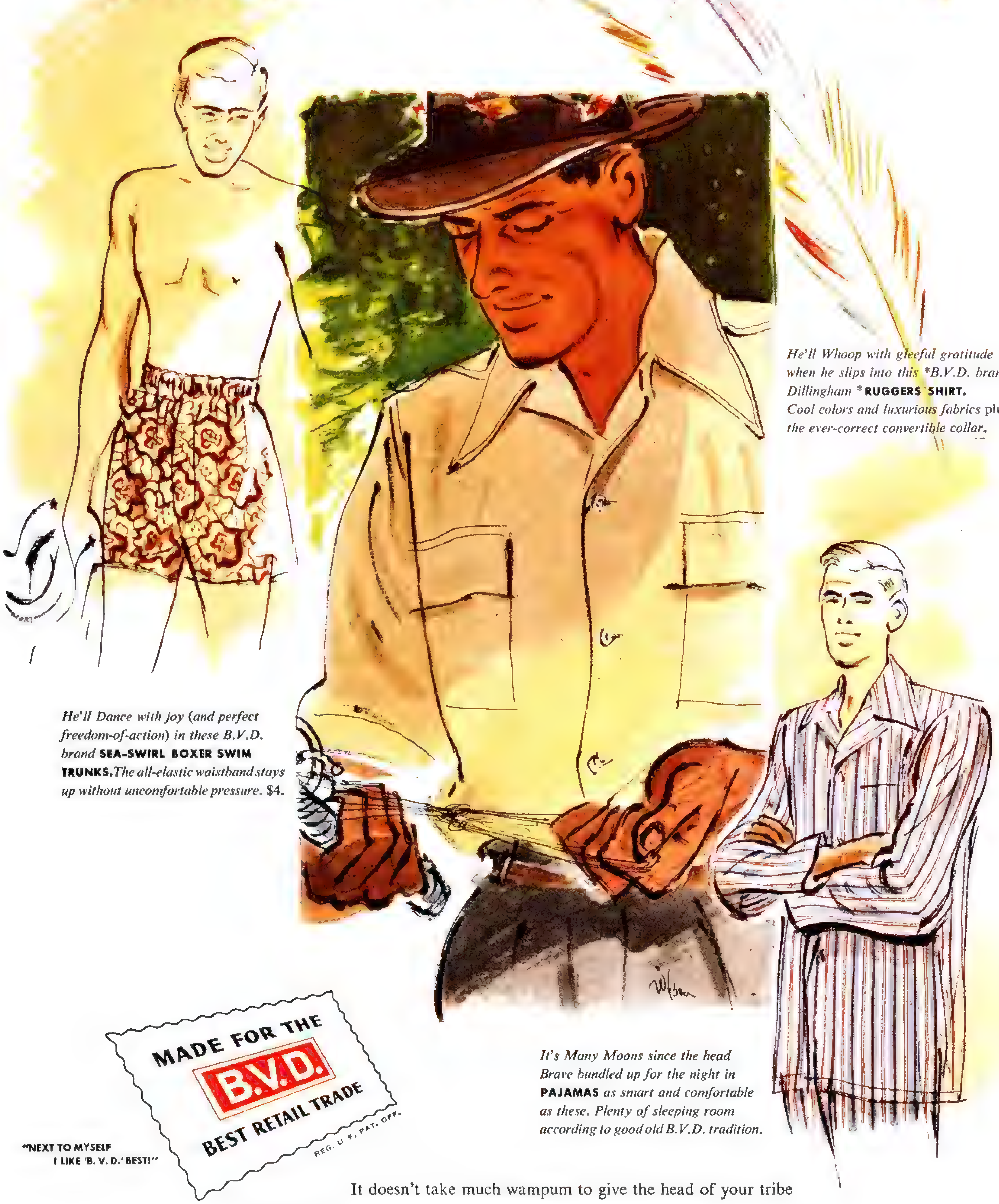

He'll Whoop with gleeful gratitude when he slips into this *B.V.D. brand Dillingham ***RUGGERS SHIRT.** Cool colors and luxurious fabrics plus the ever-correct convertible collar.

He'll Dance with joy (and perfect freedom-of-action) in these B.V.D. brand **SEA-SWIRL BOXER SWIM TRUNKS.** *The all-elastic waistband stays up without uncomfortable pressure.* $4.

It's Many Moons since the head Brave bundled up for the night in **PAJAMAS** *as smart and comfortable as these. Plenty of sleeping room according to good old B.V.D. tradition.*

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Watch Out for Wire Tapping

Continued from page 65

up in the same way they'd make a grab at a coiled rattlesnake.

At present the majority of your business telephone calls are from people who want you to do something, or to people you want to do something for you. Yet the telephone is supposed to be a labor-saving device.

The telephone strikes taught a lot of people something new about their dependency on the phone habit. Some who couldn't get telephone calls through saved themselves considerable trouble and found that they weren't so badly off as they had expected.

In a comparatively brief time, as strikes go, the feeling of relief from telephone dictatorship began to outweigh the inconvenience of restricted telephone service. It was a development alarming to the telephone company, the strikers and the holders of the blue chip Am Tel & Tel stock. They all had an inclination to compromise.

After one falls into the habit of tapping one's own wire there can be no more compromise than there can be with smoking opium. And, like the opium addict who wants company when he inhales poppy fumes, the wire-tapping victim wants others to share the habit.

A gabby old bag will offer to trade her record of a chat with another specimen of her kind, in which goings on among the choir members were fully discussed. She will want, in return, a recording of what Murgatroyd had to say about how much time it took the milkman to deliver to her next door neighbor. The whole country will become a farm party line.

Then some promoters will come along with a loud-speaker for the telephone and the confused housewives will blow their tops trying to decide whether to listen to *Oswald's Other Wives* on the radio or get a load of dirt from real life by listening to a transcribed telephone discourse.

Gradually the idea of telephone privacy will become obsolete.

And all because businessmen wanted to become more efficient and entertained delusions that lying and disputes might be made obsolete in commercial transactions. What these brilliant hopefuls didn't think of is that a gifted liar can lie out of any previous lie, recorded or not. Warning him that anything he telephones may be used against him is merely a challenge to the guy. Warning is what the telephone companies ask be made mandatory by the Federal Communications Commission. The warning of wire tapping by a phonograph is to be given by a dial tone, trick marks in phone directories, or other devices.

Some sensitive persons may take offense at these warnings being equivalent to an overture of mistrust. The old line about business being conducted on a basis of mutual confidence will be given a scientific kick in the pratt figuratively and the ear literally.

The gadget certainly will play hell with the amorous element now in many of the most interesting telephone conversations. A man would practically have to conduct his telephone conversations with his current passion through his lawyer. Otherwise the female and her lawyer might suggest that a jury appraise the commitments unless the trapped wolf shakes down satisfactorily.

Ramifications of the menace of recorded telephone conversations include the sales meeting. If there could be any drearier sort of a sales meeting in which the voice of the Big Boss comes on second bounce, name it. Regardless of the ego of the president, general sales manager, or any other top official, salesmen who have to attend sales meetings are completely indifferent to the sermons on the old college try, even when given straight from an important larynx.

While listening to a replay of a wire-tapped pep talk by the Big Boss the salesman cannot be blamed for allowing his mind to wander to what's running at Belmont or the city's most comfortable air-conditioned movie. Salesmen today already have their own good alibis for slowness of delivery. Any new routine the management wants the sales force to present in chats with the trade calls for more than an echo of management's voice. It is traditional with a sales force to believe that the home-office executives spend too much time thinking of how they can work less and the sales force work more. Cutting in on some more evidence of that is no inducement that'll make enthusiastic wire tappers of salesmen.

The salesmen will want to hide away from telephones. So will everybody else who has no eagerness to hear or be heard in telephone talks second-throated. But where'll they go? An imminent threat is that of the manufacture and use of very compact walkie-talkies. No matter whom you talk to you may be secretly put on a record by parties unknown.

It all seems to be working up a great future for the carrier pigeon business and for the teaching of the finger language now used by mutes. Maybe it's all for the best. All of us have had reason for lamenting that we talk too much.

It seems to be plain that some inventors are rushing you toward the day when everything you say may backfire. Even a child may hold you to the promise of a phone conversation the brat had recorded.

But, inasmuch as the wire-tapping recorder is here to stay, you might as well make your necessary adjustment. Try to perfect a technique of carrying on a telephone conversation by saying "huh" in as few inflections as possible and let the party on the other end of the wire take the risk of being tapped for the record.

Or hang up when anybody answers. #

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take the
'5 o'clock Shadow'
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DOUBLE Dad's delight—with Gem's special Father's Day presentation set! Includes gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor and five Gem Blades in richly-lined case. *Plus* six added packs of Gem Blades! All this shaving comfort in a fine presentation box—only $2.75. He'll use it with pleasure, show it with pride. Other attractive Gem gift sets, from 89¢.

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No one likes to wait . . . least of all when it means postponing your opportunity to be TALLER.

But, perhaps, you won't mind waiting for your "ELEVATORS" Height-Increasing Shoes quite as much when you know that:

Now, with military needs decreased, civilian shoe production has been increased. That means more "ELEVATORS". Of course, there are thousands of other men just as eager as you to experience "the Thrill of being TALLER" . . . and we hope that conditions will soon permit us to increase *still further* the production of "ELEVATORS", so that all men who *want* to *can* get the "lift" they've been waiting for. In the meantime, if your dealer happens to be temporarily out of your size, please try again. He may receive them the very next day. But, even if you must wait a bit longer . . . always remember: **"ELEVATORS" are worth your WAIT in GOLD.**

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With fine leathers once again available, with additional skilled craftsmen returning to their work benches, we proudly announce the acme of shoe perfection, De Luxe Grade "ELEVATORS". Write for free booklet and name of nearest dealer.

STONE-TARLOW CO., INC. BROCKTON 68, MASS.

The Blend Trend in Whiskeys

Continued from page 108

with consequent loss of caste unless the producer's reputation was a bond in itself.

Challenging this setup, the "light" innovations had the additional handicap of inexperience. Makers tested out one blend after another. They were in there trying and learning, and gradually their endeavors began to click. By the time of Volstead, light-bodied American whiskeys, known as spirit-blend whiskeys, were leading the popularity parade, and top-quality brands of this type were commanding higher prices than run-of-the-mill bondeds.

Bottom-quality blends, produced not by distillers but by knights of the chisel, were strictly for the drink-anything trade. An ancient whiskey maker, recalling his job in a cheap rectifying plant thirty years ago, swears that the formula for bargain blends there was three gallons of immature rye to a fifty-gallon barrel of alleged neutral spirits which were by no means free of off-aromas. Flavor and color were doctoring jobs, done with prune juice, caramel, and other "improvers." And so to market, with a fancy label on it.

Prohibition brought in a special breed of distillery doctors. They were surgeons, cutting one bottle of bootleg whiskey into four. If they peddled it as American, they called it rye, but it was made of any material they could get hold of, in surroundings which weren't exactly hygienic. And the alky they did their cutting with was out of the back doors of dummy concerns purporting to be engaged in the manufacture of perfumes, hair tonics and such. The chemicals with which it had been denatured so as to be non-drinkable were only partially cast off. Souvenirs that lingered in it keynoted that era's stench, tainting even the medicinal whiskey sold on doctors' prescriptions.

Hence Repeal was celebrated with a vociferous demand for straight whiskey and nothing else but, regardless of the fact that most of the straights available were necessarily short on age. Not by any stretch of enthusiasm could you call them mellow. Light-bodied blends made of truly bouquet whiskeys and genuinely neutral spirits of grain were booed at sight. The unscrupulousness of big liquor concerns to put out such stuff! And the dumbness of figuring that consumers wised up by Prohibition's tricks would fall for cut-wares!

But when these objects of suspicion were personally contacted and granted a chance to give out their fragrance and demonstrate their smoothness, critics began to recollect the pleasant blends of yore, with a P.S., "These are even pleasanter."

From that break-in, the climb to best-seller heights has been as easy as coasting.

These whiskeys—I am speaking of the outstanding ones, not the tag-alongs—have every right to be considered superior to the blends that old-timers remember. Indeed, they are basically different from those bygones, most of which were assembled without over-all planning or adequate control of quality. In those days the typical whiskey "house" in back of a blend label wasn't apt to possess a distilling plant, let alone several plants located in key regions, as is the case nowadays. By and large, whiskey in distillery warehouses was a commodity, traded in by means of warehouse receipts handled by brokers. Mr. Blender fed his brand on 500 barrels picked up in western Pennsylvania, and the lucky lot he had got news of from Louisville, and what his good friend Steve had happened upon in Illinois, and so on.

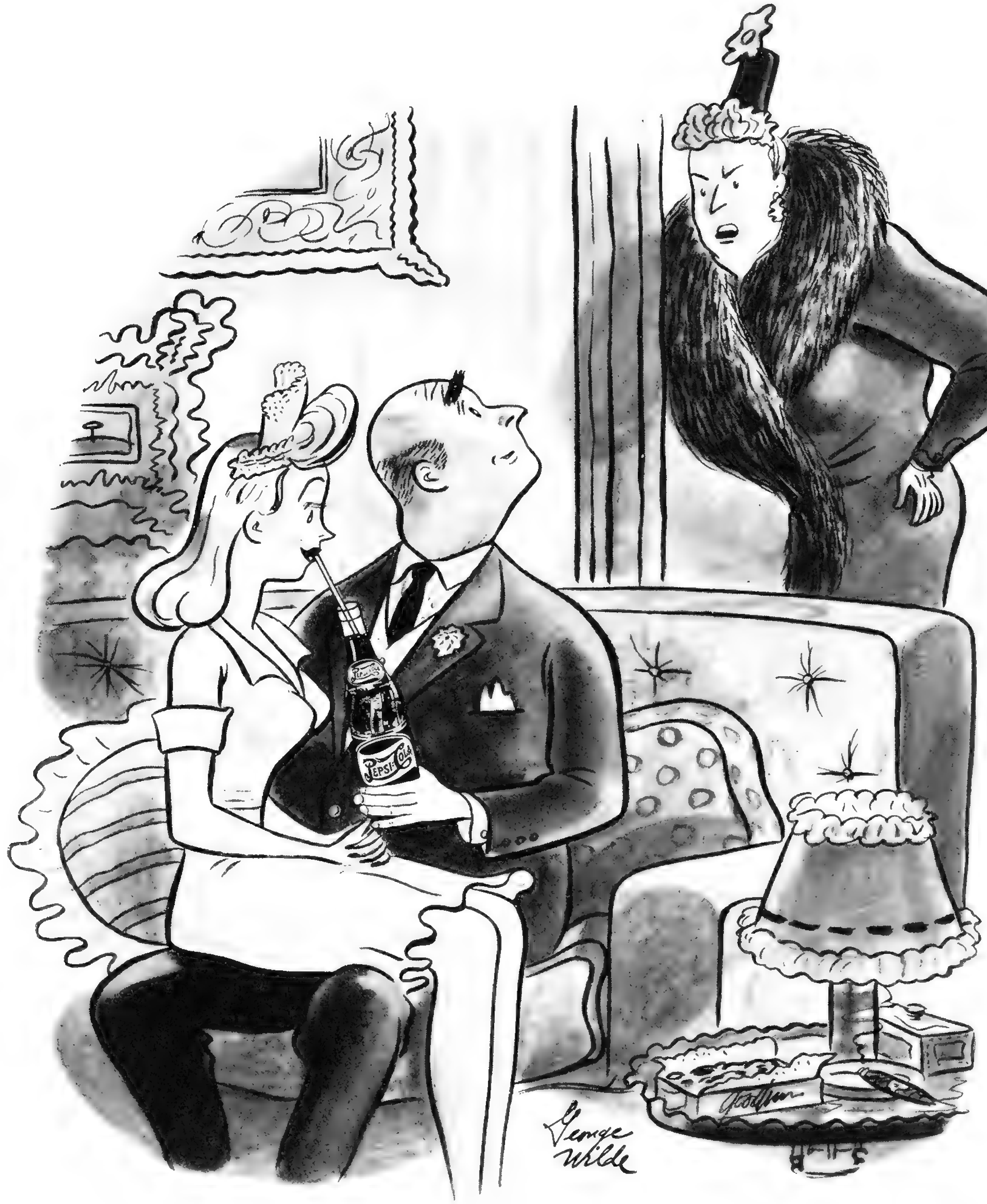
Even if he were equipped to do part, or all, of his distilling of the straight whiskeys that went into his blend, he would be a notable exception if he also made his grain neutral spirits. *They* require a huge plant, stocked with apparatus as costly as it is complicated. The mere task of trueing-up such a plant can keep a staff of technicians busy for a couple of years. So, unless our blender had resources and customers unlimited, his product was subject to variations. When you bought a bottle you were gambling on what he was offering *this* time.

No such uncertainties surround the uncorking of any of the favorite blends today. They are high-precision propositions, made according to flavor specifications set up in advance and scientifically adhered to, with white clad test-tubers and dial-watchers (whom you might mistake for hospital internes) seeing to it that they do. The private life of a grain of corn or rye is pried into. Yeast colonies are inspected before being entrusted to the task of fermenting a batch of cooked mash whose starch has been converted by malt into sugar which the yeast turns into alcohol.

The makers of modern light-bodieds have gone industrial, func-

Continued on page 140

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY


Pepsi-Cola
George Wilde

"Edgar! Do you realize that's our __*last*__ *bottle of Pepsi-Cola?"*

The Blend Trend in Whiskeys

Continued from page 138

tioning on an assembly-line basis. Except for its similarity to a hospital or a super-laboratory, you'd think that one of their ostentatiously spotless plants was a hall of engineering. The stills are stupendous columns, several stories tall and divided internally by perforated plates arranged in series like the floors of skyscrapers. Vapors ascending from the bottom meet fermented "beer" percolating down from the top, and this skirmishing goes on continuously with alcohol decamping for the cooler and spent "beer" leaving quietly, while fusel oil is censored out by a sidepipe. The more plates, the higher the "proof" of the outflow. Depending upon how it's adjusted, the same still produces either whiskey or grain neutral spirits—the two are that closely related. The next time somebody tells you that a spirit-blend whiskey is "perfectly good liquor mixed up with a foreign substance," you can assure him that G.N.S. is John Barleycorn's own brother. And not his step-brother, either.

The label-reading consumer is often frustrated by bottled blends which neglect to inform him whether the contents are bourbon or rye. The question is more important to semantics than to drinking, however, for almost all whiskeys, straights included, straddle the rye-bourbon line. The Federal Alcohol Administration defines "straight bourbon whiskey" as "straight whiskey distilled from a fermented mash of grain of which not less than fifty-one per cent is corn grain." And rye's mash cannot be less than fifty-one per cent rye grain. In actual practice a bourbon mash is apt to consist of around seventy per cent corn, offset by about twenty per cent rye and ten per cent barley malt for converting the starches into sugar. A typical rye whiskey's make-up would be sixty per cent rye grain, twenty-eight per cent corn, and twelve per cent malt. An exception is pure rye, made entirely of rye grain and rye malt. But it's a rare exception indeed. The overwhelming preference is for whiskeys made from combination mashes; and so it should be, because, don't forget, the name for bourbon whiskey came from Bourbon County, Kentucky, where it was made by rye-trained folks from Pennsylvania. They made corn the dominant note as it was the main grain of their new homeland, but they relished a touch of old home sentiment mixed with it.

Areas of intense partisanship for either rye or bourbon are less clearly bounded on our national map nowadays than they were before Prohibition. We have learned to respect the other fellow's liquor, even to the extent of doing him the honor of drinking some of it. A Californian, partial to bourbon, doesn't cry out, "No! Not *that*!" if his Boston host proffers rye. The fact is, most whiskeys nowadays are so middle-of-the-road, the average partaker would be stumped as to whether they were rye or bourbon. He notes with a sense of recognition the smoothness, the agreeableness, the glow; but that flavor—really it's a teaser. It's subtle and enjoyable and swell and just right, but what the hell *is* it?

His puzzlement explains what the blend boys are up to. They want to please and mystify us, and they are doing that very thing. The scenario of the scheme goes like this:

Checking over the precious oaken eggs in its basket, the General Thirst-Ease Corporation decides which of its blends it will feed, and which others it will cut off without a cent because there aren't enough supplies to go around.

The heaviest allocation is to that runaway, the Enigma Blend, whose back label reports ages and percentages involved without enlightening the consumer particularly. He has to open the bottle to find out what the aroma and flavor are like. But I could tell him in advance that he's going to be pleased, because the blend in that bottle is an exact copy of contents of tasting-laboratory bottle Number Such-and-Such, to which this brand has been geared since its inception. The various whiskeys that figure in it were typed for the parts they play, and so were the grain neutral spirits, even though these latter aren't credited with possessing either flavor or character. During the early years of Repeal, blend labels used to be changed every so often as the age score went up. But today we are greeted by no annual models, no fascinating accessories. Just the same old Same-as-Ever, keeping us at our Old-Fashioned grind and the mint-crushing monotony of juleping:

Place five or six leaves of mint in the bottom of a prechilled, dry twelve-ounce glass or silver beaker; add one teaspoon sugar; crush slightly with a muddler. Pack glass with finely crushed ice (dry, beaten in a bag is best method); pour one-and-a-half jiggers of whiskey over the ice. Stir briskly until the glass frosts. As this stirring will melt some of the ice, add more ice and stir again before serving. Stick a few sprigs of mint into the ice so that the partaker will get the aroma. Serve on a plate or hold in napkin; the touch of a hand would kill frost. #

Continued from page 108

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Jacques Kreisler

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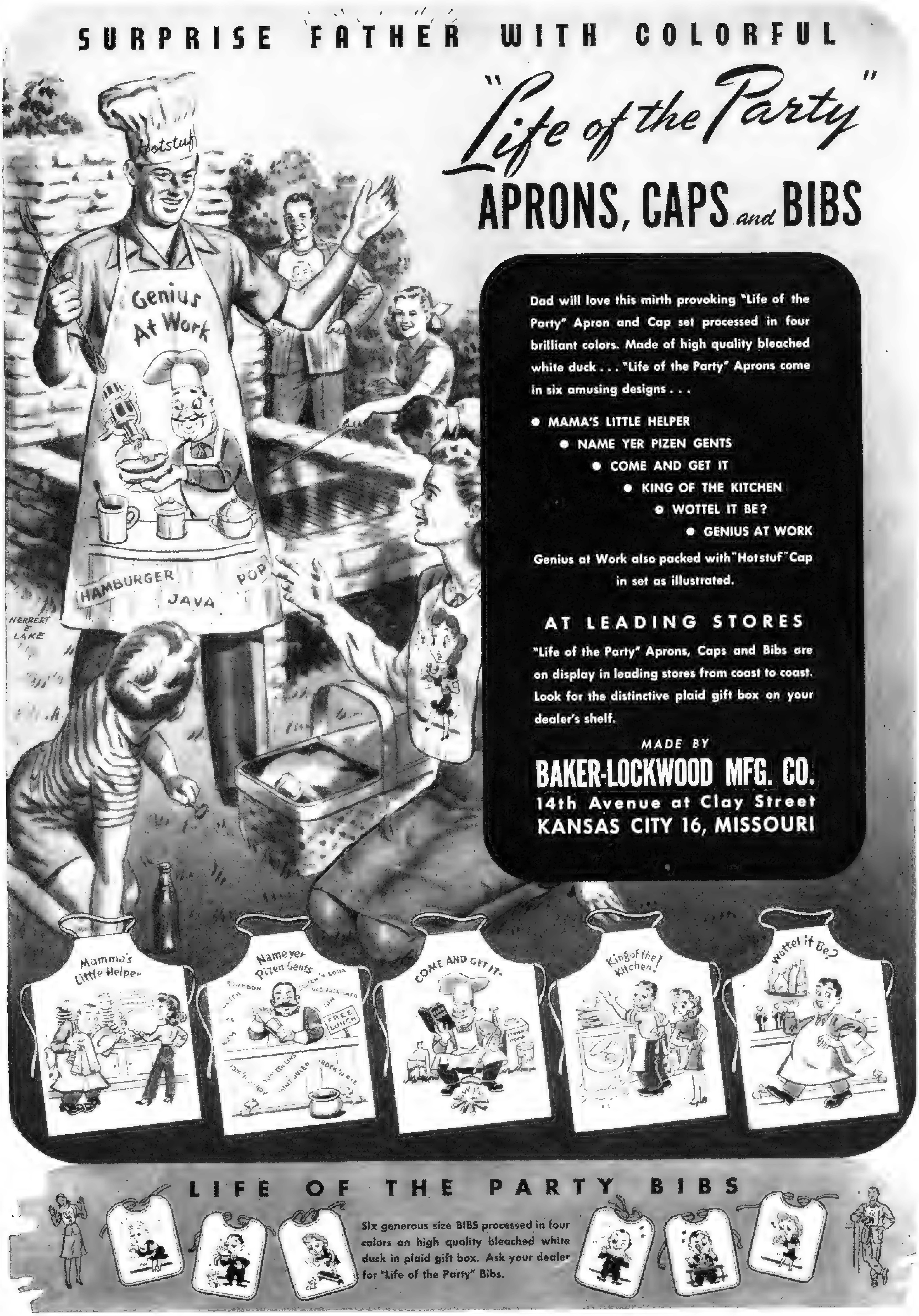
Hotstuf
Genius At Work
HAMBURGER
JAVA
POP
HERBERT E LAKE
Mamma's Little Helper
Name yer Pizen Gents
FREE LUNCH
COME AND GET IT
King of the Kitchen!
Wottel it Be?

SURPRISE FATHER WITH COLORFUL

"Life of the Party"

APRONS, CAPS and BIBS

Dad will love this mirth provoking "Life of the Party" Apron and Cap set processed in four brilliant colors. Made of high quality bleached white duck . . . "Life of the Party" Aprons come in six amusing designs . . .

- MAMA'S LITTLE HELPER
- NAME YER PIZEN GENTS
- COME AND GET IT
- KING OF THE KITCHEN
- WOTTEL IT BE?
- GENIUS AT WORK

Genius at Work also packed with "Hotstuf" Cap in set as illustrated.

AT LEADING STORES

"Life of the Party" Aprons, Caps and Bibs are on display in leading stores from coast to coast. Look for the distinctive plaid gift box on your dealer's shelf.

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LIFE OF THE PARTY BIBS

Six generous size BIBS processed in four colors on high quality bleached white duck in plaid gift box. Ask your dealer for "Life of the Party" Bibs.

The Casbah: A Witch's Brew

Continued from page 42

this point you are confronted with the problem of whether to eat or drink your coffee, it is that thick. But you'll probably not ponder the issue for long with this Oriental cutie hovering about.

There will be a minimum of conversation. Even if you speak French and/or Arabic, there will still be a minimum of conversation. For presently your hostess will set her cup of coffee down on the small round table that has separated you from her loveliness and cross the room to a gramophone in the corner. In another moment Oriental music will be blending with the incense that fills the room.

Just as you are leaning back to light a cigarette and enjoy the music and the sight of the siren, she will be moving away from the gramophone in movements wholly in harmony with the strains of the melody. At first her movements will be slow and languorous, but gaining momentum with the rhythm of the music, *la danseuse* will soon be wholly in the spirit of the *danse du ventre* or the *ultima thule* of Algerian Orientalism, a bit of terpsichore that can be best, if inadequately, described as a dance of the belly muscles...

You are back in the mews again, back in the half-darkness of the Casbah, the odors and the flies rising like a mist from the grey surroundings. Hurrying on, you come suddenly upon a square flooded by sunlight and a mass of humanity. Here and there men stand and sit in groups, some playing cards, others babbling in mystical tongues. Some of the men and most of the women are shrouded in haiks. Open stalls of foodstuffs line the sides of buildings, and the food is scarcely discernible under layers of a billion flies. The fact that life about you is in complete ignorance of the most elementary laws of personal hygiene will probably not enter your mind except in retrospect at a later date, for your mind is too occupied with wondering what is beyond the square, or with viewing the victim of an itinerant dentist whose office consists of a crate for a dental chair and a pocket filled with instruments.

Branching off from the square are a couple of wider thoroughfares, if they can be called that—streets of small shops and cafés. Along the sides of the buildings, men are seated on benches, some talking, some lounging.

Winding about, you suddenly turn into Rue Kartaroudjil, appropriately named after a Turkish pirate, for this is the street of the cheap bordellos. The purveyors of pleasure sit out on the stoops of

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A Wings shirt for joyful pastimes . . . a perfect sports match! Tailored for good looking comfort in Stud, a tropical-weave rayon fabric by Berlinger, it'll come up in the same size, the same clear colors after many a hand-washing. Blue, tan, brown.

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DUTCH MASTERS THE MASTER CIGAR

WHERE A MAN IS KING

A man's home is his castle, where he is free to relax, think his own thoughts, choose his own pleasures. And one of those pleasures is a mellow Dutch Masters Cigar, which he enjoys where enjoyment is keenest—at home.

DUTCH MASTERS

their houses, dressed in depressingly unattractive calico or printed dresses that couldn't reach to the knees if stretched, and drab-looking scarves caught across the heads. But come the night, they will blossom forth in more striking, if not less unbecoming fineries.

"Balek! Balek!"

You look around at a midget donkey bearing down upon you; the driver is shouting get the hell out of the way. On either side of the donkey are baskets filled with refuse, the Casbah's primitive method of keeping the streets clean. But then, the streets are too narrow and too steep for motor-propelled vehicles.

Turning off Rue Kartaroudjil into another mews smothered with shadows, you stumble over a semi-conscious figure lying huddled against the side of a building. Climbing cobblestoned steps, you pass listless women and girls carrying clay jugs to the public fountain at the top of the hill. At the next intersection you turn right into Rue du Caire, another primrose path lined with houses dedicated to pleasures. Here the price scales are a shade higher, but as much can't be said for the pulchritude.

By winding in and out of the serpentine alleyways, you eventually emerge at the top of the hill, momentarily stunned by the blast of heat from the sun. Perhaps one of your first views will be of a mosque, a smooth, wonderfully creamy white temple of worship, and Moslems crowding about a fountain, bathing their perspiring faces and their feet in common water before entering shoeless upon the sacred carpets of Allah.

By now you are physically if not morally exhausted. If you saw the French film *Pepe Le Moko* (moko, by the way, meaning pimp) or even the Hollywood version, *Algiers*, you'll recall that tense scene when Pepe flees the Casbah. From the summit you will wander down the winding labyrinth of alleys and streets along somewhat the same course Pepe took, making your exit into French Algiers at the opposite side of the Casbah.

In this, the normal personality of schizophrenic Algiers, you will probably visit the National Library, formerly the house of Mustapha Pasha, one of the best examples of old Moorish architecture. Throughout the city—the Casbah included—you will find on view one of the greatest array of tiles to be found in the world. How they came to Algiers is an interesting footnote to history. Up until well into the nineteenth century this section of North Africa was governed by Turkey, and the Turks found kidnapping a highly profitable medium of trade. Now these piratical gentlemen had an inordinate penchant for tiles, and not infrequently they would agree

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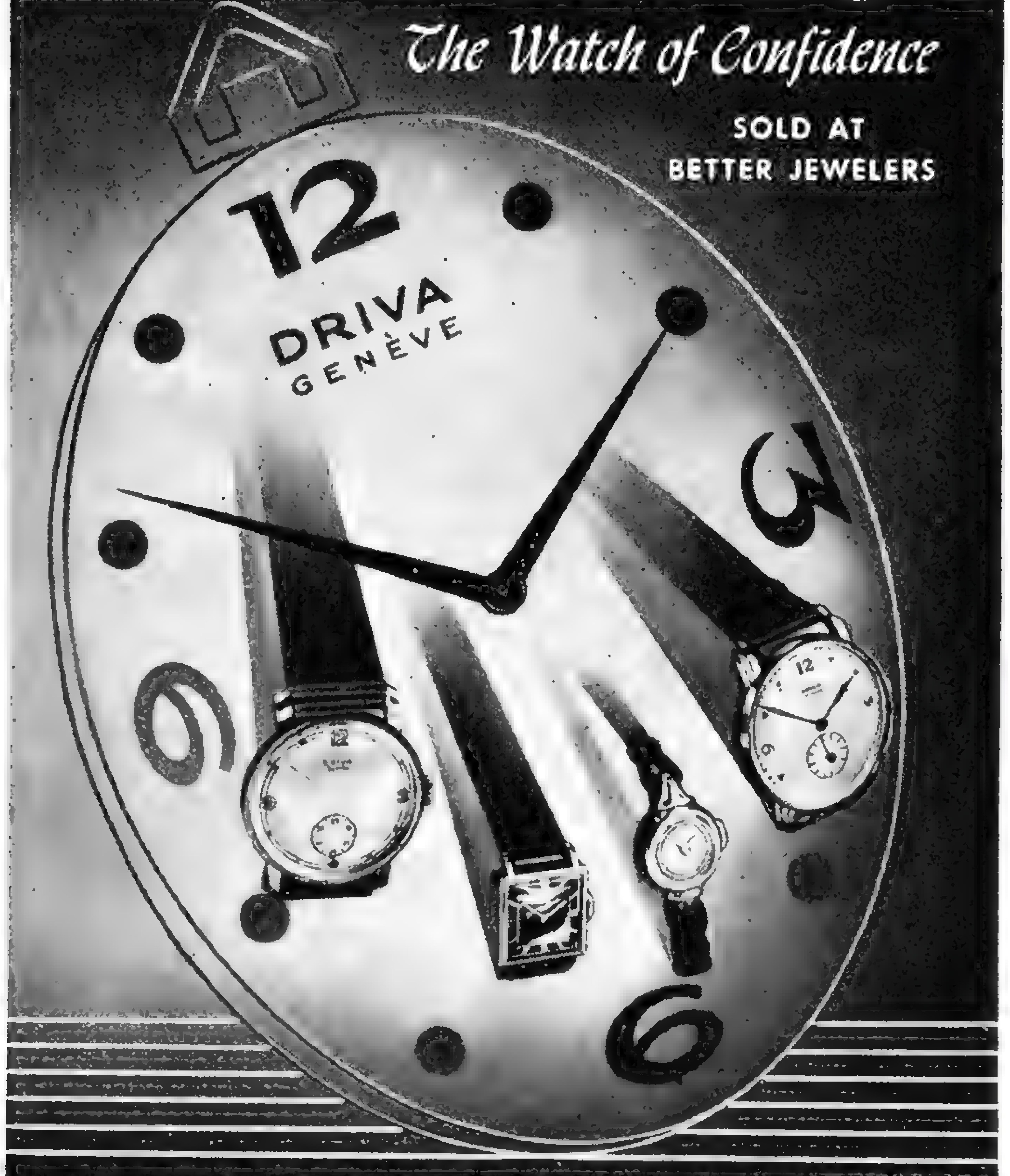

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SMARTER—because it's a jewel-like accessory that belongs with your smartest clothes. Smarter because it works come wind, come rain, come snow! Millions of GIs will tell you it's the rugged, dependable lighter.

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ASBESTOS WICK... lasts for years.

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DOUBLE SEALED—DOUBLY PROTECTED... the inside mechanism is a complete lighter in itself—sealed at bottom, too, to prevent fluid evaporation.

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AT YOUR FAVORITE TOBACCO SHOP, JEWELRY, DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORE

The Casbah: A Witch's Brew

Continued from page 143

to release their victims for shipments of tiles instead of cash. As a result, Algiers, headquarters for the kidnapping trade, became the recipient of untold shipments of prize Persian, Florentine, Milanese and Dutch tiles.

You have spent a day and a night in Little Paris, dining in French restaurants, visiting cabarets and viewing European entertainers, but come the night you return to the Casbah, though you may be a bit squeamish about dining at Bagdad on the hill. Perhaps what you saw during your day of adventuring dislodged any thought of eating a Casbah meal. I'd risk it in the interest of atmospheric harmony, but if you would rather not I suggest as the next best bet an Arab restaurant in the French city. Anyway, Arab food on this occasion is mandatory. Here are some suggestions:

Start off with *chorba*, a highly spiced soup with vermicelli, hot in more ways than one, but memorable. *Bourak* is a mutton minced up with mint and sage and rolled up in a light pastry, the result being something of a sausage roll that is a superb treat. *Leham Lalon*, meaning, literally, sweetmeat, is a mutton stew sunk in a mysterious sauce, and cooked with prunes and sweet almonds.

If you are up in the Casbah and order *Mechoui*—a roast lamb served whole—you will start looking for your knife and fork and you'll find neither. Whereupon you will ask your waiter for your knife and fork, and he will no comprehend, and you will make gestures, and finally faces, and if you succeed in making him understand what you want he will look profoundly shocked, shake his head adamantly and walk away. You do not eat *Mechoui* with a knife and fork, you eat it with your fingers. You wiggle a thumb in here, a forefinger in there, you yank and pull until all your fingers can catch hold, and then you tear your lamb into pieces which you transport to your mouth with your fingers. In an Arab restaurant it is heresy to use a knife and fork on roast lamb.

And now for the dessert. One of your best bets, and the one I shall, herein, commend to your attention, is *heloua*, a dish of sweets and cakes made of flour and honey, almond paste and orange water. As for the coffee that accompanies it—you have already met it in the lovely lady's salon.

Of course before the meal you had an apéritif, perhaps a Pernod, and you probably had wine to harmonize with the ambrosia, and you closed the gastronomic proceedings with a cordial. And if you are not, by now, in the proper spirit for the Casbah, you should have stayed home.

The Casbah by night seems like still another world than it appeared by day. The street lamps high up on the buildings cast faint glows of pale yellow. If you have a streamlined guide you might find him equipped with a flashlight; but my preference would be for a guide who is not too wonderfully modernized. You follow him up this mews and down that, through pitch black and across the faint yellow spot of light from the lamps above. There are fewer people about, but more sounds and music than before, emerging from behind closed doors and black, barred windows.

You stop at a tiny café for a drink. It is lighted by gaslights, and the flickerings cast menacing shadows across the room. A girl comes out and sings. As she depends upon tips for a living, slip her a five or ten franc note (depending upon the rate of exchange at the time) as you make your exit. Finally you arrive at another silent door. Again the tap of your guide's cane. You enter a gloomy areaway, pass down a corridor and into a bright room, the salon of a palace of pleasure.

The walls of the room, and usually the ceiling and the floor, are solidly mirrored. At the far side, beyond an open, carpeted square, sits an orchestra—anywhere from two to six musicians. There are divans, and men and women, mostly men, lounging about, sipping at drinks, mostly coffee . . .

And then, for your edification, there appears on the floor a corps of intriguingly costumed dancers. Simultaneous with their appearance the musicians have loosed the soft, opening chords of a sensual Moorish melody. The girls—there may be three, perhaps four, five or six—are impressively attired in a bright red rose caught in jet black hair, shoes to match the rose, and black silk stockings reaching above the knees.

The dance starts slowly, even lazily, always rhythmically, gradually increasing in pace until it reaches a frenzy of whirling and stomping to the click-clack of castanets rising above the boiling crescendo of the music. The music lulls to a soft pianissimo, and first one then another and still another danseuse crumbles to the floor . . .

Outside there are more cafés, more palaces of pleasure, and one hundred and one delvings into Eurasian and Oriental sensualities. Mix them all together and you have a narcotic—a witch's brew no sensible man would touch. But who wants to be sensible? ⵌ

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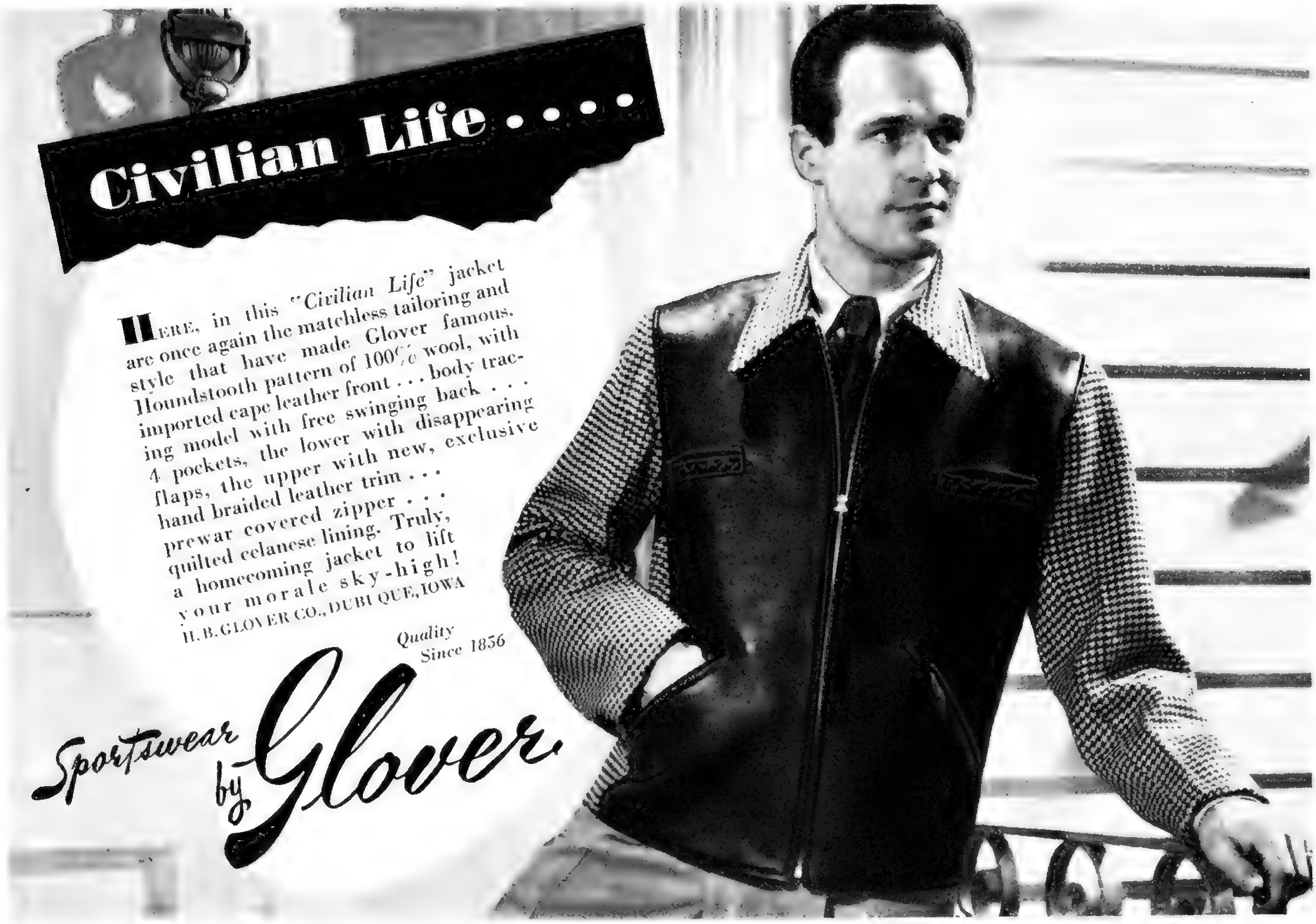

Civilian Life . . . .

Here, in this "*Civilian Life*" jacket are once again the matchless tailoring and style that have made Glover famous. Houndstooth pattern of 100% wool, with imported cape leather front . . . body tracing model with free swinging back . . . 4 pockets, the lower with disappearing flaps, the upper with new, exclusive hand braided leather trim . . . prewar covered zipper . . . quilted celanese lining. Truly, a homecoming jacket to lift your morale sky-high!

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This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
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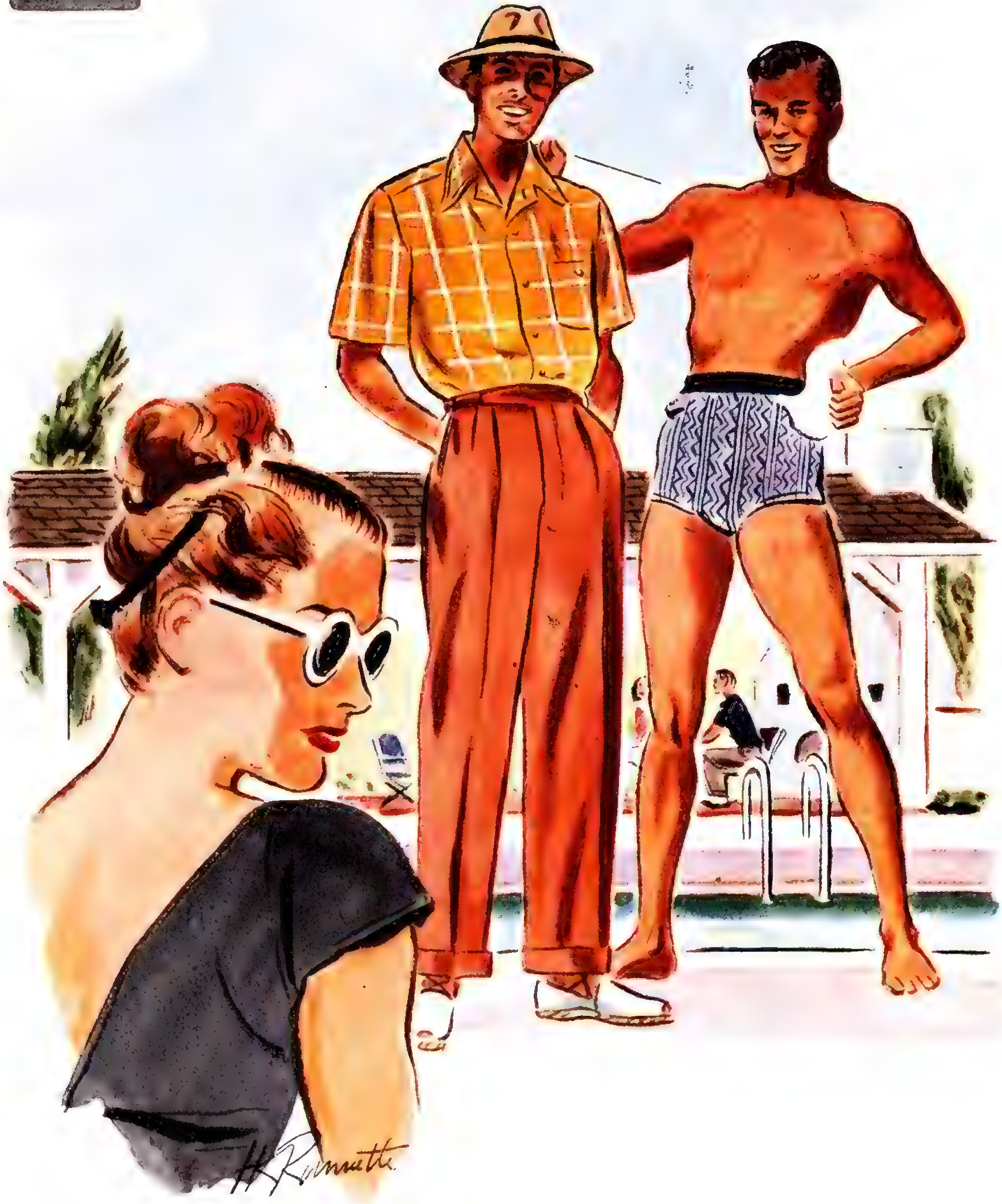

BETTER BUY BRONZE

Drawing by H. Runnette

The two Atlases at an Atlantic resort have bought themselves a coat of bronze. They've "had it" under the sun, but the Lady in Black is still a fair damsel, not much beyond the café-au-lait stage. The gent in the center of the illustration has also bought himself some linen slacks in the color known prosaically as rust. This tone, like many resort-sports fashions, blew in from the West Indies on the soft breezes and has worked its way through Florida to the North. He also goes for a yellow rayon sport shirt with white overplaid and rope-soled cotton espadrilles. The slacks have an extension waistband and side tabs. His what-a-man pal from the pool wears knitted wool swim trunks in zigzag design and two shades of blue.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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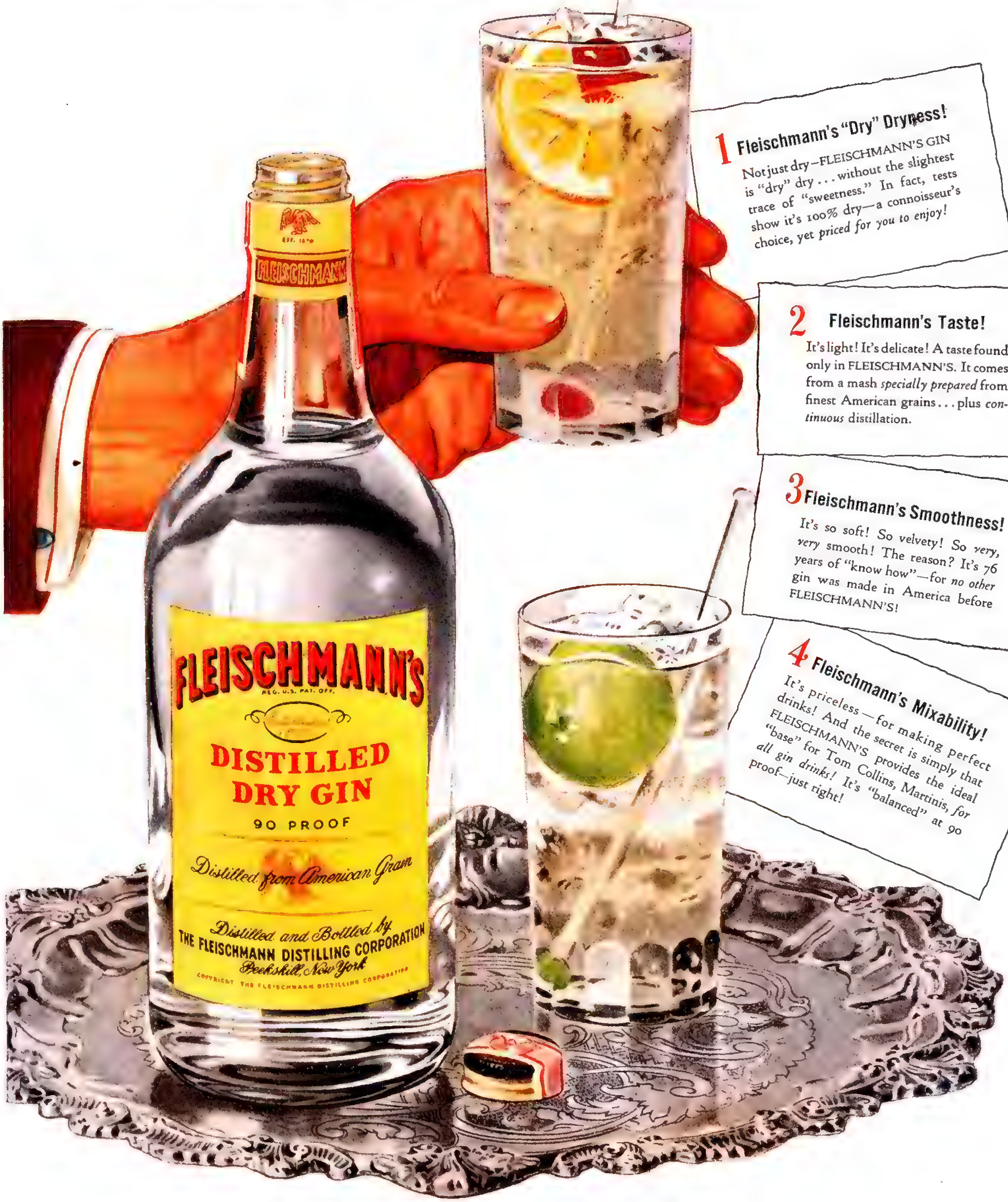
Write for full-color booklet "Necktie Notes". How to tie Windsor, Bow and other tie knots.

4 Reasons Why Fleischmann's makes America's Most Delicious Tom Collins!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Not just dry—FLEISCHMANN'S GIN is "dry" dry . . . without the slightest trace of "sweetness." In fact, tests show it's 100% dry—a connoisseur's choice, *yet priced for you to enjoy!*

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It's light! It's delicate! A taste found only in FLEISCHMANN'S. It comes from a mash *specially prepared* from finest American grains . . . plus *continuous* distillation.

3 Fleischmann's Smoothness!

It's so soft! So velvety! So *very, very* smooth! The reason? It's 76 years of "know how"—for *no other* gin was made in America before FLEISCHMANN'S!

4 Fleischmann's Mixability!

It's priceless—for making perfect drinks! And the secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S provides the ideal "base" for Tom Collins, Martinis, *for all gin drinks!* It's "balanced" at 90 proof—just right!

You find all 4 only in **FLEISCHMANN'S** *America's First Gin*

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.

High Time in Hungary

Continued from page 39

and once had been jailed on the only occasion when his papers were good, actually invited some unauthorized company the next time he got a valid pass, because he felt sure that with a good pass he would go to jail and he hated to go alone. And one whom we will name James Blank of Consolidated Press, in the hope and belief that there isn't any Consolidated Press and that if there is it hasn't any James Blank, finally got a Russian road pass for his Plymouth Sedan, after weeks of being refused one, and was promptly besieged by two other correspondents who were still waiting in vain for passes they had asked for even earlier than he had.

He took them along and with unvarying success assured each questioning Russian guard that the pass was for three people, solemnly identifying himself as "Mr. James Blank" and his two comrades as, respectively, "Mr. Consolidated Press" and "Mr. Plymouth Sedan."

Another blue-jowled correspondent, who looks bristly midway between his two daily shaves, successfully passed himself off to the Russian guards as "Betty Blythe," which is not the name of a lady correspondent who finally tired of waiting for her pass and was no longer in Vienna to use it when it came. To the Russians one American name probably sounds no less crazy than the next and to a people who call boys Sascha and Mischa a name like Betty doubtless sounds no less rugged than, say, Bert. On the other hand John MacCormac of the New York *Times* always has a terrible time convincing the Russians that he is not Bertie McCormick, the publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, who is a guy they would really like to get their hands on.

However hard it may be to get to Budapest, either on military assignment or as a correspondent, every American who has finally made it seems to feel that it was worth the trouble. If tourists could only get in there they would have a field day, as the possession of comparatively only a few dollars is the passkey to a giddy round of fantastic luxury and Lucullan indulgence. For in the crazy quilt of inflation economics, nothing is expensive in Budapest but food and even that is only expensive to those who have no access to dollars.

Since the visitors in uniform are the nearest present equivalent to tourists, it might be illuminating to chart the spending of one such tourist in uniform, a Paris-based war correspondent who was

Continued on page 150

The perfect gift for Dad!

Slim! Sleek! Amazingly Flexible! Almost Unbreakable!

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Expansion Watch Band

Dad will welcome a Flex-Let . . . for Flex-Lets are slim and trim, incredibly flexible and almost indestructible! Tru-Rivet Construction* assures them years extra wear. Flex-Lets fit all wrists, beautify all watches. *Guaranteed one year.* In gold filled, $11.50 tax included; in stainless steel, $8.95. At reputable jewelers everywhere.

*Patent Pending

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This is the *Lion of Troy* SHIRT-JACK

THE NEWEST THING "OUT"

Wear it as a jacket or shirt *outside* your slacks! Tailored for comfort with convertible collar, three generous pockets, 2-button adjustable cuffs of an all cotton washable Pacific Mills fabric. Sanforized*, in natural, sand dune, tan and blue. Striking sailfish or palm tree pattern. Small, medium, large and extra large.

*Maximum shrinkage 1%

A JACKET THAT CAN BE WORN AS A SHIRT

AT LEADING RETAILERS EVERYWHERE

M. Nirenberg Sons Inc., 1140 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

High Time in Hungary

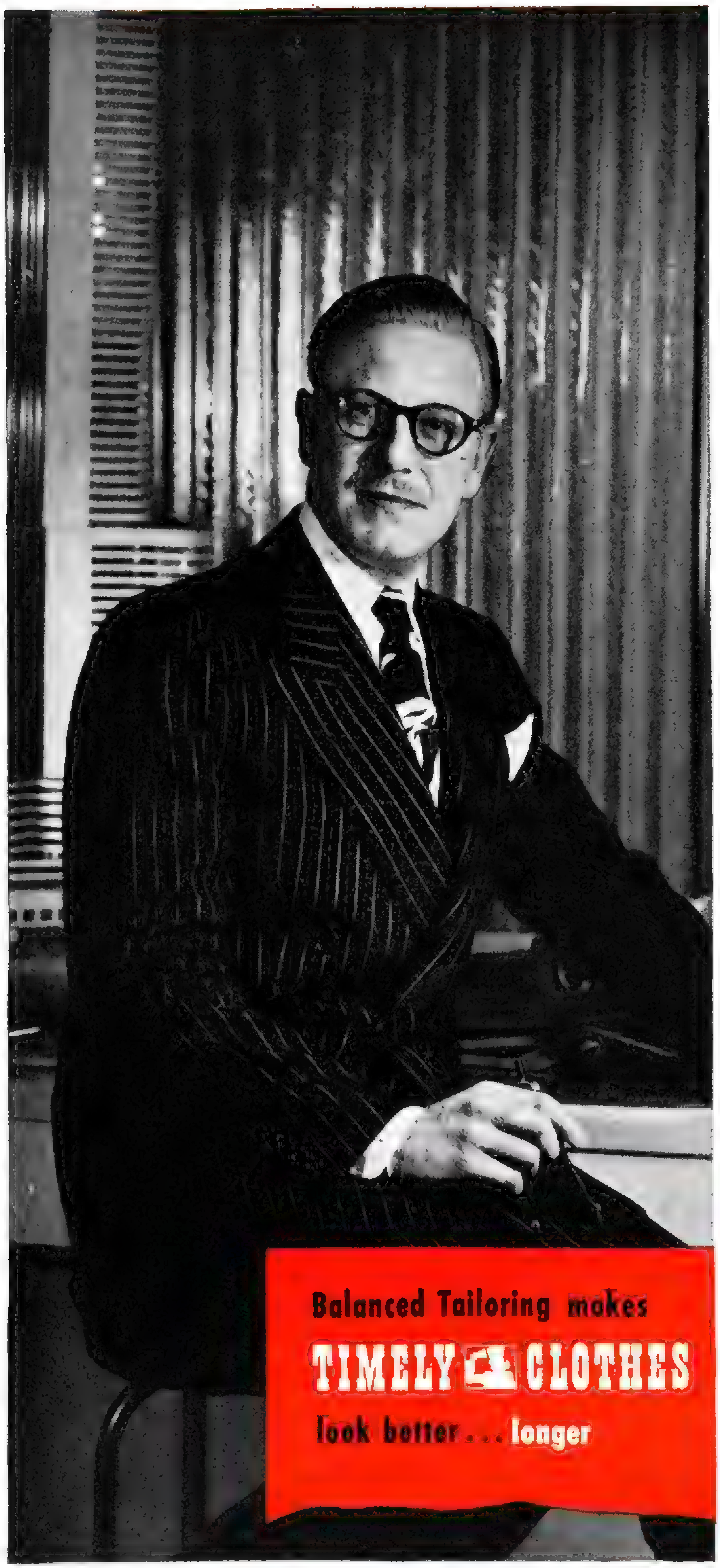
Continued from page 149

so intrigued by the tales he heard of the high jinx in Budapest that he decided to go have a look for himself. Having absolutely no business whatsoever to do in Budapest and therefore not the slightest right to the necessary Russian pass, he obtained it with no difficulty whatsoever. Having no dollars, and having heard that they were essential, he borrowed twenty from a friend in Paris. In Vienna he discovered to his consternation that the round trip on the ATC plane would cost him thirty-six dollars.

Hating to part with all his dollars before he even reached Budapest, he hurriedly consulted another friend who promptly solved the dilemma by showing him a way to spend his dollars and have them too. For this friend had another friend who was "shilling-happy," in other words, he had more Austrian shillings than he knew what to do with. It is impossible to get dollars for Austrian shillings from the American Army in Vienna, so anybody in Vienna who wants dollars and has shillings must sell them on the black market where it takes 150 Austrian shillings to buy one dollar.

The shilling-happy citizen was only too pleased to give the Paris correspondent 2000 shillings for his twenty dollars, as that meant that he was getting just fifty per cent more for his shillings than he could have got for them in the black market. On the other hand, since the official rate of exchange for the Austrian shilling is a mere ten to the dollar, the ATC must accept shillings at that official rate in payment for its plane tickets. So the Paris correspondent could now go back to ATC and out of his store of Austrian shillings pay the Vienna-Budapest round-trip plane charge of thirty-six dollars with 360 of his cheaply acquired shillings. At the same time, in fact, he could buy his return plane trip to Paris, a fifty-four-dollar item, with 540 more of these shillings. Then, after spending Austrian shillings for a few days in Vienna where the shilling's purchasing power is high, he still had managed to spend only 200 more shillings. Thus, after paying for eighty dollars' worth of plane tickets and enjoying himself for a few days in Vienna, he still had 900 of his 2000 shillings left when he reached Budapest.

In Budapest, in direct opposition to Vienna, the American Army can and does give dollars in exchange for any foreign currencies presented for exchange by travelers in uniform, provided



8: A.M. Check blueprints
12:30 P.M. Trades Luncheon
6:00 Architects conference

These are times that try men's clothes!

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Balanced Tailoring* blends hand-tailoring and machine sewing (according to a tested formula) to give these suits maximum flexibility *plus* maximum strength. Only in Timely Clothes, moderately priced at $40 to $75. For the store nearest you, write **TIMELY CLOTHES, Inc., Rochester 2, N.Y.**

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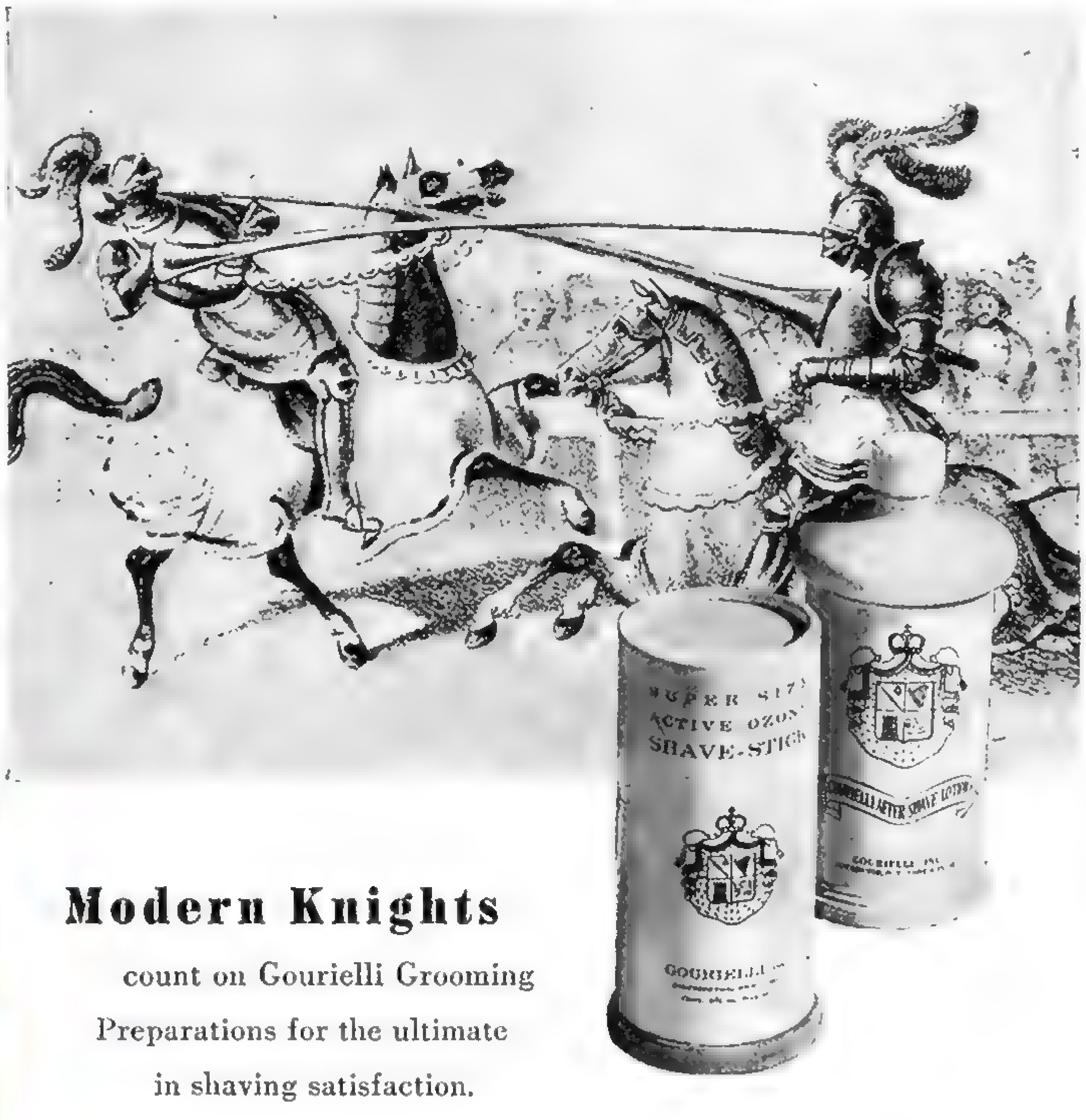
SUPER SIZE ACTIVE OZONE SHAVE-STICK
GOURIELLI AFTER SHAVE LOTION
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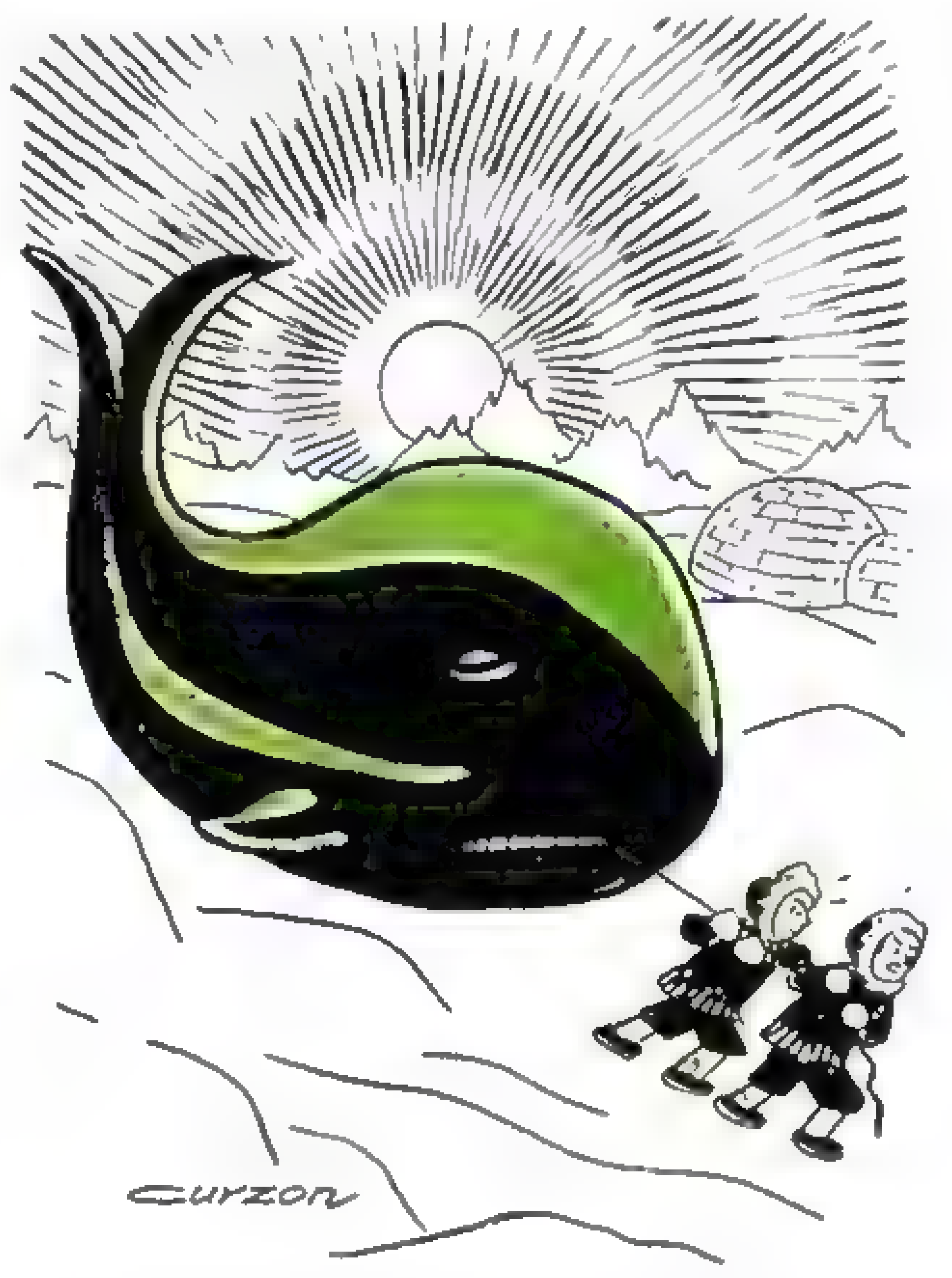
only that the amounts are within the limits prescribed by the Army's currency control book. This latter contingency was no hurdle at all to the Paris correspondent, whose dealings in French francs had given him a very comfortable margin of exchange in his currency control book, so he presented his remaining 900 shillings to the Army Finance Officer who, after satisfying himself that the book allowed for that much exchange, did only his duty in dealing out ninety crisp new dollar bills for them, thus honoring the Austrian shilling at the Army's official rate of ten to the dollar.

The Paris correspondent then set out on a week's wining and dining on a scale he had never before even dreamed of, enthusiastically assisted by a bevy of beautiful Budapest babes, who in off moments were able and willing to help him with the shopping, in the course of which he picked up twelve pairs of pure silk stockings, lace and embroidered scarves, handkerchiefs, fabulously wrought brooches, earrings and other knickknacks of carved ivory, various items of china and porcelain, a painting and some books, and such trivia as cigarette lighters and bottles of French cognac. With every meal he and at least one of his pretty helpers drank champagne at the then average rate of 400,000 pengös (about forty-five cents) per bottle.



"Let's throw it back—we can get Pop something smaller to show our affection on Father's Day"

After a week of this, although stronger men might have been up to more, he flew back to Paris, paid back the friend who had advanced him the original twenty dollars, and found that he still had five dollars left of the ninety dollars he had received in exchange for his remaining Austrian shillings in Budapest!

He was so proud of the remaining five dollars that he couldn't resist the temptation to display them and recount a blow-by-blow description of the frenzied finance they represented, with the result that some of the legitimate cor-

Continued on page 152

CURIOUS PIPES—From an old woodcut, 1860—Bettman Archives

NO, WE DON'T MAKE THESE BUT...

. . . you'll find dozens of handsome models; antique and plain; curved and straight; small, large and medium; round, oval and square; long, short and in-between—AND, what's more important, every one's an LHS, the sign of the perfect pipe. Ask your dealer.

"A good pipe is an investment in daily pleasure."

LHS STERNCREST STERLING

$5

Model #12, antique finish. Other models, plain or antique.

ALSO LHS STERNCREST 14K $7.50
Specially selected briar, 14K gold band

OTHER LHS PIPES: $10.00, $3.50, $1.50.

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Un Sueño de Perfección!

A dream of perfection is this superb *"Mountain Rum"*

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Rum, as you've dreamed that rum might be! Zestful with the breeze-clean tang of Puerto Rico's uplands. Rich in delicious "mountain flavor," wondrously mellow and smooth. The better the rum, the better the drink. Better use Ron Merito!

WRITE FOR THIS INTERESTING RECIPE BOOKLET. IT'S FREE.

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THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

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THEY'RE STRETCH-CONTROLLED
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High Time in Hungary

Continued from page 151

respondents promptly saw to it that he could never repeat the process, getting him debarred from the USFA Zone and the Vienna Press Camp, so that if he ever should have a valid reason for wanting to go to Budapest he could no longer do it. Another only slightly less direct consequence of his exploit was a move to reform the Army's system of currency control, to prevent just such didos. But that particular correspondent should worry. Like many another of Budapest's tourists in uniform, he can tell his friends that he "never had it so good."

That it isn't so good for anybody else in Budapest, and that it is pretty dreadful for all but a favored few, is readily apparent. Even for the members of the British Military Mission things are very austere, because they have the wretched luck to be paid in those quick-vanishing pengös, with the result that for them life is anything but the pipe dream of easy indulgence that it is made for our boys by the almighty Yankee dollar. As this is written the dollar has soared to two million pengös, and by the time it achieves print you can probably multiply all the figures that are given here by anywhere from three to six. On the other hand, there is also and always the chance that by the time you read this the skyrocketing pengö will have disintegrated, in the upper reaches of the fiscal stratosphere, in a final bursting shower of billions and trillions and will have been superseded by a new currency.

For although the Russians were in on this inflation from the beginning, they are now very wroth over the Hungarian Government's inability to halt it, and they have lately begun making moves, most of them resembling the efforts of a blind man with a fly swatter, to attempt to bat down the pengö from its steady skyward spiral. These moves have so far had exactly the same efficacy as King Canute's attempt to command the ocean to roll the other way, but due allowance should undoubtedly be made for the fact that poor old Canute was only an Anglo-Saxon and thus the ocean's antics couldn't have made him half as mad as the tidal wave of the Hungarian inflation has made the Russians.

But unless and until the inflation is arrested, life in this battered but still beautiful city on the Danube, which was once a dream, can only continue as a nightmare. It doesn't take a lot of statistics to establish this. Take

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In better stores from coast to coast—
$1.50 to $7.50

Clever in design, stylishly smart and tremendously handy, MERZFOLD "Streamliners" are always treasured. The roomy, non-spill coin pocket is a delight—ample space for folding money, too. Convenient section for photos, cards or confidential things. Available in novelty fabrics and fine leathers.

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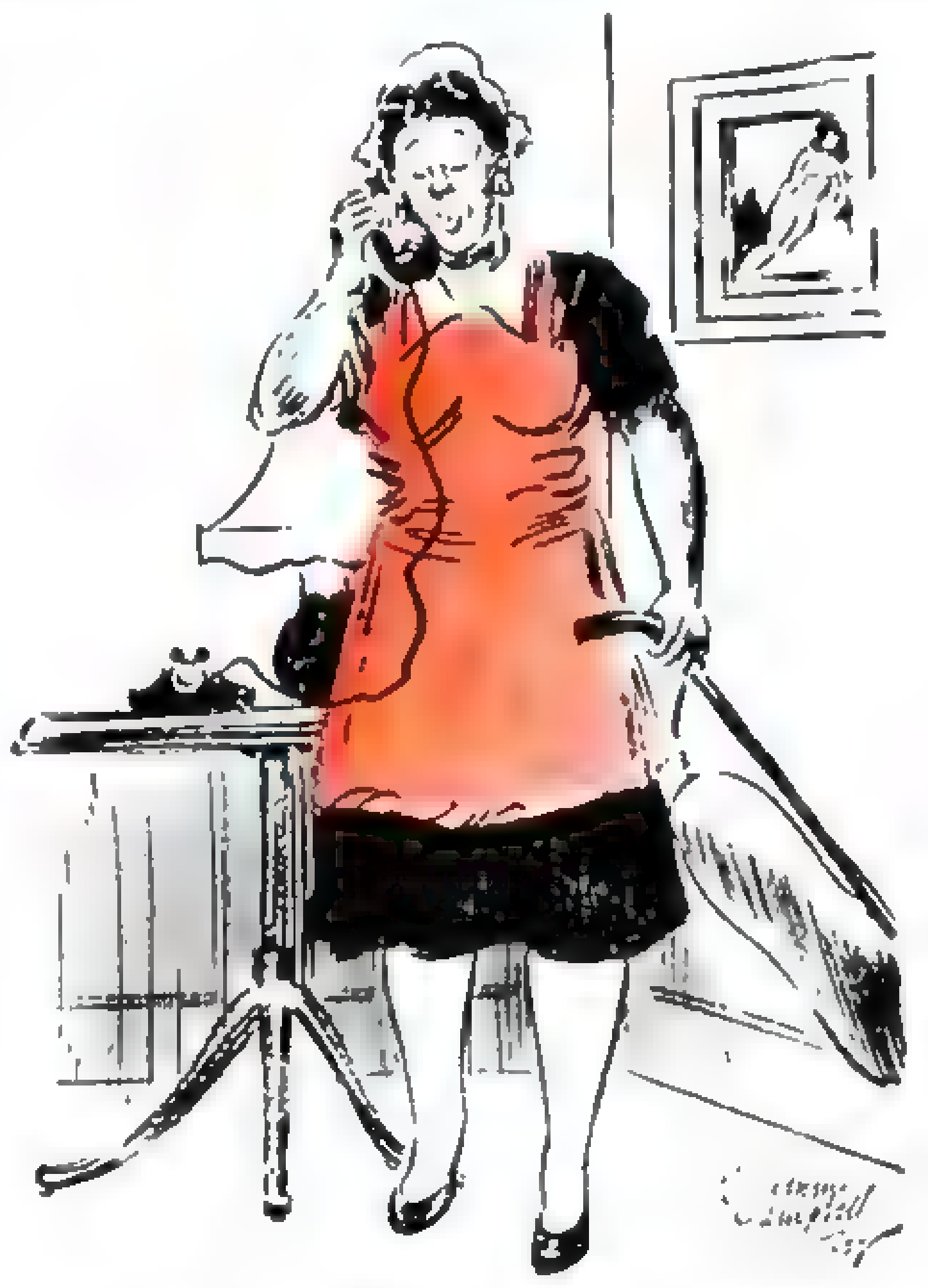
Originators "MERZFOLD", "KOINTELLER", "STREAMLINER", "SAFTIGRIP", and a complete line of personal leather goods

the case of a member of parliament. His monthly salary is 650,000 pengös. That's exactly the price of one pound of sugar. It's also the approximate average lunch check for one person in any of the restaurants in which a man of importance in the community would be seen eating lunch.

Or take the case of the highest paid opera star. He gets the absolutely top salary of a million pengös a month. But it costs 800,000 pengös to buy the food for his family of four for just one day. The family of four includes, as it happens, one devoted and full-time servant who is so happy to have board and lodging that it would never occur to him to ask for any salary at all in times like these. For lodging is a sumptuous apartment in a relatively undamaged building (nothing missing but one third or so of the roof) surrounded by less lucky structures that were blown to tiny bits. The apartment would cost anyone fortunate enough to have it in New York somewhere between three hundred fifty and four hundred dollars per month. But in Budapest its frozen monthly rental is still just twenty thousand pengös—which means that with the rent he gets from that apartment the landlord can't even treat himself to a shoeshine! About the only thing the landlord can do with the month's rent receipts from that apartment is take himself for a streetcar ride.



"Miss Walsh is out having some pearls appraised she got last night"

The net result is that the landlord and the opera star and the member of parliament are all apt to meet as they sell, piece by piece, all the luxury possessions they have each accumulated in the course of their careers, in order to buy the one thing, food, that is more expensive than all their combined current earnings.

That they have anything left to sell is hard to understand, for everyone in the formerly privileged classes in Budapest will solemnly assure you that the Russians stole everything he owned. That's the same story you hear in Vienna, too, and in fact every-

Continued on page 154

Yours for Carefree California Living

. . . your new Catalinas from California with their spirit-lifting sun colors, their crisp, figure-flattering styling. At better stores everywhere. Write for name of nearest store.

Matchmates in a dashing "Surf Board" hand-blocked print. Boxer trunks in Gold and Natural, $6. Women's swim suit with bengaline front and woven Lastex back. Combinations of Brown and Gold, Black and White, Rancho Blue and Sky Blue, $12. Matching towel, $3.50.

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH
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Founded P&T in 1840

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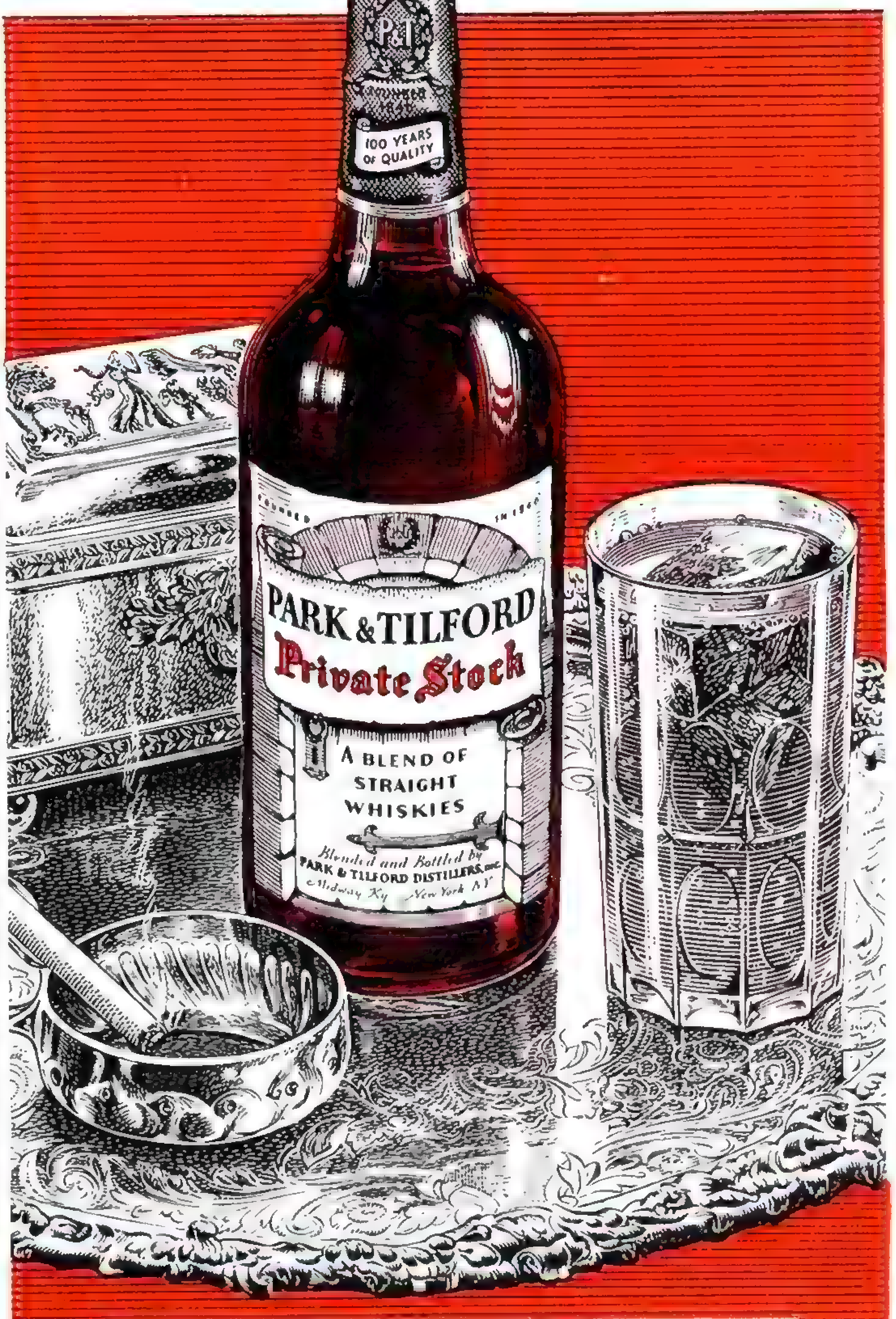
Private Stock
America's Luxury Whiskey


100 YEARS OF QUALITY
FOUNDED IN 1840
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Blended and Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
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From the Treasured Stocks of a Century Old House

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Remember Me!

I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB.

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Wash it if you will
Dry clean it if you will
Fast vat colors · Sanforized
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High Time in Hungary

Continued from page 153

where you go in the Russian-occupied zone. But the shops in the Vacsi Utca, except for the rubble with which they are either covered or surrounded, compare favorably with those of New York's Fifty-seventh Street or Chicago's Michigan Avenue. Everything's in plain sight, at least by day, and if the Russians felt like stealing all these fabulous furs and kindred items of luxury it is somewhat less than thinkable that the members of our military mission could stop them.

Budapest was always notable for the extreme contrast between its rich and poor—nowhere did the rich ever seem richer or the poor more wretched. In spite of Russian occupation and all sorts of collectivizing measures, the contrast is no less striking today, except that there is a large class now of both new rich and new poor.

But work, that is, labor, and especially labor at reconstruction of war damage, has a new attractiveness. Workers average about 15,000,000 pengös per month, with various bonus arrangements that are paid not merely in pengös but in something infinitely more precious: calories. The result is that everybody wants to get in on the workingman's life, and there is a frenzied flurry of activity on the cleaning up and repair of war damage that far exceeds comparable efforts in German cities that underwent about the same degree of destruction. You see workers swarming like ants over piles of rubble that are such dismembered and unrecognizable skeletons of the original buildings that stood there that you would think it would be more to the point to let the thing go as a rock garden and start building something new somewhere else.

In Buda, for instance, the hillside of the twin city, on the western bank of the Danube, the destroyed or damaged structures exceed eighty per cent, as opposed to a bare fifty per cent on the Pest side. The Parliament Building, on the Pest bank of the river, which was no architectural gem to begin with, has to the superficial glance suffered no more apparent damage than to have one of its many minaretish towers bashed slightly askew, whereas the Imperial Palace, which graced the brow of Buda like a crown, is now such a noble but utter wreck that you have to remind yourself that this majestic ruin was not back somewhere in medieval times but only a little over a year ago. On the other hand, along the Corso on the Pest side, south

You find a suave and debonair New Yorker, wherever distinguished people gather . . . in theatres, cafes, and bright sophisticated night clubs . . . in Park Avenue's elegance and the fantastic gaiety of 52nd Street, and there you'll find

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TWO ON THE AISLE
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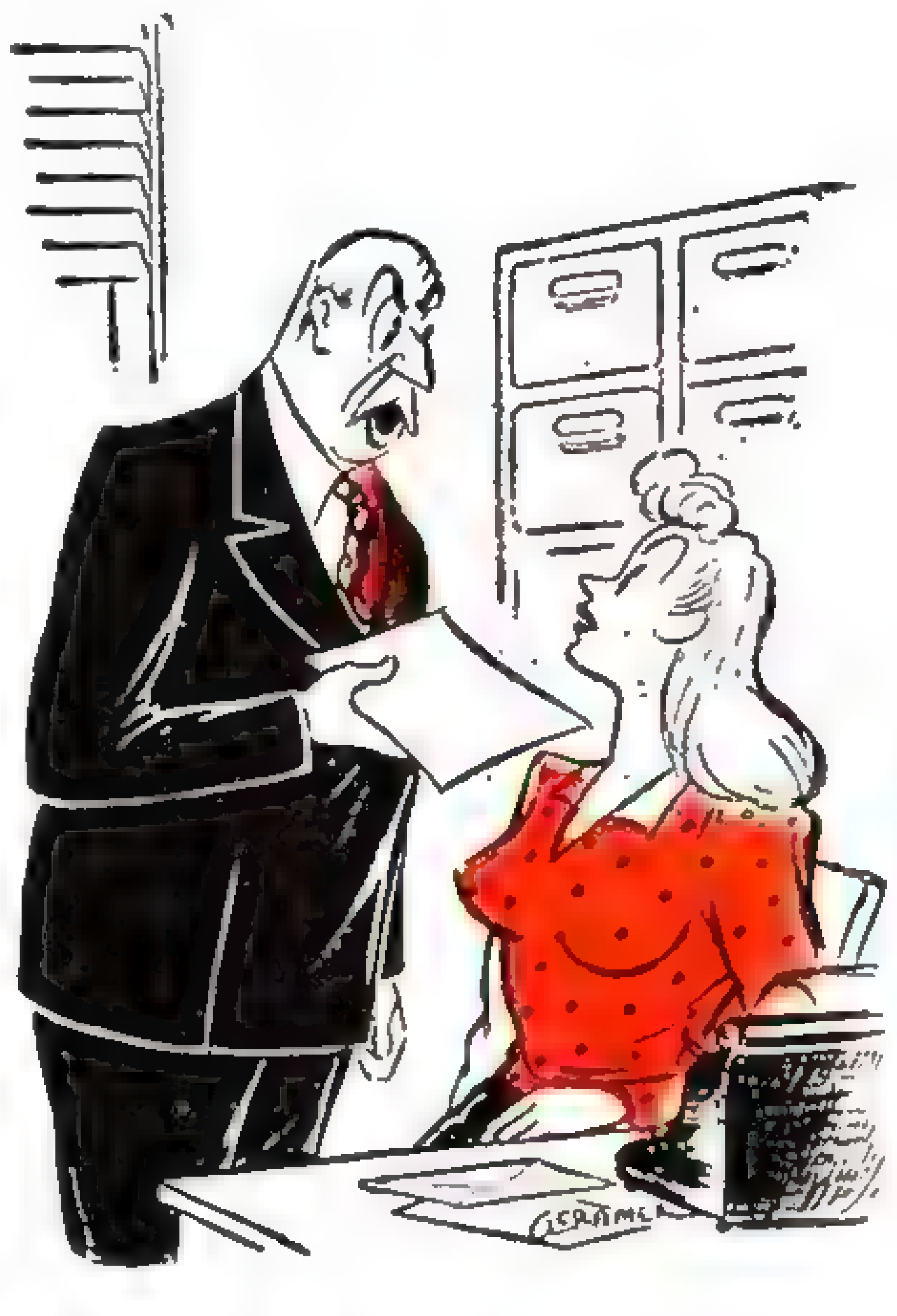
of the parliament building and the section best known to American tourists, such remembered landmarks as the Hungaria and Duna Palota (Ritz) Hotels are now wrecks literally beyond recognition. But it is in this section, where you have to pick your way along as warily as you would through an abandoned quarry, that you find some of the city's gayest spots, such as the Colonial Restaurant (a sort of synthesis of New York's "21," the Colony, and, say, Spivy's Roof), tucked away like a cozy little cave in the lee of a landslide of ruination. You and quite a few friends (and an American in Budapest certainly has no enemies) can have a very large evening in that city by spending some fourteen to sixteen million pengös.


"It's nice, Miss Kay, that you don't have to depend on your spelling for the good things in life!"

In any of these places you are more than likely to be interrupted at least once during the course of the evening by a Russian raiding party, bearing scowls at least as terrifying as their tommy guns. But they will only salute you rather sheepishly and will pointedly ignore your friends, and either then or later you will discover that their only point in thus momentarily rupturing the rapture of these pleasure domes is to pick up any of their strayed comrades whom they will, when they catch them going native on them, somewhat apologetically take out and shoot.

For as the Hungarians never tire of remarking, Stalin had to take two grave risks in entering this war: one was to let Europe see the Russians and the other was to let the Russians see Europe! As a rule, the Russians don't fraternize, even with their allies, let alone with their enemies, and in general the individual Russian both looks and feels as out of place in Continental café society as an Eskimo in the Stork Club. But it is also true that temptation is no respecter of either geographical or ideological boundaries, and inevitably an occasional com-

Continued on page 156

Too tubby for your hubby? Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

Oh, happy day . . . when you get the Ry-Krisp plan! Then, just choose meals you *like* from long lists of low-calorie foods (in quantities given), have Ry-Krisp as bread, and watch ugly fat disappear, as other normal-overweights have done.

Ry-Krisp is a delicious bread! Crisp, golden-brown, wafer-thin, with a hearty whole-rye flavor. Has vitamin B1 and minerals to help you gain sparkle. Only 23 calories per double-square wafer.

Ry-Krisp
Ry-Krisp

GET-SLIM BANQUET: Tomato juice, broiled veal chop, asparagus, paprika-buttered potato, Ry-Krisp, iced tea, fresh strawberries.

FREE! **"DESIGN FOR REDUCING," gives reducing plans for men and women. WRITE RY-KRISP, 10 CHECKERBOARD SQUARE, ST. LOUIS 2, MISSOURI**

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When good friends get together, the company is never really complete without that smoothest and mellowest of all friends—genial Johnnie Walker. To anyone who knows fine scotch whisky, the appearance of Johnnie Walker brings pleasure without parallel.

RED LABEL
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Johnnie Walker

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call . . . call again.

BORN 1820
. . . still going strong

Both 86.8 Proof

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, New York • *Sole Importer*

Fathers Day!
...IN
HAGGAR SLACKS
GRIPPER FLY
HIP POCKET GRIPPER

*Patent applied for.

Dad and Junior both agree—Haggar hits the bull's eye when it comes to smart, *built-in* comfort in slacks and sportswear. Take gripper fasteners, for instance, Haggar puts not just one, but *two* on the front to hold trousers more neatly in place. The "invisible" gripper on the left, rear pocket* is also a Haggar exclusive. For finer fabrics and extra value, look for the *Haggar* label.

Illustrated patterns are of RAY-O-KOOL,** a DAN RIVER *Fabric.*

**Reg. applied for

"A Name that Wears Well"

TROUSERS
HAGGAR
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High Time in Hungary

Continued from page 155

rade will experience an understandable itch to get in on all this good going.

Everyone in Budapest who isn't in the company of an American or an Englishman will scurry for home along about eight in the evening, expressly to avoid the Russians. That there was an orgy of looting and worse for a while after the city's capture nobody will deny, but incidents, real, reported and even imaginary, are becoming increasingly rare. Nevertheless, the attitude of the average Hungarian toward the Russian in general is that of the irrepressible Mickey Mouse toward the omnipresent Felix the Cat. They talk about the Russians and tell jokes about them, about the way Americans used to tell stories about the Model T Ford. About the same percentage of these jokes are really funny. Most of them have to do with the Russians' craze for watches. Some of the better gags even show some comprehension of the Russian character. Two will suffice to give the general idea, because they go on and on forever like the verses of a cowboy ballad.

There was the Russian who was wearing ten wrist watches, for instance, who stopped a member of Budapest's class of "new poor" in the street and angrily commanded him to announce the time. The dignified Hungarian politely explained that he had long since ceased to own a watch. The puzzled Russian paused and pondered, then suddenly his eyes brimmed with tears; "What, you have *no* watch?" He stripped one of the ten off his own arm and handed it over, "Here, comrade, everybody should have a watch."

There was also the Russian who burst in upon a quiet family gathering and made noises that sounded like "Hand over your watches!" His noise woke the baby in the cradle in the corner, who began to wail piteously. The Russian strode over and picked up the baby and rocked and crooned it back to sleep. Then the Russian whispered, as softly as the sound of falling snow, "Sshhh, everybody —your watches?"

There's another story, however, and not merely a funny one. Men of good will everywhere both hope and believe that while it may be a long story it needn't necessarily have an unhappy or tragic ending.

But that's the only kind of ending that can be seen for Hungary's present wild fantastic story, unless something pretty drastic happens there both suddenly and soon. ☩

Continued from page 39

Where There's Smoke—There's DANCO

FATHER DESERVES A pipe that's sweet...that's cool from the first puff...A pipe that's rare and beautiful!

THE DANCO DE-LUXE
HOLLOW-BOWL
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Floral Maroon and Gold
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FATHER DESERVES
a pipe that's rare—a pipe inspired by old-world porcelain masterpieces. The exclusive De-Luxe Hollow-Bowl is designed in brilliant maroon and gold patterns... to retain its distinctive color for hundreds of Father's Days to come. A magnificent pipe for every man's collection...
in ten popular shapes. $3.50

at better stores everywhere or write to

DANCO PIPES
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Pop's

THE QUESTION

Father's Day? . . . Puzzled about the perfect gift? . . . Looking for the gift most expressive of your love and devotion? Choose Hickok's many hits at good stores everywhere.

Smart initial Tie Chain with collar bar $3. Handsome Calfskin belt with initial buckle $6. Horsehead Tie Bar $2. Natural Pigskin belt and smart two-tone buckle $3.50. Crocodile Belt with deluxe Hickok buckle $11. Laced Pigskin Wallet $5.

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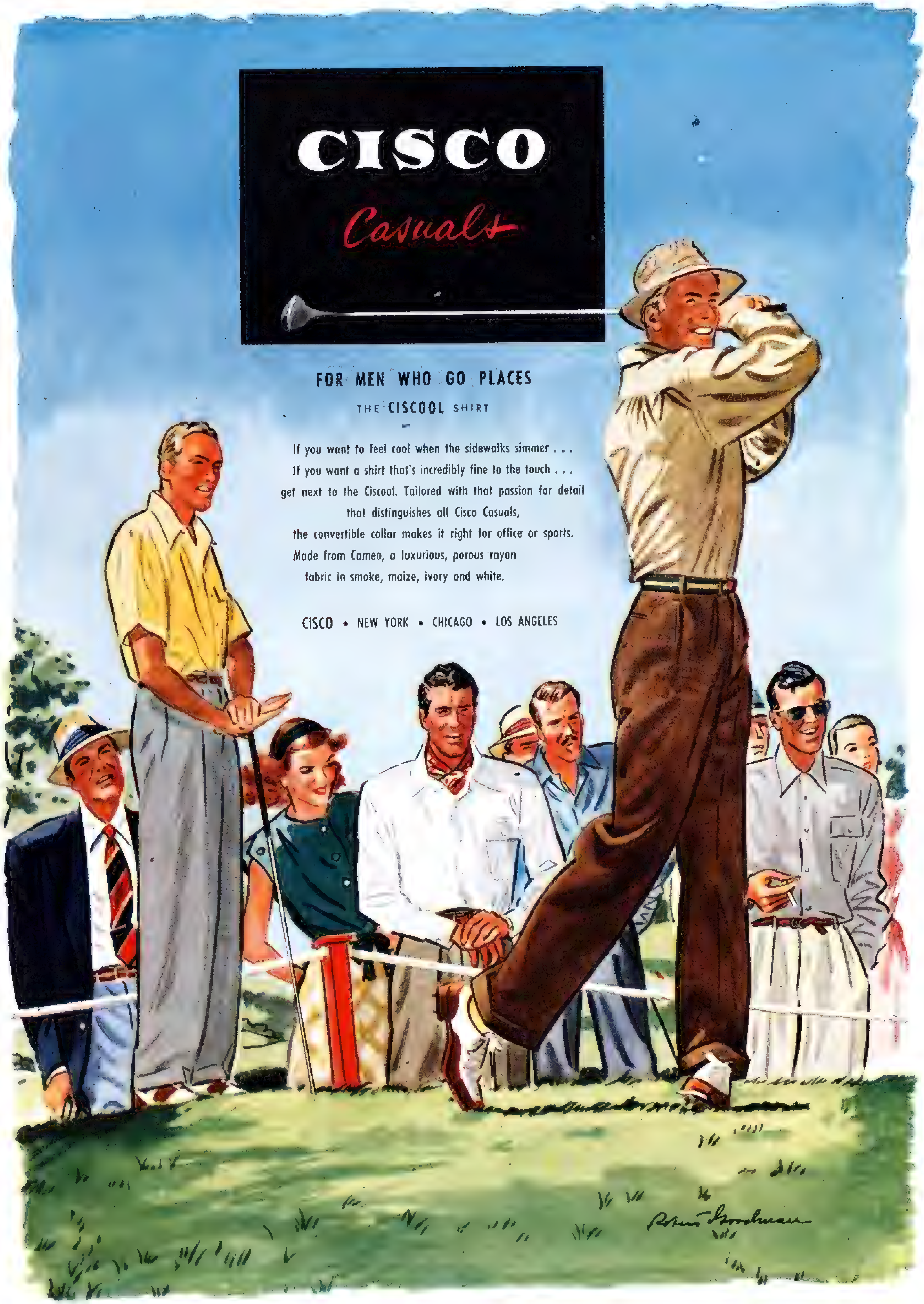

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Casuals

FOR MEN WHO GO PLACES

THE CISCOOL SHIRT

If you want to feel cool when the sidewalks simmer . . .
If you want a shirt that's incredibly fine to the touch . . .
get next to the Ciscool. Tailored with that passion for detail
that distinguishes all Cisco Casuals,
the convertible collar makes it right for office or sports.
Made from Cameo, a luxurious, porous rayon
fabric in smoke, maize, ivory and white.

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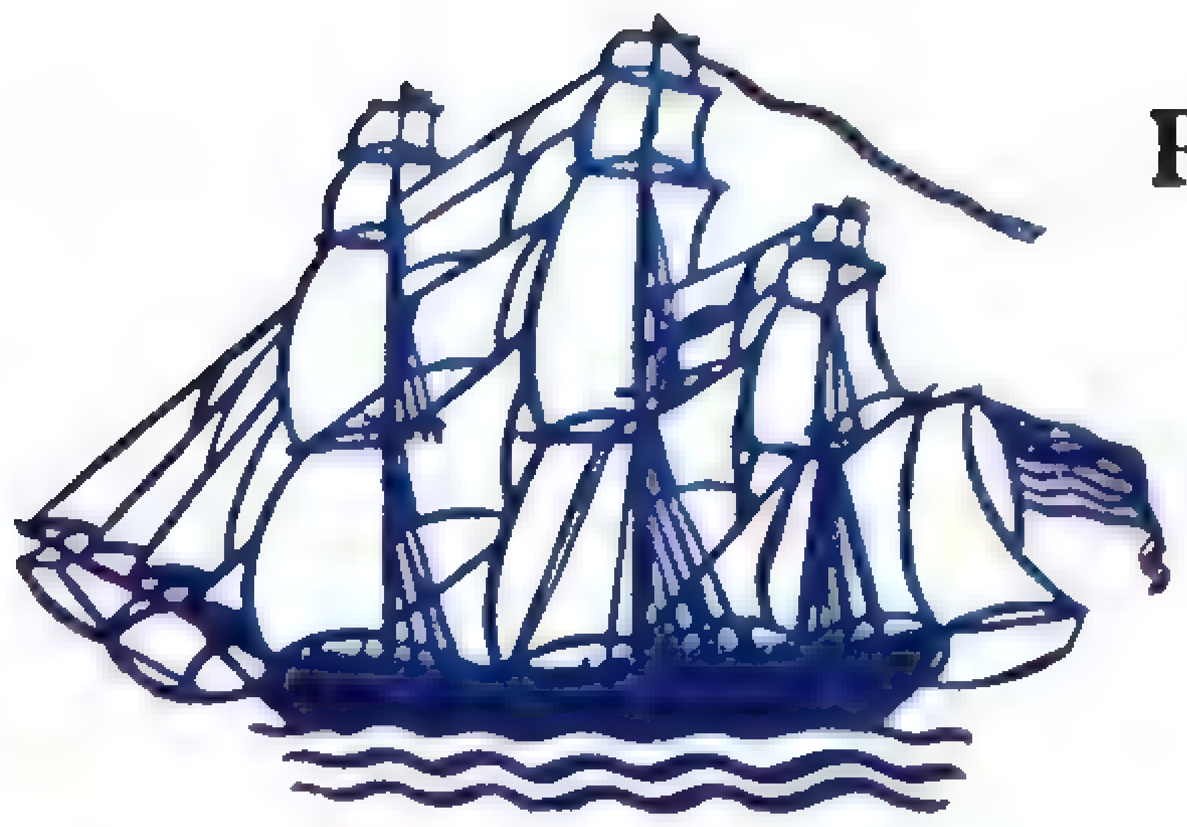
Dad's Ship is in



FATHER'S DAY
JUNE 16th

All his basic shaving essentials, smartly gift-boxed—sturdy mug of Shaving Soap, After-Shaving Lotion, soothing Talcum 2.75

Complete Shaving Luxury — Shaving Soap in handsome mug, After-Shaving Lotion, Talcum, Cologne, 3 cakes of Bath Soap 5.00

EARLY AMERICAN

Old Spice

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FOR MEN

Smart Gift—especially for men who use electric shavers. Invigorating After-Shaving Lotion, skin-toned Talcum, neatly boxed 1.75

Something New in shaving sets—the "Big Stick" of Old Spice Shaving Soap, travel sizes of After-Shaving Lotion and Talcum 1.25

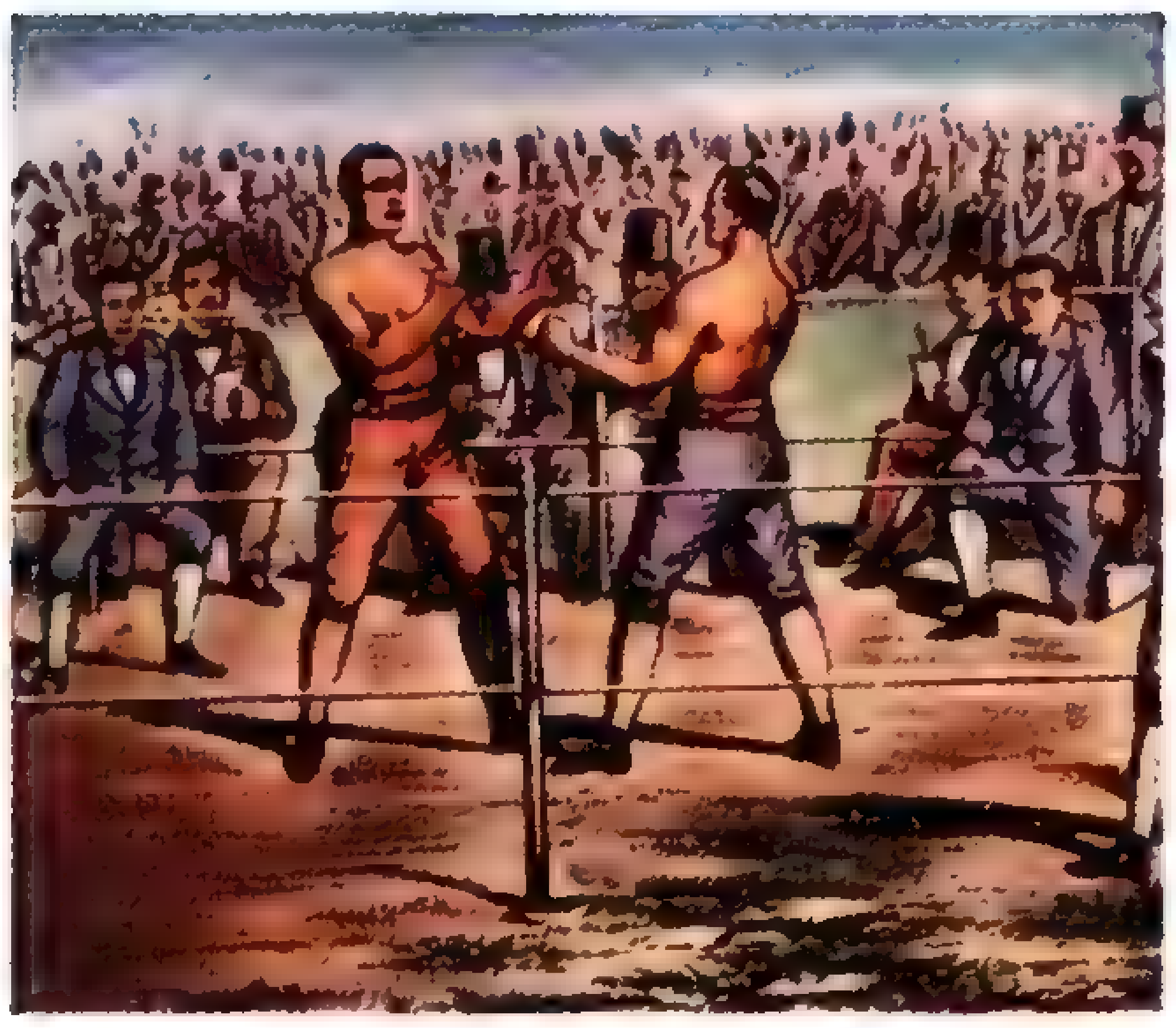
After-Shaving Lotion — for that tangy "good morning" feeling. Now available in two convenient sizes. 8 oz. 1.75 1.00 4 oz.

Three shaving refreshants in handsome gift box—cooling After-Shaving Lotion, Talcum and brisk-as-a-breeze Cologne 2.75

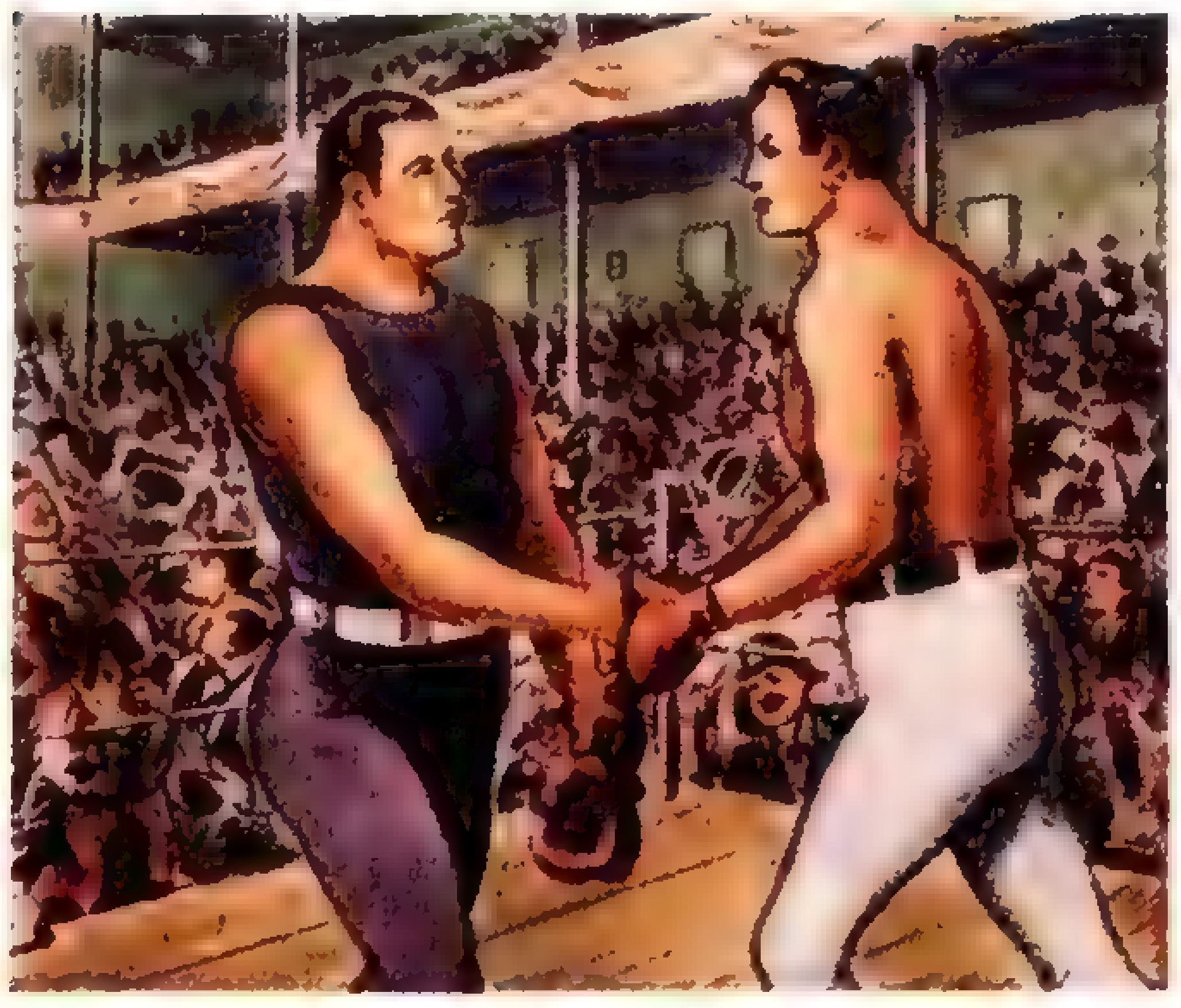
Prices plus tax *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Each an Original by **SHULTON** *Inc., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.*

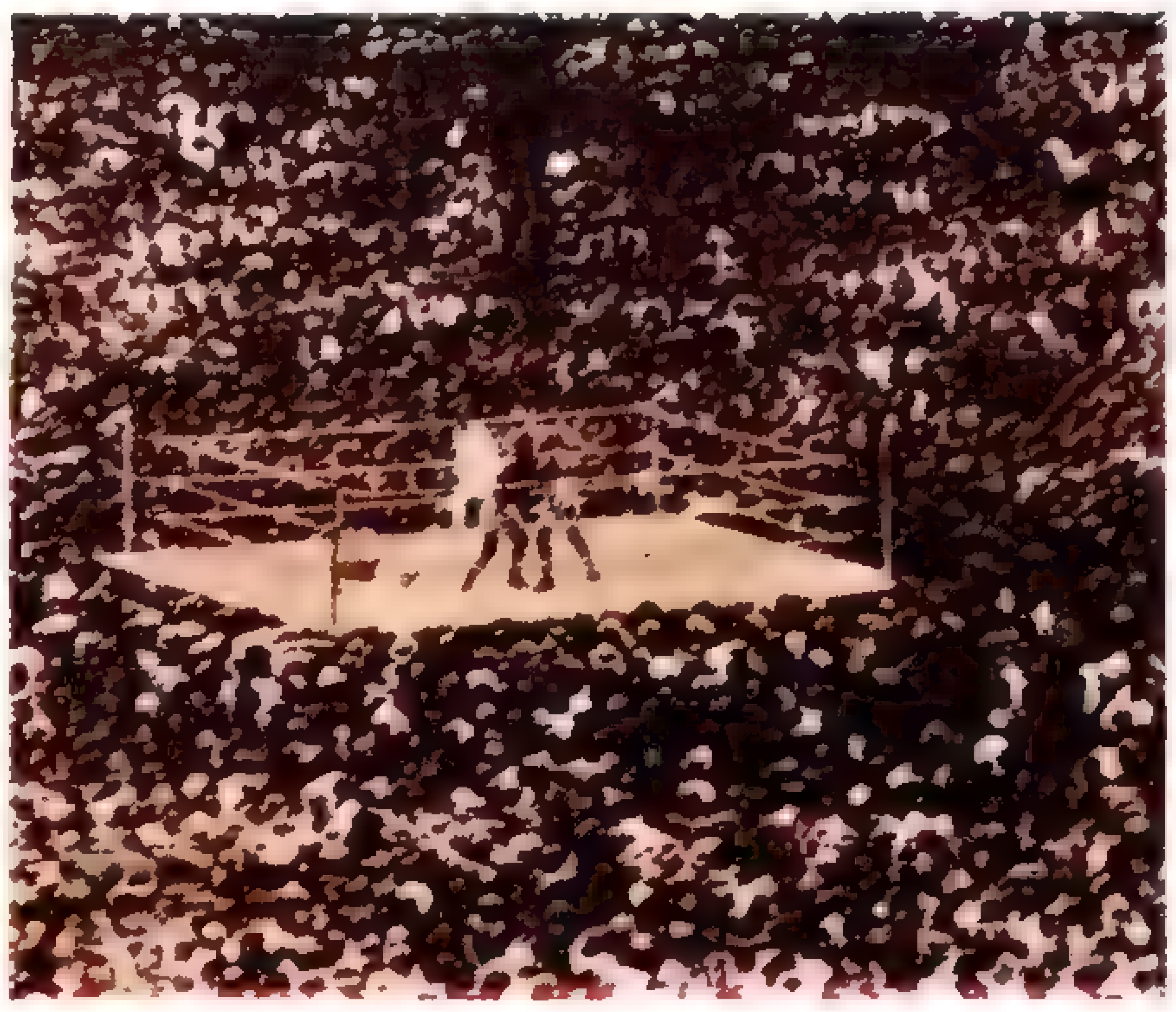
Ten seconds worth 3 million dollars



1865 **You may soon** be a fight fan again! From the day in 1865 when the Marquis of Queensbury code succeeded the old London Prize Ring Rules (and when Corby's had been a respected Canadian whiskey name for seven years), boxing has never looked more promising . . .



1892 **Looking back,** the first heavyweight title bout under Queensbury rules was in New Orleans, when Corby's reached its 34th year of Canadian fame. Boxing had begun its advance from 100 round bare-knuckle contests to something like the ring skill we see today . . .



1921 **True boxing skill** began to pay off with the first million-dollar gate in Jersey City in the year when Corby's became a 63 year-old Canadian tradition. The all-time attendance record is 120,757 for a Philadelphia match in the early fall of 1926 but . . .

H. Corby
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H. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
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Philadelphia Pepper Plot

Continued from page 50

bert Idell's book that should be able to get by without recourse to such extraneous pandemonium. Audience interest is guaranteed, not only by Miss Craine and Mr. Wilde, but by a cast that includes Linda Darnell, William Eythe, Dorothy Gish, Constance Bennett, Walter Brennan and Barbara Whiting.

Miss Bennett is especially eye-filling as the sister-in-law who vamps a railroad president and becomes the Pompadour of the Pennsylvania. In fact, they're all pretty good, though Mr. Brennan's voice lacks the terminal yard boom of the Yard Superintendent, whose heartiness was so engaging in the novel. Brennan is an actor who achieves his best vocal effects by beating his Adam's apple against an old brass collar button. By depriving him of this essential bit of equipment, *Centennial Summer* places him at a slight disadvantage.

The story sets forth the domestic and romantic turmoils that took place in the home of a Philadelphia railroader during the exciting summer days of 1876, when the United States was feeling its oats on its hundredth birthday. The mood is a gently nostalgic combination of *Meet Me In St. Louis* and *State Fair*. Yet there is a certain lusty quality to it. America was up and coming seventy years ago. The thirteen stars of George Washington's flag had been increased to thirty-seven. The period of mechanical invention and industrial expansion that was to lead to the era of the robber barons had begun.

Yet signs of spiritual progress were everywhere. The first Negro had taken his seat in the United States Senate six years before, and the Civil Rights Bill for Negroes recently had been passed. And, though the antagonisms of the war between the states were slowly healing, 359,528 Union soldiers had died to end slavery in this country forever.

The feeling of the period is ably recaptured by the music of the late Jerome Kern. Kern bettered the musical taste of America when he created the intimate melodic comedies which succeeded the bravura operetta. His final score, combined with the lyrics of Leo Robin, continues this tradition.

One number, *Cinderella Sue*, utilizes strains from folk ballads to produce a perky Ethiopian song, whose melodies are reminiscent of J. Rosamond Johnson's. *Up With the Lark* has a naïve, bucolic charm that makes you think of churns and red-checkered tablecloths. The romantic flavor of *In Love in Vain* and *All Through the*

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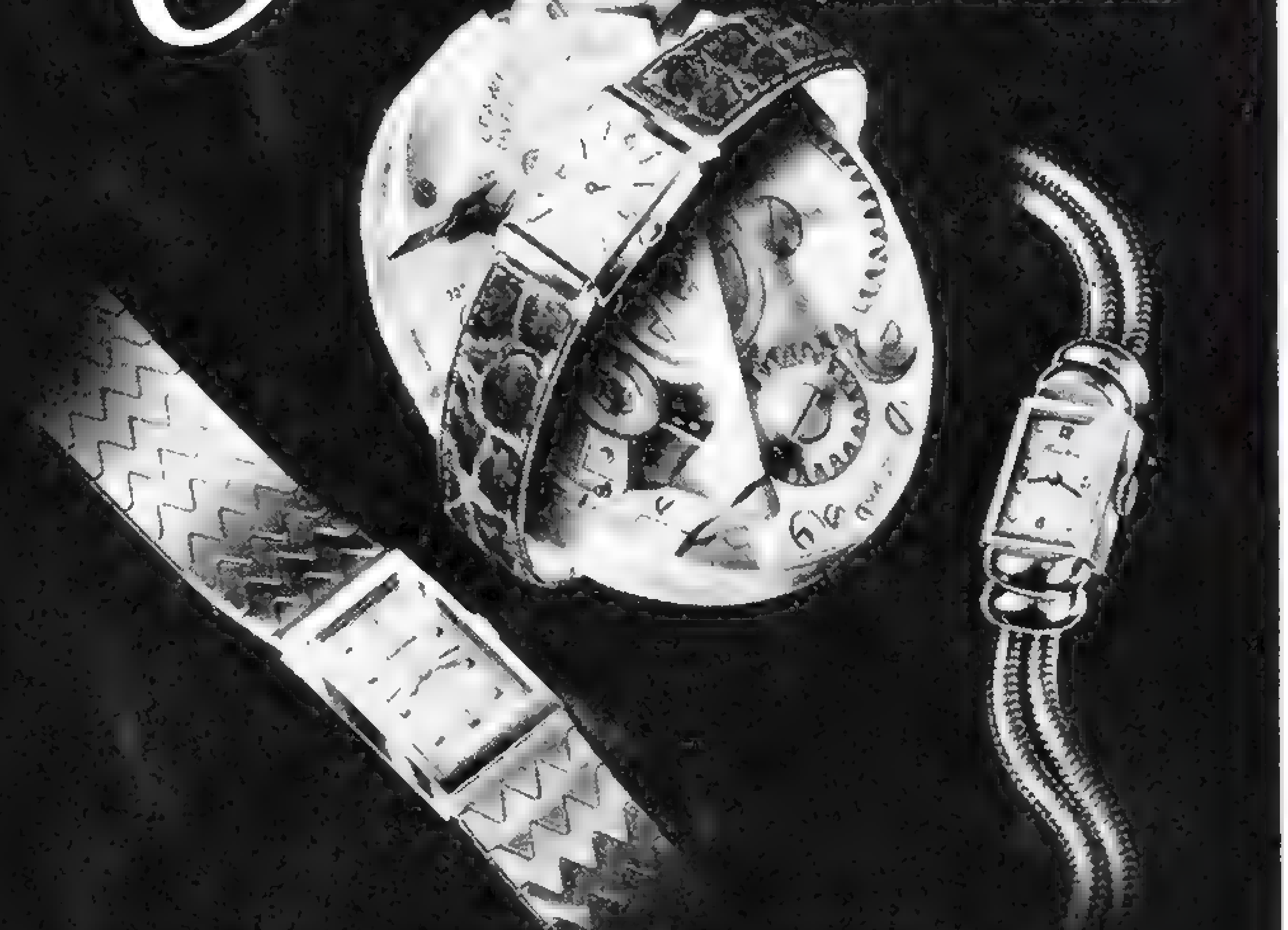

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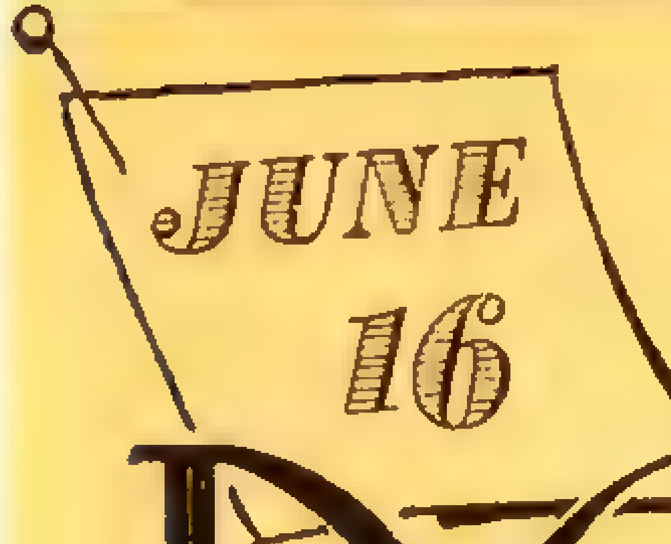

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Philadelphia Pepper Plot

Continued from page 161

Day already has headed them toward the Hit Parade. The *Railroad Song* attempts to be rousing, but hardly will compete with the popular *Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe. The Right Romance,* sung by Jeanne Craine while lolling about her maidenly boudoir, refurbishes the "it-might-as-well-be-spring" theme. Miss Craine is the only actress in Hollywood whose love scenes are played opposite an empty bed. Her entire screen career seems to have consisted of yearning for a hypothetical hyperthyroid.

IN *Dragonwyck*, the epic of a mad lover, political eloquence sometimes gets confused with the sound of panting. Vincent Price, the demon wooer, lacks the opportunities for frenzy which were afforded in *Leave Her to Heaven*'s role of the district attorney. (Only the professional prejudice of the Screen Actors' Guild kept last season's Oscars from going to the lawyers who defended and prosecuted Charlie Chaplin.) Even so, Vincent's athletic eyebrows seem in danger of flying away with him to Republic.

In justice to Joseph Mankiewicz, who directed him, it must be admitted that hamming is not entirely out of place in a "Roman" novel. This school of literature was inspired by the nineteenth century's efforts to kid itself into thinking it was the thirteenth. It was a daydream of pure but pensive damsels, lured into gloomy castles by wicked lords, and there kept languishing in luxurious misery behind satin padded doors. Queen Victoria was so intrigued by this phony medievalism that she buried her husband in it—as anyone knows who has seen the Albert Memorial.

Anya Seton's paraphrase of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* revives the hallucination in an American setting, in which the Rhine is replaced by the Hudson. Apparently she pulled it off. So does the movie. The drug-crazed Mr. Price lives in a vast and rambling mansion with garbled roof and dormant windows. To this dreadful pile he brings Gene Tierney, first as a governess and then as a bride. Amid such uncheerful richness, he persecutes her for not giving him a healthy manchild. He probably planned to give the boy an Ingersoll if he didn't smoke opium before his twenty-first birthday.

The novel's climactic steamboat race has been eliminated. This must have caused great anguish to the workers in the Fox film library who no doubt were eager to shove in a few stock shots from Will Roger's *Steamboat 'Round the*

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Bend. Mankiewicz couldn't approve the sight of Albany night boats steaming past cotton fields, while pickaninnies tossed magnolias.

To those unfamiliar with the traditions of the Empire State, the scenes in which the sullen farmers refuse to pay rent have a Communistic flavor. But the farmers actually were protesting against a form of dictatorship that existed in New York under a system of feudal tenure, dating back to the grants of the Dutch Company in 1629. Amazingly, this did not end with the Revolution. In 1845, the Hudson River farmer was still a combination of serf and sharecropper, holding his land under leases that lasted three or four generations. He was obliged to patronize the landlord's mill, and all cases were tried in the patroon's courts.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

Mr. Mankiewicz has used Walter Huston to dramatize the attitude of the average Yankee toward all this. Mr. Huston plays the heroine's father—a New Englander who is Bible reading and liberty loving, narrow, and, at the same time, forthright. His rural family gives realistic balance to the Victorian gaudiness of *Dragonwyck*. The shot of him, herding his brood home from church along a dirt road, would do credit to an American Millet. And his contempt for the somnolent social system of the Rip Van Winkle country is a joy to behold.

Dragonwyck is careful to state that the final liberation of the Hudson Valley farmers came by democratic means. The New York Constitutional Convention of 1846 destroyed the patroon system and gave to the still-embattled farmers the rights the rest of the country had won in 1776.

Unlike the French Revolution (and a few elsewhere) the American Revolution did not immediately achieve absolute democracy and then rapidly disintegrate into an imperial dictatorship. Its origins were somewhat aristocratic, but its development still continues in a widening arc of freedom. Its progress has been sure, despite its delays. The re-

Continued on page 164

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Philadelphia Pepper Plot

Continued from page 163

forms achieved in 1846 at Dragonwyck were enlarged in our own time at neighboring Hyde Park.

With a picture frankly entitled *Bedlam*, R K O. carries Hollywood's fight for perfection into the nuthouse. Boris Karloff appears as the warden of the notorious London asylum. He makes tired passes at the prettier idiots. This time he's not a werewolf, but a weary wolf. However, his tactics avail him little, for the lunatics soon overpower him, and try him on a charge of being sane.

Throughout this trial, a verbose heroine keeps interrupting the deliberations of the daft with political digressions, which make it difficult to disentangle the ravings of the pixilated from the exhortations of the enlightened. The film seems to argue that government by lunatics, for lunatics and of lunatics should not perish from the earth. This may be a worthy cause, but it is not a present crisis.

The heroine has been unjustly packed off to the booby hatch by Billy House, a nasty nobleman who grew tired of her long after I did. The Johnston Office decreed that the minx be kept by Lord Billy only "because she made him laugh." Since most of us have seen Mr. House laugh his way through twenty years of musicals (often for no cause whatsoever), the vocation of this curiously employed maiden supplies the zaniest note in this zany epic.

Your critic next went to see Paulette Goddard in *Diary of a Chambermaid.* I should have stood in Bedlam.

The plot of Paulette's new vehicle is laid (or rather, mislaid) in the France of 1885. Judith Anderson, a wicked old Royalist, is married to wacky old Reginald Owen. He runs around firing off a shotgun and wearing a beard that could serve as a mattress for Sidney Greenstreet. Burgess Meredith and Francis Lederer appear as what the Communists like to call "confused liberals." In this case the Communists are right. Liberal Meredith expresses himself by throwing rocks through a greenhouse and by eating full-blown roses. Liberal Lederer likes to kill geese with a darning needle.

But geese are not enough. Lederer wants Miss Goddard. She is also desired by Hurd Hatfield who, as the delicate son of Judith and Reginald, is made up to look like a two-bit pocket edition of Robert Louis Stevenson. Last seen in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, Mr. Hatfield is showing a certain silverfish tendency to gnaw his way through literature of the

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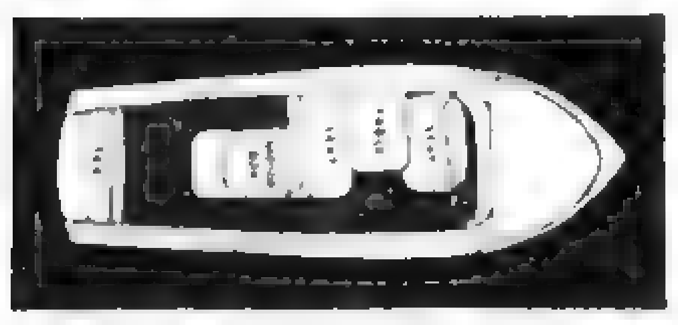
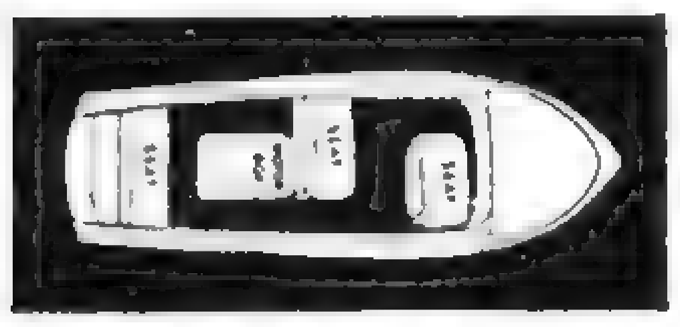


Forward seat turned around for dinette position.



Forward seat in driving position.

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nineteenth century. Hatfield gets interested in Miss Goddard when his mother puts her in a low cut dress and sends her in to serve him breakfast in bed. This would seem to solve the problem of the one-set show. If Marco Polo's mother had thought of it, the story of his life might have been staged between four walls.

Mr. Hatfield is frail. But he does his best in the ensuing love duel. As the villainous Lederer twists the starboard arm of Miss Goddard, the lowing Hurd winds slowly o'er the lee. Things come to a grand climax when Lederer, the goose-killing Liberal, murders Meredith, the rose-eating Liberal. At the moment, the villagers are celebrating Bastille Day by holding a torch-light procession in honor of a chambermaid who has been in town three months.

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This leads old Monsieur Owen to remark that perhaps the time has come when he and his wife should open the windows and admit the fresh air of modernism. The old gentleman couldn't have been in possession of all his marbles. If ever the time was ripe for a Royalist coup, it would seem to be when the Liberals were slaying each other and nibbling at the flower beds.

GILDA gives further evidence of the Hollywood passion for preaching sermons on texts which it dimly fails to comprehend. If you're doing your Christmas shopping early, a subscription to some good newspaper will be a useful gift for Columbia Studio. The impossibility of making a social document without keeping in touch with the current headlines becomes apparent when an Argentine policeman (Joseph Calleia) bobs up as a benevolent man of good will. The plot also attempts to make you hate the villain. George Macready, because he is a murderer of Nazis. The world isn't ready for this yet.

Of course, the main purpose of *Gilda* is to preserve the sex appeal of Rita Hayworth, and, at the same time, to create the impression she is a dramatic actress. The first aim is accomplished. While

Continued on page 166

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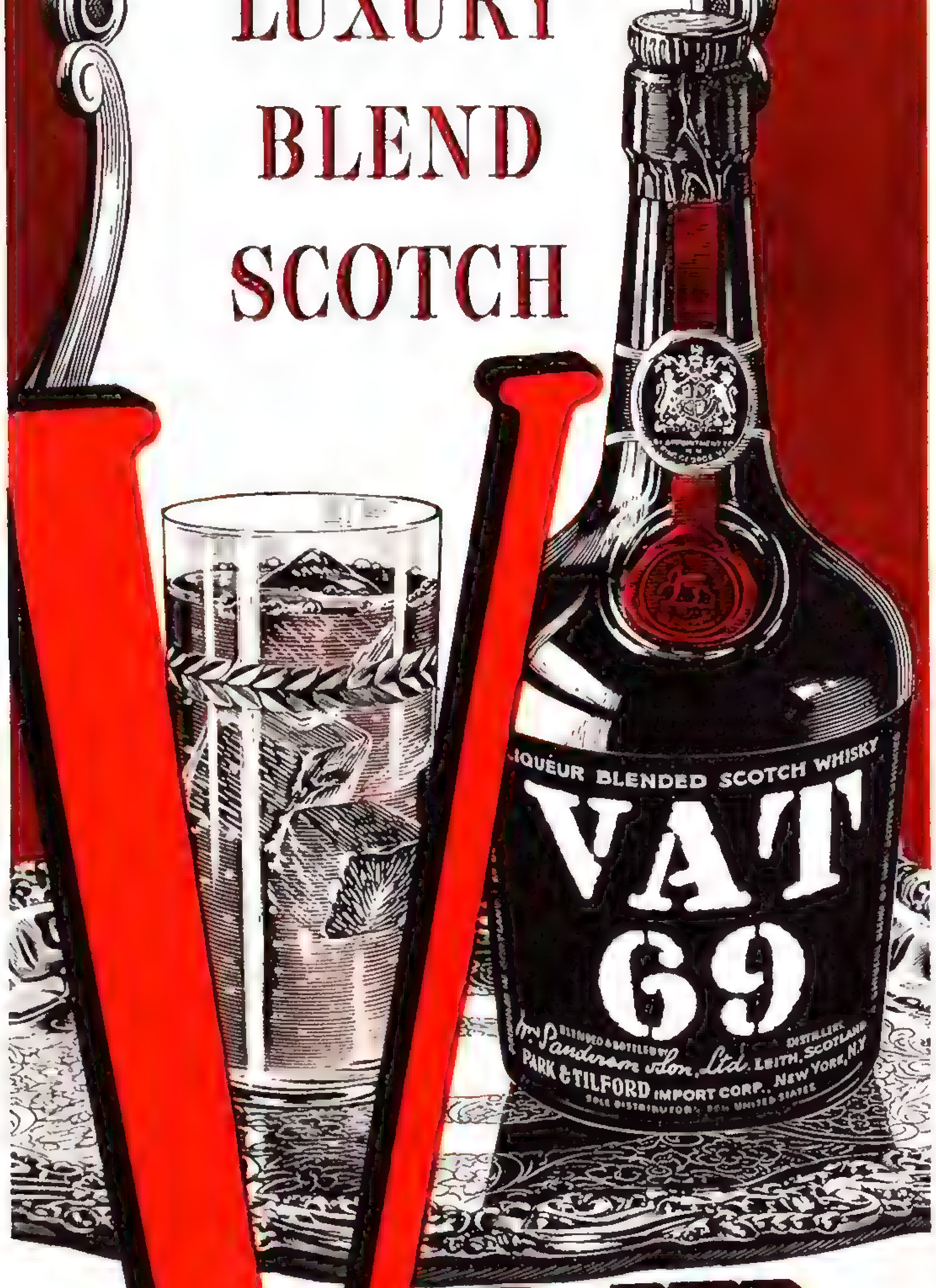
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Philadelphia Pepper Plot

Continued from page 165

singing *Amadio Mio*, she slowly swings her hips like a lazy schoolteacher inventing a new way of erasing a blackboard. The *Put the Blame on Mame* number allows her to be as sultry as Labor Day in New Orleans. But Rita's million-dollar wardrobe does not include Sarah Bernhardt's mantle.

To a scenario writer, the heartbreak about *Gilda* is not how bad it is, but how near it came to being good. A mood of romantic illusion and situations of simmering sexy suspense almost made this film another *Casablanca*. Director Charles Vidor and an excellent cast took full advantage of these qualities in the first half of the movie.

However, the second half of the script defeats them. In a preposterous emotional conflict the hero, Glenn Ford, is a thousand times more obnoxious than the heavy. Glenn's sadistic antics toward the persecuted Rita would seem overboard to a Marquis de Sade, engaged in a spat with a Messalina. But Rita loves him. Not for her a bed of roses. Give her a rack and a set of thumb screws every time.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES transfers the investigation of current conditions from South America to Heaven. Here, too, there is opportunity for improvement. In the Metro promised land, it is startling to realize that Barnum ranks above Shakespeare and Ziegfeld above both.

The picture's prologue discovers Flo planning a new show in his one-room celestial apartment, where it soon becomes apparent that his surroundings have left him singularly uninspired. The comedy consists of the same old vaudeville routines which my grandfather, the first white child bored west of the Alleghenies, saw performed by U.S.O. units during the Blackhawk War.

Heavens appear within heavens in the *Ziegfeld Follies.* Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly become harp-playing angels in a tap routine that makes the Golden Streets click like a Western Union office on election night. And in the lavishly-staged Limehouse number, Mr. Astaire chases Lucille Bremer into a Chinese heaven which looks like a Willow pattern blue plate. Redheaded Miss Bremer aroused no feelings stronger than respect when she appeared in a bathtub in *Yolanda and the Thief.* She does better as a Mongolian dancing girl. Having failed with red hair, she succeeds with red trousers. The placement of color is so important. A girl can have long yellow teeth and still not be your favorite blonde.

The show girls, in the best Zieg-

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feld tradition, are as frighteningly beautiful as they've always been. And their activities are as inexplicable. Entering on a merry-go-round, for some reason equipped with *real* horses, they have the promise of britches around their middles and breaches of promise in their eyes. Virginia O'Brien confuses the equestrienne issue by singing a very funny song while riding an artificial horse that is *not* on a merry-go-round.

Lucille Ball, wearing a granite-smooth face, which could be a souvenir from Easter Island, snaps a big whip at a troop of long-nailed females, kept in a cage in which there burns a tremendous bonfire. A ballet dancer rushes haughtily through what is either a monstrous eruption of a bubble bath, or the collar of a monumental stein of beer. She emerges looking ridiculously noble, as the suds slide down her torso. The tradition of Agnes De Mille has imparted the same stilted dignity to the leg show that Cecil inflicted upon the tempestuous Crusades. A fortune awaits the first producer with nerve enough to make an old-fashioned musical without a ballet.

HEAVEN, moving in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, also had a hand in *The Blue Dahlia*, which stars Alan Ladd in a story that is fast-paced and gutty. An accident during one of the fight scenes broke the toe of a villain. With the almost atheistic skepticism of their profession, the studio lawyers declared this an "act of God." The director used the results to create the best sequence in the picture, when the complaining varlet soaks his foot in hot water, while playing a game of wits in which the consolation prize is death.

God gets no screen credit.

I DOUBT if even the Deity could have done much to improve *Heartbeat.* This makes woeful misuse of the talents of Sam Wood and Ginger Rogers. It's hard to believe that she's the same girl who made the great *Kitty Foyle*, or that he's the same man who directed *Saratoga Trunk. Heartbeat* has no political significance. After *Tender Comrade*, Ginger mistrusts all comrades.

A very funny opening shows Basil Rathbone as a super-dignified modern Fagin who runs a school for pickpockets. But the story soon disintegrates into a wishy-washy Cinderella tale full of a strained false whimsey that reminds you of Lizzie Borden reading *Christopher Robin* to her mother. The hero, Jean Pierre Aumont, strives to appear rugged while playing peek-a-boo with his little doggie. Miss Rogers impersonates an apprentice pickpocket who gets all starry-eyed when an ambassador (Adolphe Menjou)

Continued on page 168

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Philadelphia Pepper Plot

Continued from page 167

forces her to frisk Jean Pierre at her first ball. Leave us face it. Miss Rogers is a fine woman and a mature actress. But she is about as far from her first ball as Joe DiMaggio is from his.

But it may be unfair to insist upon realism concerning an actress' age on the screen that is willing to distort everything else. It is the prerogative of dramatists to shuffle facts to suit their shifting fads and purposes.

Thus we see Hiram Maxim of machine-gun fame, emerging in Universal's *So Goes My Love* as a harum-scarum wooer and a paragon of fathers. A few years ago, the current Hollywood thought patterns would have accepted him as nothing but a "merchant of death." There is nothing sinister in the aims of the screenplaywrights who have brought about this transformation. They simply wanted to create a *Daddy Was a Screwball* type of movie to compete with Warners' *Life With Father*. Since he was a fellow of infantile jest, Mr. Maxim fitted their needs nicely. His heirs cashed in on memories of him. It's getting so a good provider can do more for his kids by being a crackpot than by taking out a life insurance policy. Hiram's hysterics make a breezily nostalgic vehicle for Don Ameche and Myrna Loy, until, in the last third of the picture, they start getting slapstick happy in their efforts to be funny. But it's far from the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about Hiram.

Neither should *A Scandal in Paris* be taken as gospel in regard to the career of François Eugene Vidocq, the Napoleanic stool pigeon who became one of history's first private dicks. Here too the dramatists had no ulterior motive. They wanted to tailor a hero's role for George Sanders and George always is best when he's a bit of a villain. So Vidocq was given a thin coat of theatrical whitewash—and, of course, he's given a moral finish. Actually, he seems to have dallied with many a curvacious Carole Landis. But he didn't wind up as the husband of a saintly Signe Hasso. M. Vidocq really concluded his career in the clink after he had organized a mysterious robbery for the purpose of solving it himself. *A Scandal in Paris* cannot be recommended as history, but much can be said for its droll Punch and Judy flavor. Mr. Sanders' suavely fervent love scenes with Miss Landis contain deft moments of tongue-in-cheek comedy. #

Continued from page 50

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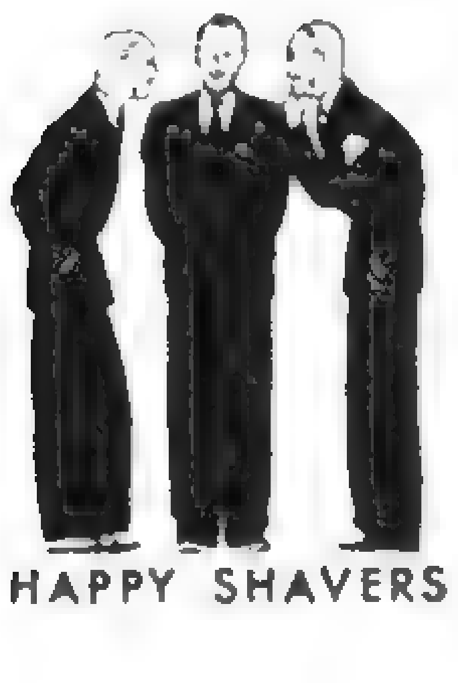

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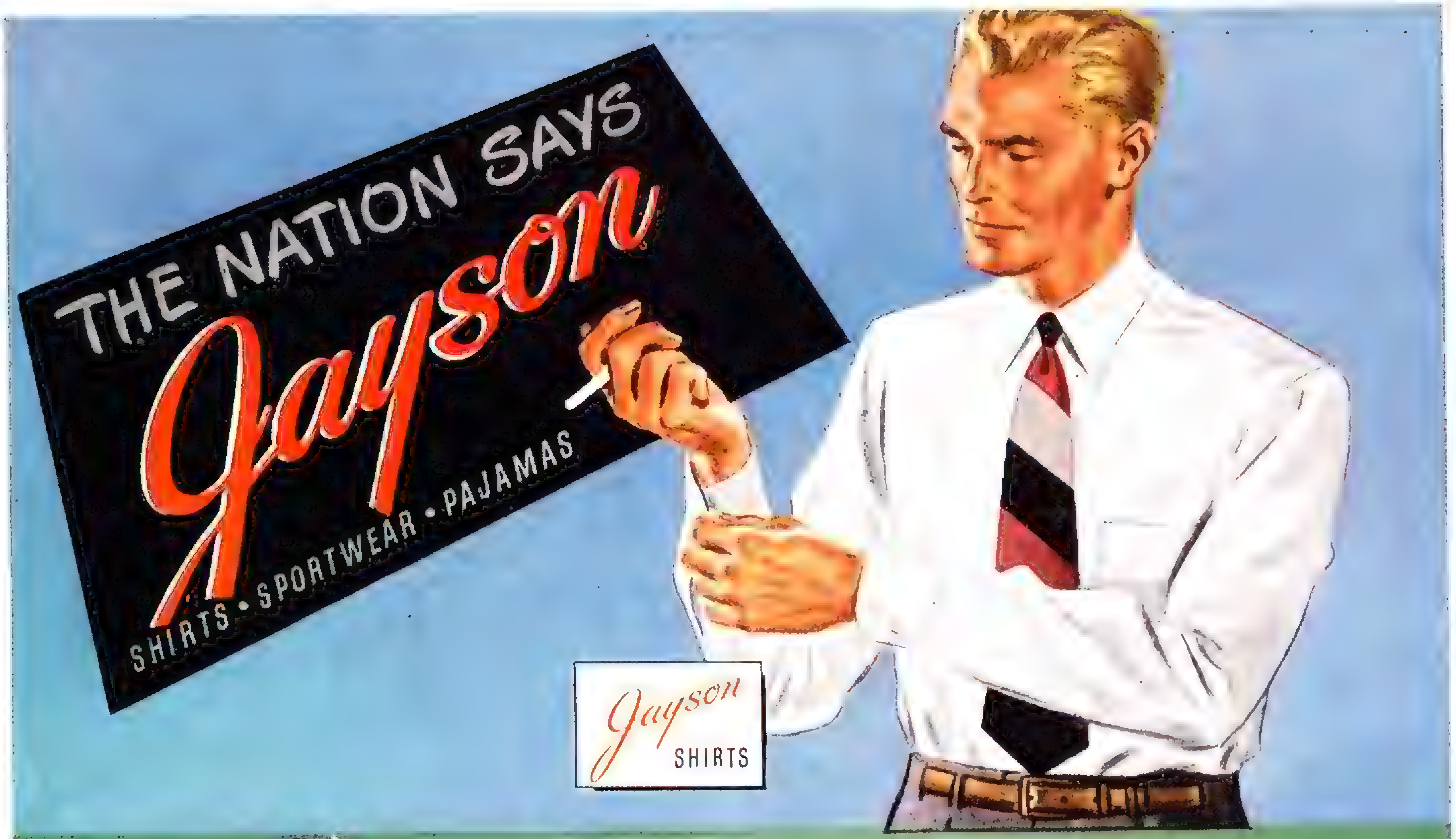
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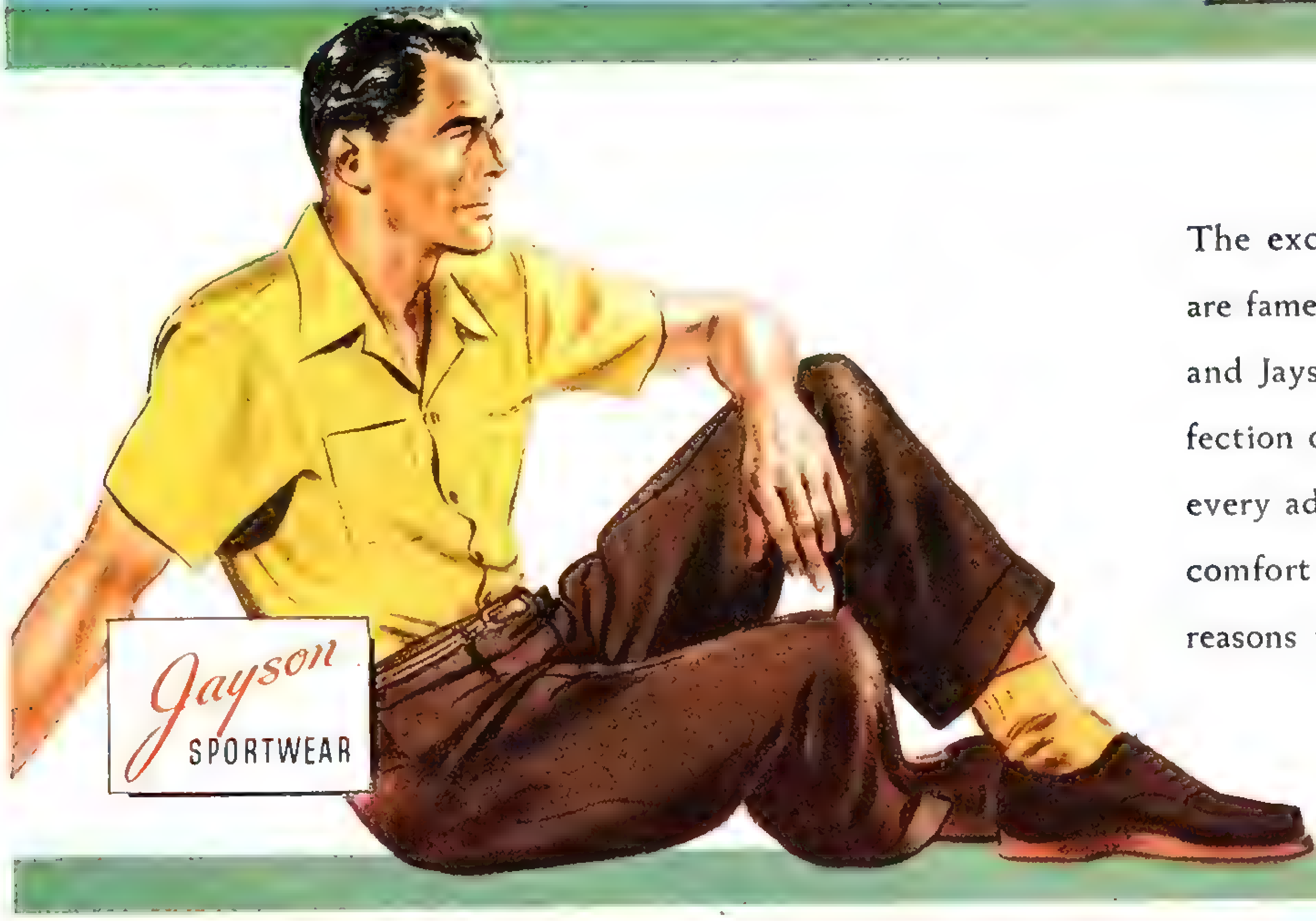
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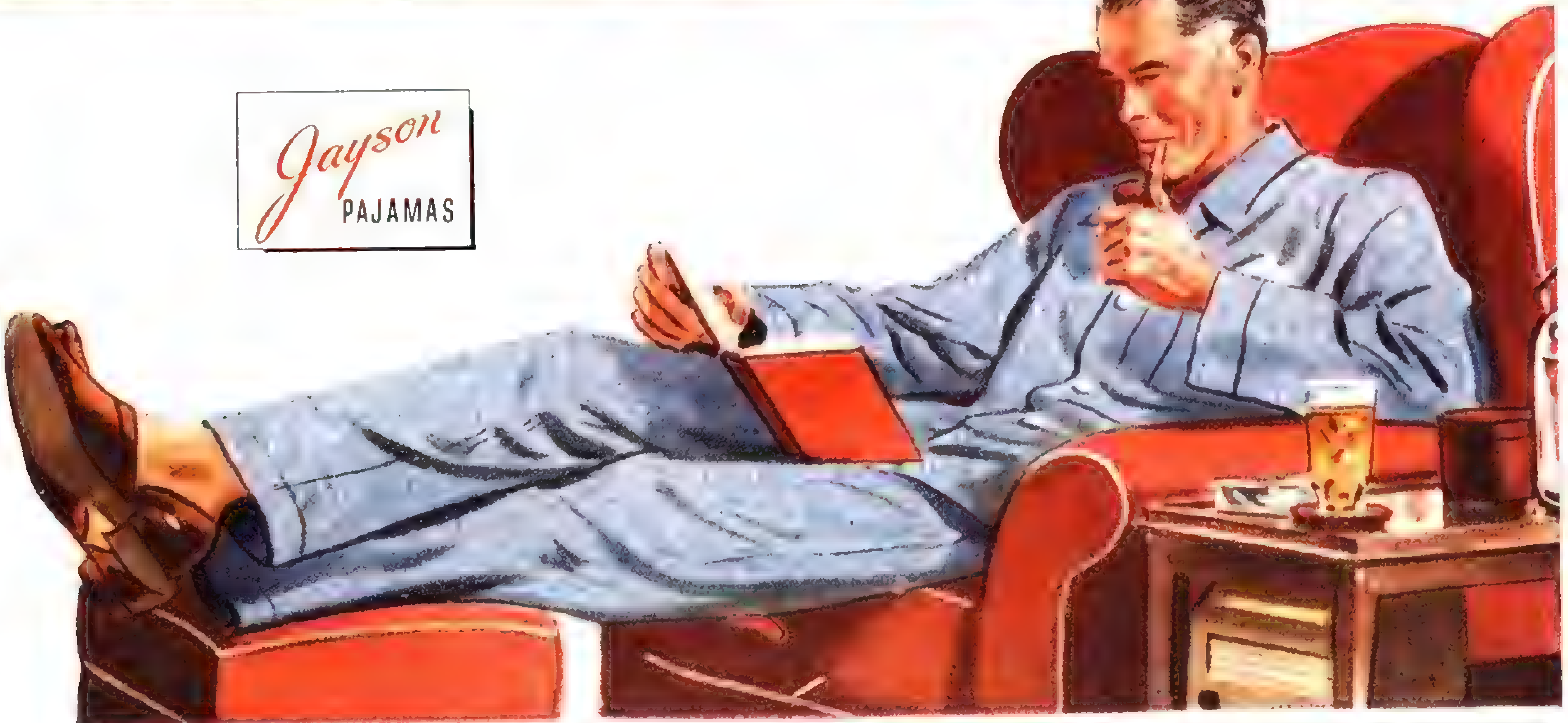
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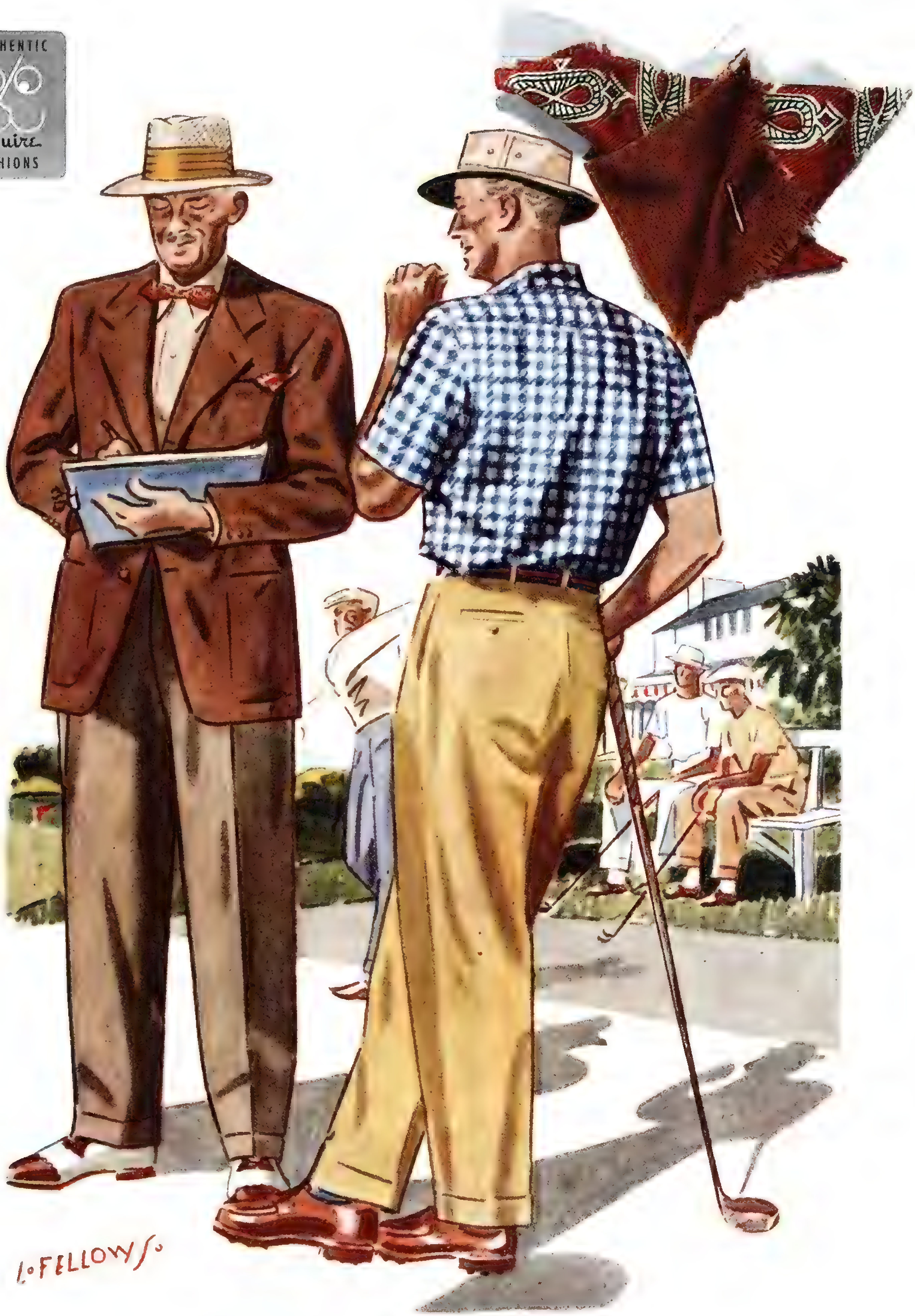

NO HANDICAP ON CLOTHES

Drawing by L. Fellows

The player checking in with the checked cotton shirt should swing through the tournament with the greatest of ease, regardless of whether his skill brings home a cup for the mantlepiece. The short sleeves and roomy cut of his shirt are action-easy, his gabardine slacks and ribbon belt are comfortably light. And the green underbrim of his pork-pie hat is an aid for keeping-the-eye-on-the-ball on bright fairways. The starter official is well outfitted to carry on his duties from the clubhouse veranda where he'll let the breezes fan his brow through his mesh Panama hat. You can lamp samples of his foulard tie and the linenlike weave of his rayon and cotton jacket on this page. And look at those two-toned shoes! Peace, it's wonderful.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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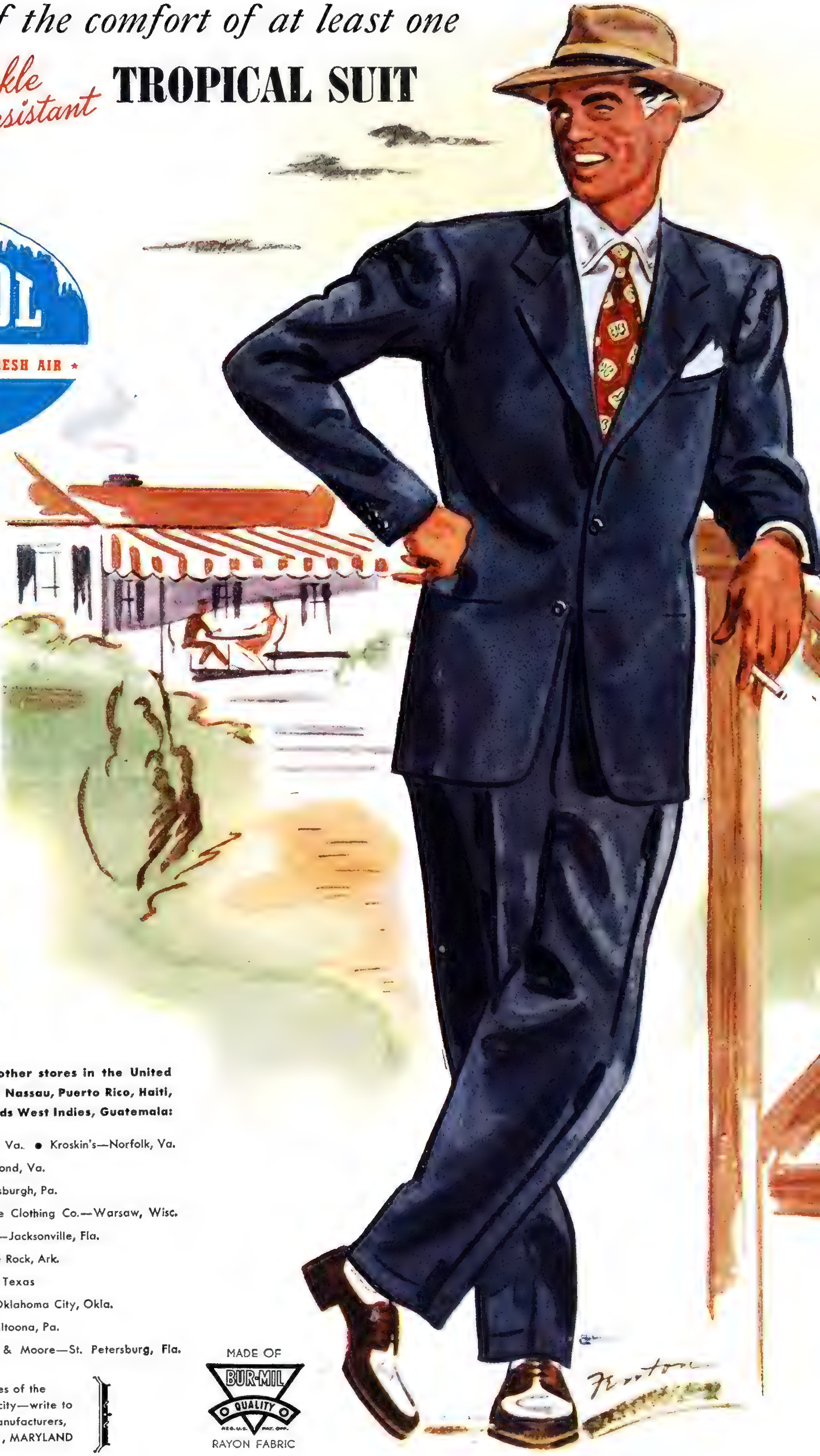

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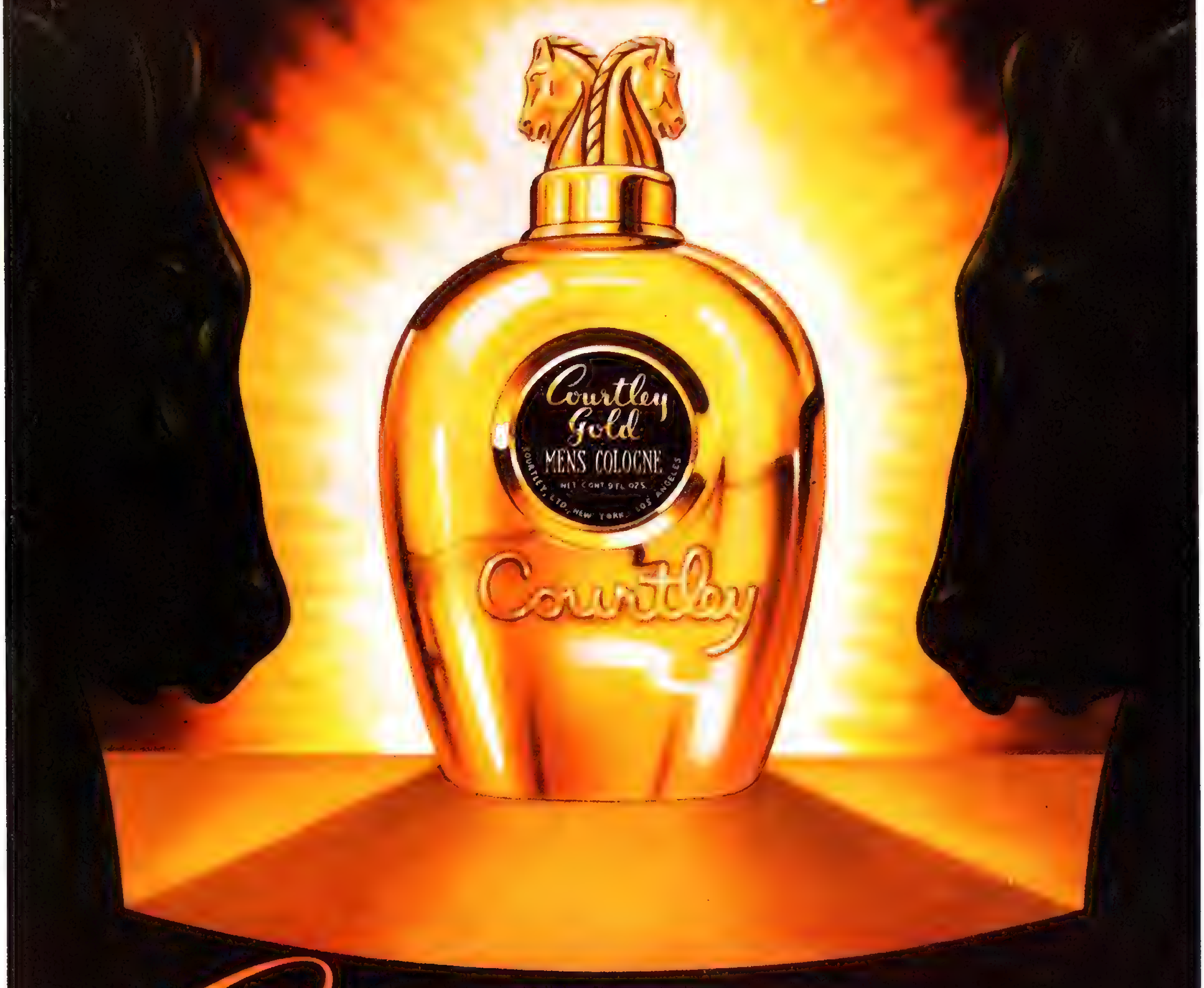
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How to Make a Movie on Nothing

Continued from page 79

tyro who wishes to get his finger into the motion picture pie. You get yours by offering the angel a partnership in your firm. But he claims he can only invest 50,000 dollars and you need twice that. Naturally, you accept his money, and go after your final 50,000 dollars. You approach a famous Hollywood star—for example, Joel McCrea. He is interested in *Tired Soil.* The leading role is the kind of part he enjoys playing, and it may even win him an Academy Award. You make a deal with him. You will give him 100,000 dollars to appear in your film, if he will accept 75,000 in cash and the remaining 25,000 out of later profits. Then you go to a famous director, perhaps Frank Tuttle, and you promise him a certain sum in cash if he will accept the remaining 25,000 dollars out of later profits. In this way, on actor and director credit, you have raised your last 50,000.

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You are wild with excitement. You have your entire 100 per cent financing and you're ready to go—almost. For now the bank and the distributing company tell you 100 per cent is not enough. You've got to show 110 per cent! This extra ten per cent is the margin they demand in case you exceed your shooting budget or in the event "an act of God" delays or endangers your production. This added ten per cent is the "completion bond." Wearily, you make inquiries. Suddenly, again you are cheered. A "factoring company," which specializes in such loans, studies your setup and quickly agrees to forward you the extra 100,000 dollars. In return, the factoring company demands, not interest, but a substantial hunk of the film's profits.

And at last the travail is over, the "ifs" have materialized, and your million-dollar epic of America, *Tired Soil,* starring Joel McCrea, Susan Hayward and Albert

Continued on page 174

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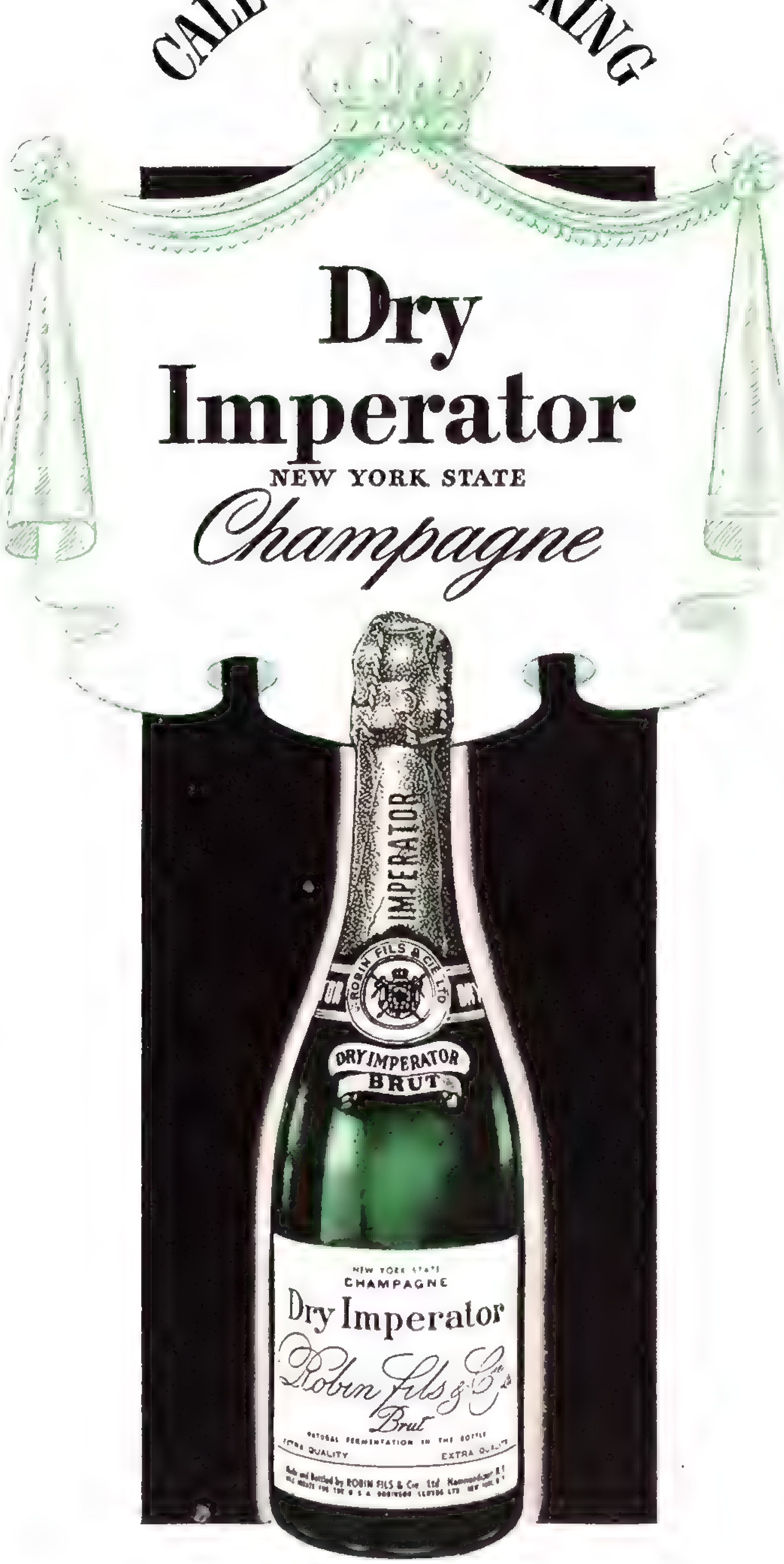

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How to Make a Movie on Nothing

Continued from page 173

Dekker, directed by Frank Tuttle, goes before the cameras. And soon it is done and released across the land by United Artists.

From nothing you have become "Mythical Productions," with a million-dollar picture exciting or lulling the citizens of the nation. And for this mammoth effort, for the irritation and the time, what have you profited beyond prestige? If you have been wise, even if the film is a failure, you have profited considerably. You have drawn anywhere from 25,000 to 50,000 dollars from your budget for your "supervision fee" as the picture's producer.

After you have finished your initial independent, you sit back and wait for success or failure. You can cheer yourself by thinking about some of the more amazing successes racked up by some other independents. Walter Colmes, a quiet, handsome, young man about Hollywood, toiled for several years on the fringe of the industry as a press agent before he determined to become an independent producer. He got an idea for a musical comedy to be called *Trocadero*, acquired small backing, the promise of one of the Lane Sisters and some name bands to appear in it, and a Republic release. The result was mildly successful. Colmes persisted, made several more mediocre small-budget musicals, and at last, produced and directed a suspenseful thriller called *Identity Unknown*. It was box office. Now he is in business to stay.

Recently, a group of unknowns pooled their nonentity to produce a successful small-budget film. Five ex-Army officers, each under thirty-five years of age, found themselves all dressed up in civvies and no place to go. Their collective assets added up to ambition, experience and zero in cash. They agreed these were riches enough, formed a co-operative company, Signal Pictures, and appointed one of their number, Lou Appleton, a former captain who'd made an Army documentary in the Pacific, as their producer. The others, ranging from ex-lieutenant to ex-major, agreed to work as director, assistant director, cameraman and scenario writer.

Their final script, entitled *Strange Voyage*, was shown to a sixth dischargee, ex-Navy Lieutenant Eddie Albert, an eccentric young man who had been one of Hollywood's top prewar comedians. Albert liked the script, in fact, the whole co-operative idea, and though he could command 50,000 dollars for appearing in a single picture elsewhere, he contributed his acting services for the

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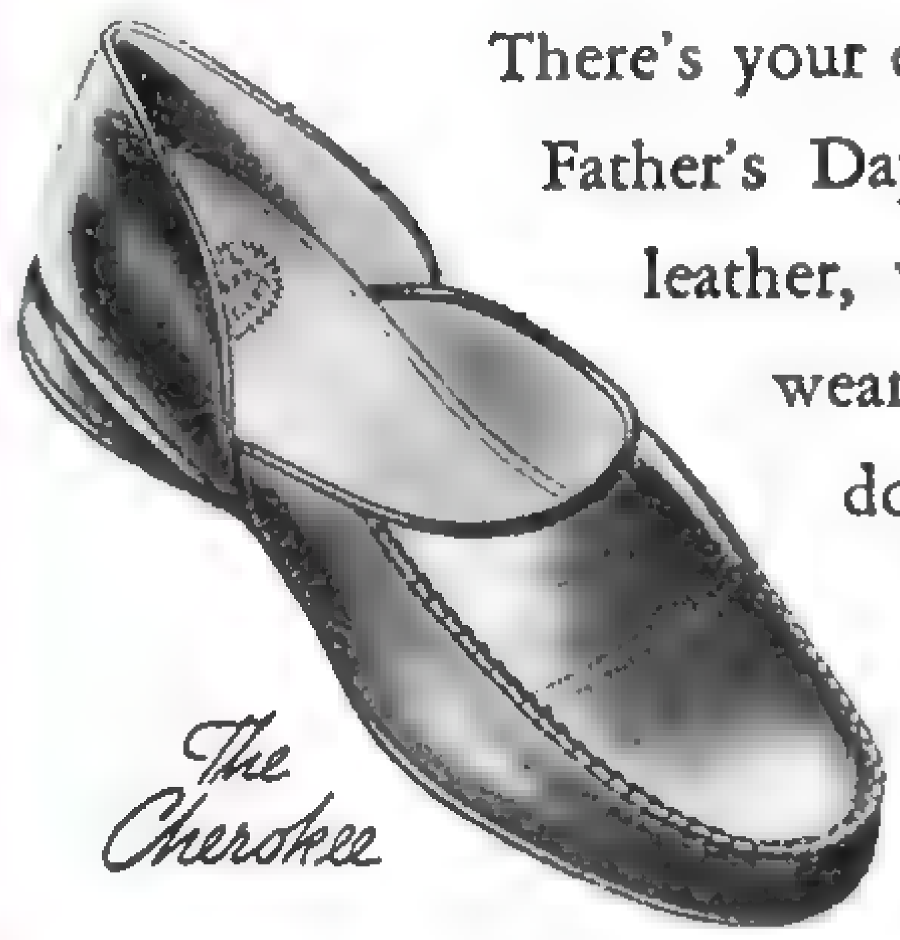

There's your cue to the greatest gift in the world for Father's Day! Evans Slippers are sheer comfort in leather, very smartly styled and sturdily built to wear both in and outside the house. If you don't find them in your favorite store now, watch for them . . . they'll be coming in. Evans Slippers are welcome any time!

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same payment the others had promised themselves they would take out of the picture—a percentage of the profits.

With its potent line-up of bosses, star, story, Signal Picture's financial backing came easily. Actually, the men needed little money. They economized by shooting the entire movie in seven days—three days aboard Eddie Albert's yacht, three days on the desert at Indio, and one day indoors on a rented sound stage. Albert had considerable film footage which he had shot on a holiday in Mexico and the story was written around this. Total cost of the entire venture was 30,000 dollars, a figure you can compare with the budget of another independent, David O. Selznick's *Duel in the Sun*, which ran to 5,000,000.

"Yoo, hoo, darling!"

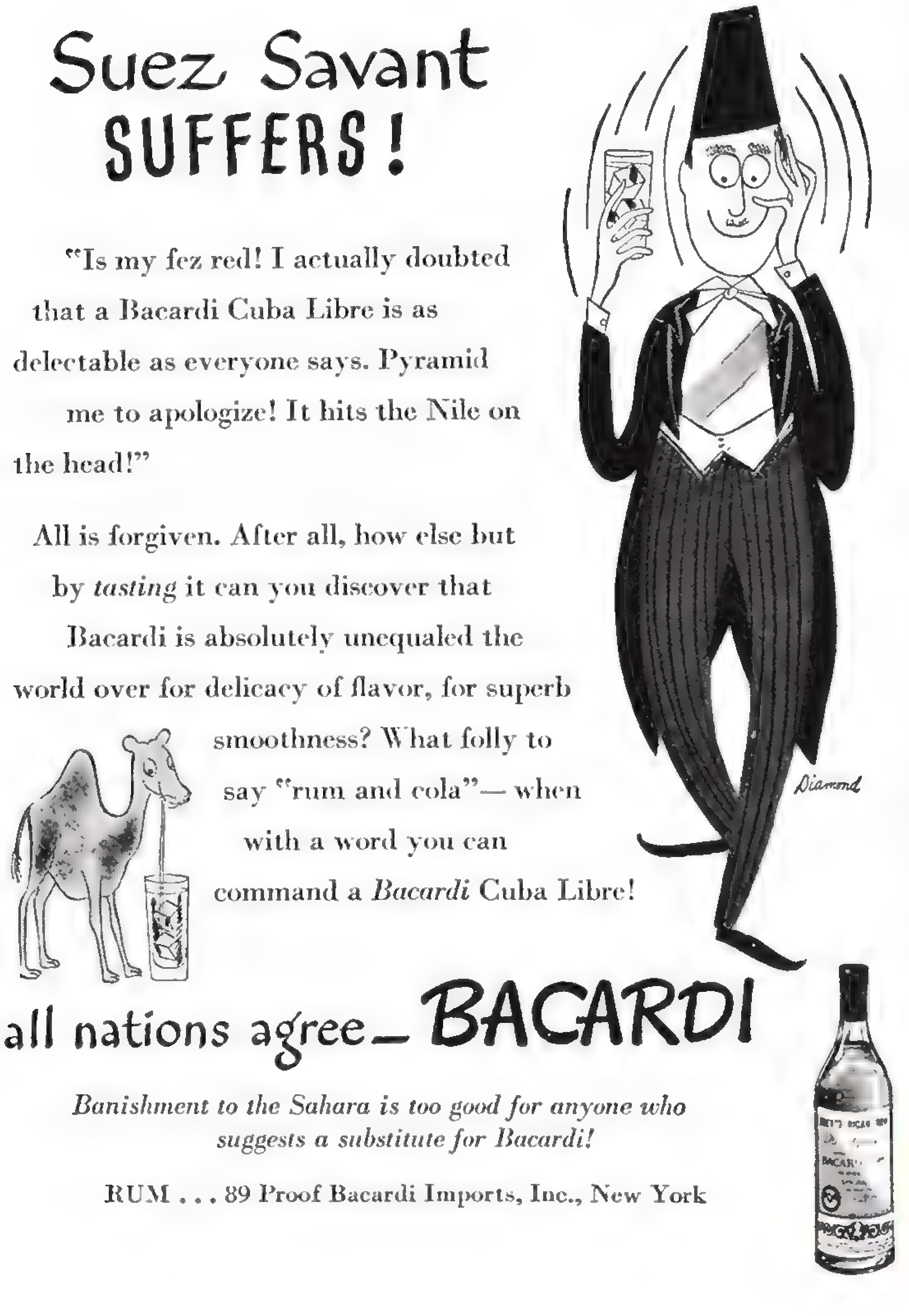
Monogram agreed to release *Strange Voyage* and indicated a gross of 200,000 dollars. And *Variety's* critic, seeing it at a sneak preview, labeled it "a picture that will stand up anywhere in the matter of entertainment value."

Thus encouraged, Signal Pictures are preparing two more home-made bargains, one to star Bruce Cabot, the other Eddie Albert again, and expects by next year that it will be a firmly established concern.

Perhaps the shrewdest of all contemporary independents who started from scratch is an eager, high-pressured, little man named Lester Cowan. Cowan promoted endless pictures and never made a flop. He teed off, ten years ago, with Jean Arthur and Edward G. Robinson in *The Whole Town's Talking*. He followed with major productions starring Ida Lupino, Paul Muni, Frederic March. His last two efforts, the film version of the Broadway hit, *Tomorrow the World*, and the Ernie Pyle saga, *The Story of GI Joe*, were both triumphs, and it is reported that Cowan sold his producer's share on these two properties to a Chicago syndicate for almost a million dollars.

But for every rags-to-riches story, for every bright and shin-

Continued on page 176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How to Make a Movie on Nothing

Continued from page 175

ing genius, there is a resounding and dismal failure to match. Some of the failures cannot even be recorded, because the hopefuls who started producing became tangled and lost on the way, and were never heard from again.

Still others succeeded in promoting and producing, and retiring with no hits, one error. An outstanding independent turkey was *Beyond Tomorrow.* It was conceived and produced by a cameraman and a writer. Both were outstanding in their respective fields.

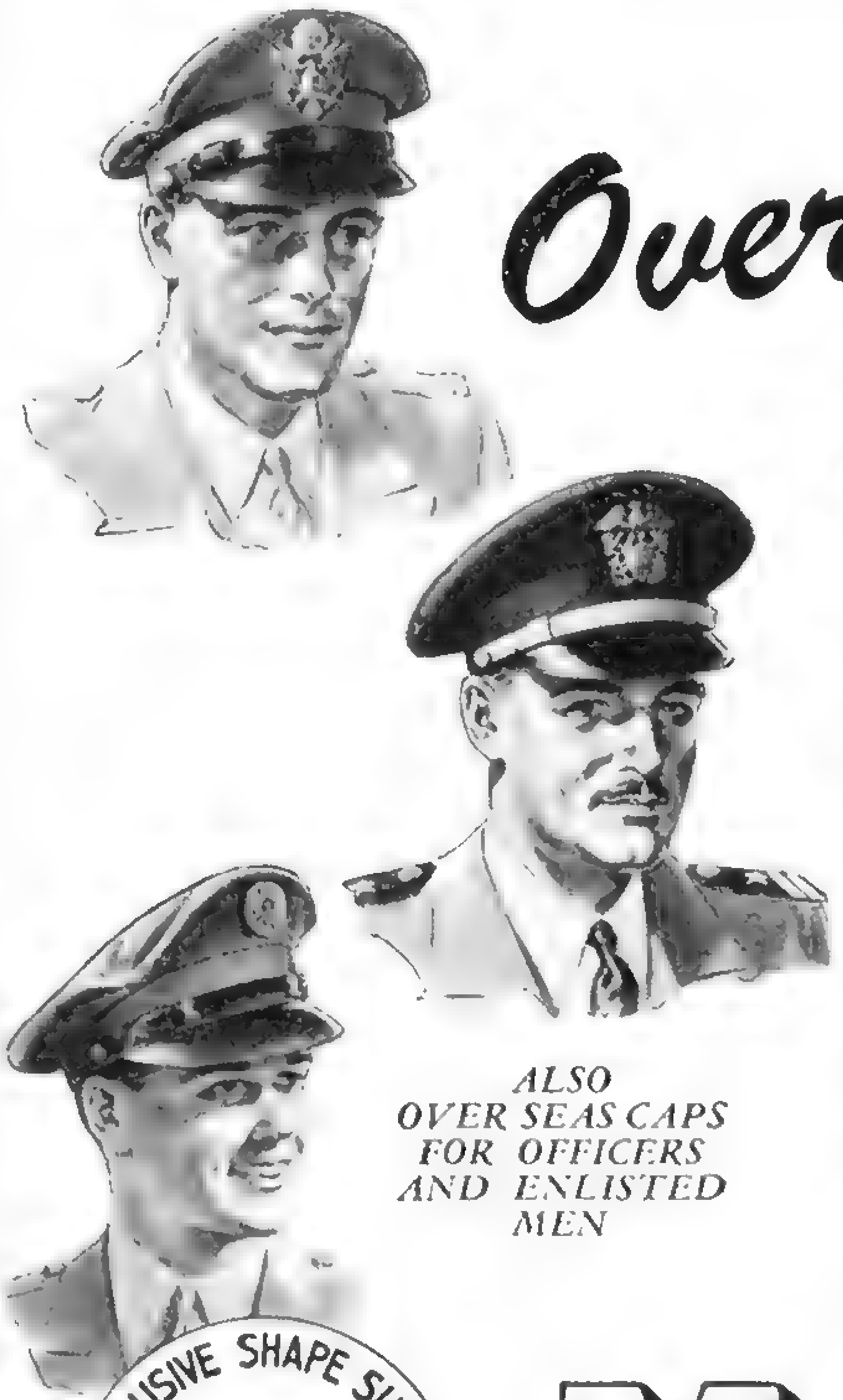
The cameraman was Lee Garmes who had shot the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur-Noel Coward classic, *The Scoundrel.* The writer was Adele Comandini, who had written *Three Smart Girls* for Deanna Durbin, managed to raise sufficient funds and hire Jean Parker and Charles Winninger to appear in their economical epic. The returns were so meager that the largest creditor, the bank, reported difficulty getting its first money.

No one in all Hollywood who ventures into the wilds of independent production can hope to be immune from failure. Bing Crosby's first personal effort, *The Great John L.*, was remarkably unimpressive. James Cagney, breaking from Warners to branch out on his own, made a wobbly start. Gary Cooper, producing and starring in a film released by International Pictures, was never worse. Dudley Nichols, one of the few great scenario writers in Hollywood, tumbled terribly in his first production solo. However, these men were big enough to survive. Lesser figures, falling into independent failure, cannot and do not survive. Robert Sherwood, a run-of-the-mill radio announcer on Jimmy Fidler's gossip broadcast, is an unhappy example of a man who had both brilliance and a dream, took a flier into independent production, raised the money, produced a picture that was more than reputable and still flopped because of a conspiracy of reasons.

So before you pack your bags, with your idea and your initiative, and leave your 25 or 100 dollar a week job for the greener fields of Hollywood, remember that while you may make a million-dollar movie on nothing, you may also develop ulcers, a stutter, St. Vitus, a persecution complex, and lose your only asset, which happens to be your shirt.

Worst of all, when you limp back home, you will find someone else has taken your steady job—a smart guy—an old-time independent producer. #

Continued from page 79



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A Swim at Sunset

Continued from page 80

high behind him—he was moving in it's grip. Head down, he swam with all his strength to match the speed of the breaker, to make himself one with it. The wave swelled in momentum, and his body rose vertically through the water. The wave hunched to break. He was poised, riding its very peak. His back bowed and he held himself rigid, hands locked behind him. He caught this one beautifully, and the wave broke with a polished thrusting movement while he rode to shore on wings. A swift second and he grounded in the shallows as the strength of the wave declined.

Exuberantly, he waded back outward, dived neatly through one incoming wave, and then through another. The water was soon deep again. Then he rested, having completed an exact and perfect bit of work. Among all the dangerous waves, the sand blasters, he had seen that this one would be perfect. He had caught it, harnessed it to his purpose. Speed, freedom, and control: a real combination, a good day. The waves rocked him in their gentle motion. Surely a good day!

Easily he swam toward the horizon, and the swells rounded and became flattened. The noise of the surf died gradually, and motion faded off into its basic massive undulation.

He had reached another world, incredibly far from the earth and from the fury of the breakers. He lay back, floating easily. The water and the land were both turning dark, and the distance seemed magnified.

Everything was very quiet. The empty sand threw off a golden color and occasional windows brilliantly mirrored the sun. The pines stood dark, and over all the evening air hung burdened with light. The town was a wonderfully-wrought miniature. Each tree, fence and building was perfect in its detail.

The hills beyond, now velvet in

SAFE
ADDING MACHINE
-ALI-

Continued on page 178

No. 3 in a series of cartoons by Phil Rosa depicting incidents in the life of that great sentimentalist, Mr. I. M. Setinways and his wife, Perky.

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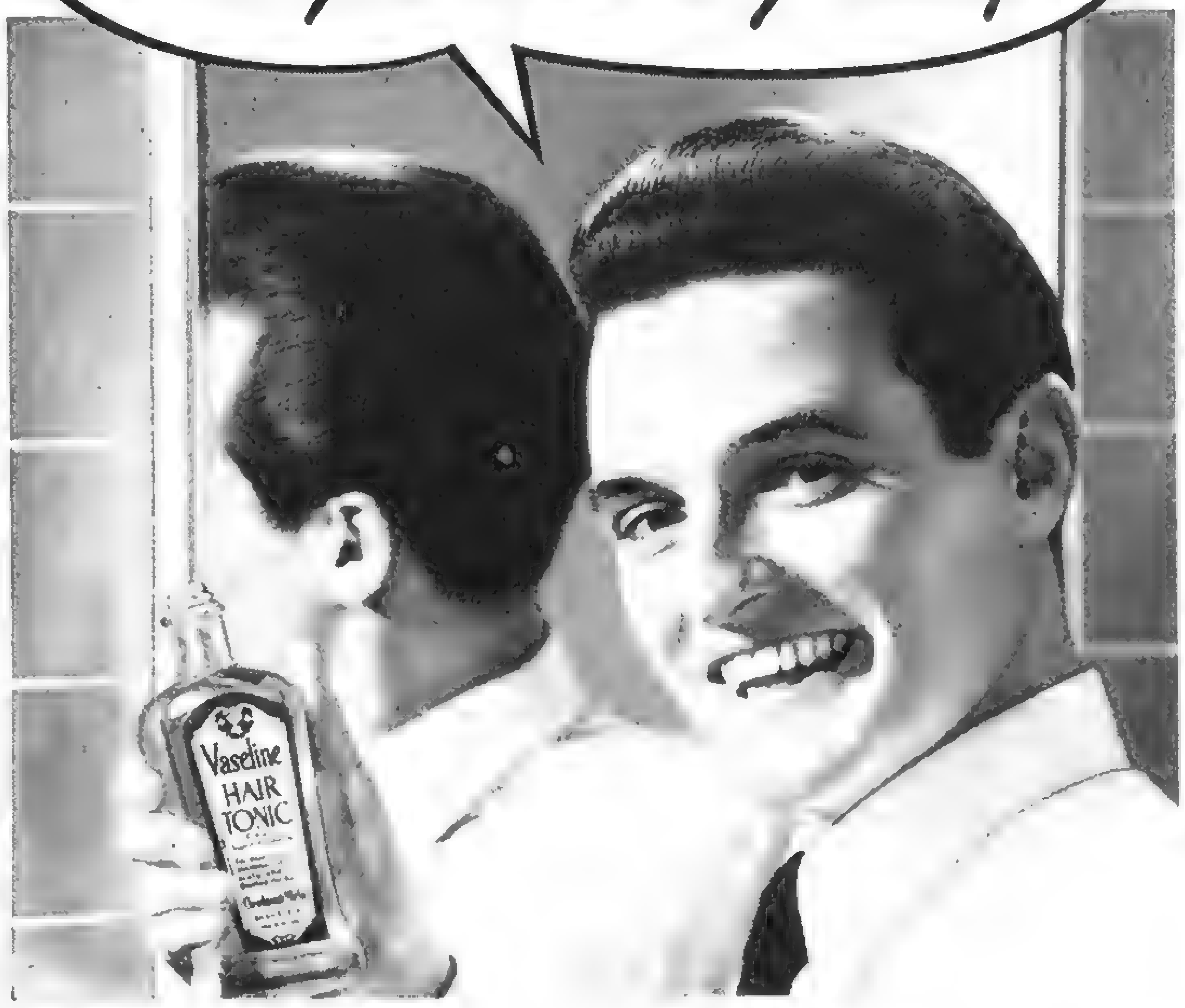

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A Swim at Sunset

Continued from page 177

the evening light, seemed in motion, alive in a marvelous balance. The hills and the sea were true and similar, big in their textures and their underlying dangers. At the moment he felt more a part of them than he did of the silent town.

The effect of the cold water was becoming noticeable. His legs and feet were a little numb, and he thrashed about to warm himself, sprinting, then diving toward the bottom. By himself, alone and free in the weightless world beneath the ocean, he moved in changing arcs. Gracefully, easily, he reached his greatest depth. Then drifting back to the light, he floated to catch his breath. The ocean was friendly. It was fine to gamble against its great strength, but it could be a great deal better as a partner than as an opponent.

Overhead, the sky was beginning to darken as the sun dropped into the fog. The few clouds had changed into puffs of sunset color, and only the mountain's crest was left aglow. The clouds became muddy, and the light slipped finally away. Reluctantly, he began to swim toward the shore. His legs beat out their easy rhythm. The ocean moved smoothly past, lifting him gently, carrying him a little distance and allowing him to fall again. He relaxed as he swam, never hurrying.

Some current had carried him north, although there was nothing unusual in this. A drifting tide—nothing strong enough to worry a good swimmer. It was only necessary to ignore the drift, to swim straight in and reach land wherever chance happened to put him ashore.

A measure of warmth came into his arms from the exertion. But the distance was always deceptive, and occasionally he looked upward and ahead to estimate his progress. A few shapes could be distinguished among the pine shadows, and the white sand of the beach seemed faintly luminous in the growing night. As he swam, the air choked with darkness—broken only by the dim bulk of the hills. He could find behind him the foaming of his passage. But this sign of progress was minute in the black of the ocean. Soon there was no horizon. He saw only the fused dark sky and sea.

Fog began to whisper above in thick sheets. The air as well as the water became cold. The dimensions of his world were shrinking. Although he swam steadily inward, when he next paused to measure his progress, he found that the hills had been curtained

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by the mist. The beach, too, had vanished. He could hear the breakers, but the sound was farther off than it should have been, and nothing was familiar. The world was tightening, pressing close and very cold around him.

The water swelled in long rhythms that came too quickly out of the darkness, that lifted him into the other darkness of the mist, twisting and pulling at him, and finally dropping him again. Black and moving fog and water melted together in a whirling unity. He was tired and becoming afraid. He swam in, but the shore was no closer. The noise of the breakers was there. He was heading in the right direction. But the beach and the town were gone. And the hills were lost in the fog-wrapped night. The waves' sound might even be an echo. Fog could do strange things.

This powerful current was a thing of far greater strength than the usual tides. He was beginning to feel lost.

The fog was passing over him. Or was he being carried through the fog? The elements were moving relative to each other, and this was the only certainty—this and the increasing cold. He was no longer sure that he was swimming toward shore. Nothing was true! Nothing real! The sound of the waves faded one minute and resounded in his ears a few seconds later. But he swam on, desperately now. He exhausted his strength in a long wild sprint. The waves came no closer. He stopped. He swam frenziedly off on a tangent and was more completely lost than before. Breathing came hard and painfully, and he was held by a tearing fear of the waiting ocean. And still the long surging continued regularly, inexhaustible in the night. His stomach turned hollow in fright.

Numb with cold, he tried again to swim—the direction was no longer important. He kicked as strongly as he was able. But his legs were weak, and he could make only a grotesque splashing with his arms.

Weariness settled over him as

Continued on page 180

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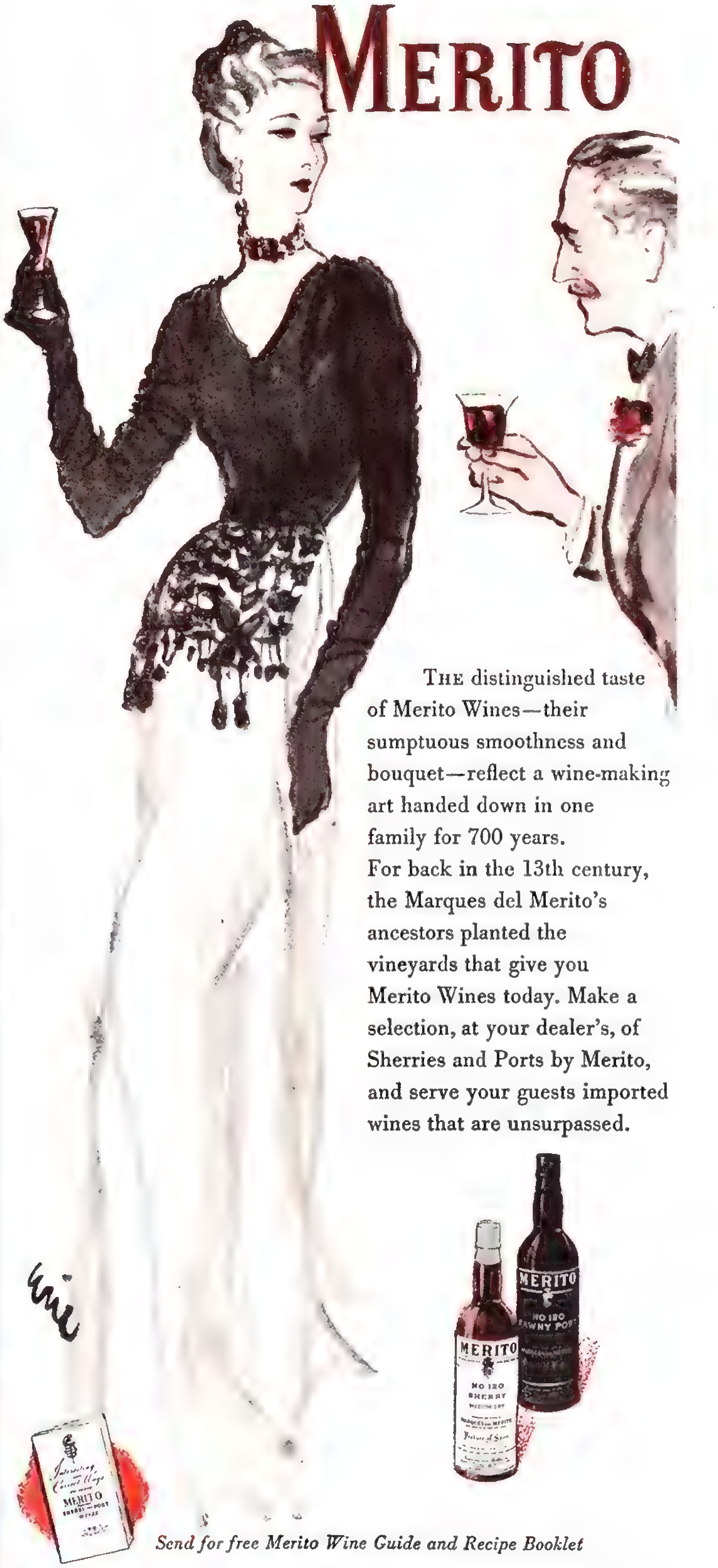

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Take to the air with "Skytop" . . . MARLBORO-styled to give you a high rate of climb!

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shirts by

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Marlboro Shirt Company, Inc., Baltimore, Md.

A Swim at Sunset

Continued from page 179

he floated, waiting; his mind became a blank. The ocean was no opponent, nor even an enemy. The ocean was a law.

The waves' noise seemed louder, but his stupor was too overpowering for further effort. He was very tired, almost sleepy. His arms were weights, and the icy chill had clamped itself in a band around his stomach. With great effort he kept his head from falling forward into the water, while weird fears passed through his mind. He might faint and slide under; he might double in pain as worn muscles knotted into cramps; the breaking waves might dash him against the rocks. As he retreated into semi-consciousness, he calmly laid these thoughts aside. And still he floated, while the noise, soft now, filtered through to him around the night. The rocks were probably just beyond him. Where they were did not matter now . . .

His body was sodden. As if far away, he felt the lift of a big wave beneath him. It gathered in a spinning red-darkness, hurtling forward through the night. He was drowsy and warm and relaxed. The last of his breath was automatically held. The rocks were coming . . .

There was, however, only a rush of foam. He was tumbled into the shallow water of the beach, and he lay in the wet sand as consciousness crept back. The buoyancy of the water was gone and his limbs were too heavy to move. But he was alive. And the sudden feel of sand beneath his fingers was earthy and wonderful. Another wave turned and rolled him up the beach. He managed to inch into the dry sand out of the water's reach. Some of his strength returned. And later he was surprised to find that he could climb to his feet.

Though braced wide apart, his legs shook. The night swirled crazily before him, as he patiently waited for his senses to return. And soon the scene slipped into perspective.

The fog still hung thick along the water. At intervals, broad tongues of surf lapped outward and hesitated before him and flowed again into the night. Even when he was steady enough to leave, he remained on the shore. He listened to the ancient sound of power carried by the sea. It eddied, vast and constant, through the mist. He was small. He was not afraid, but the young arrogance was gone.

A few minutes slipped by. Then he turned and walked heavily through the sand toward the road that led to the town. #

Continued from page 80

Housewife DOTTY AGREE says . . .

"Love those Adler SC socks . . . for wash them as I will, they never change their size. And I don't have to use a form when drying them".

SHE'S ON THE BEAM . . . FOR THE SOCK'S A DREAM!

America's FIRST All Virgin Wool Sock that never changes size . . .

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ADLER SC

For Sport or Casual Wear

ADLER SC SHRINK CONTROLLED RETAIN ORIGINAL SIZE 100% VIRGIN WOOL

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RUB 'em

SCRUB 'em

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Wash them any way you like . . . the size remains the same . . .

Enjoyment
rare as a
summer day

America's Favorite because it's Mellow as a Sunny Morning When you taste Schenley Reserve, you will know *why* it is America's largest selling whiskey. Its rich, smooth flavor comes of quality ingredients skillfully blended. Try Schenley Reserve soon. Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

Schenley
This superb whiskey combines light bodied smoothness with full flavored richness and quality
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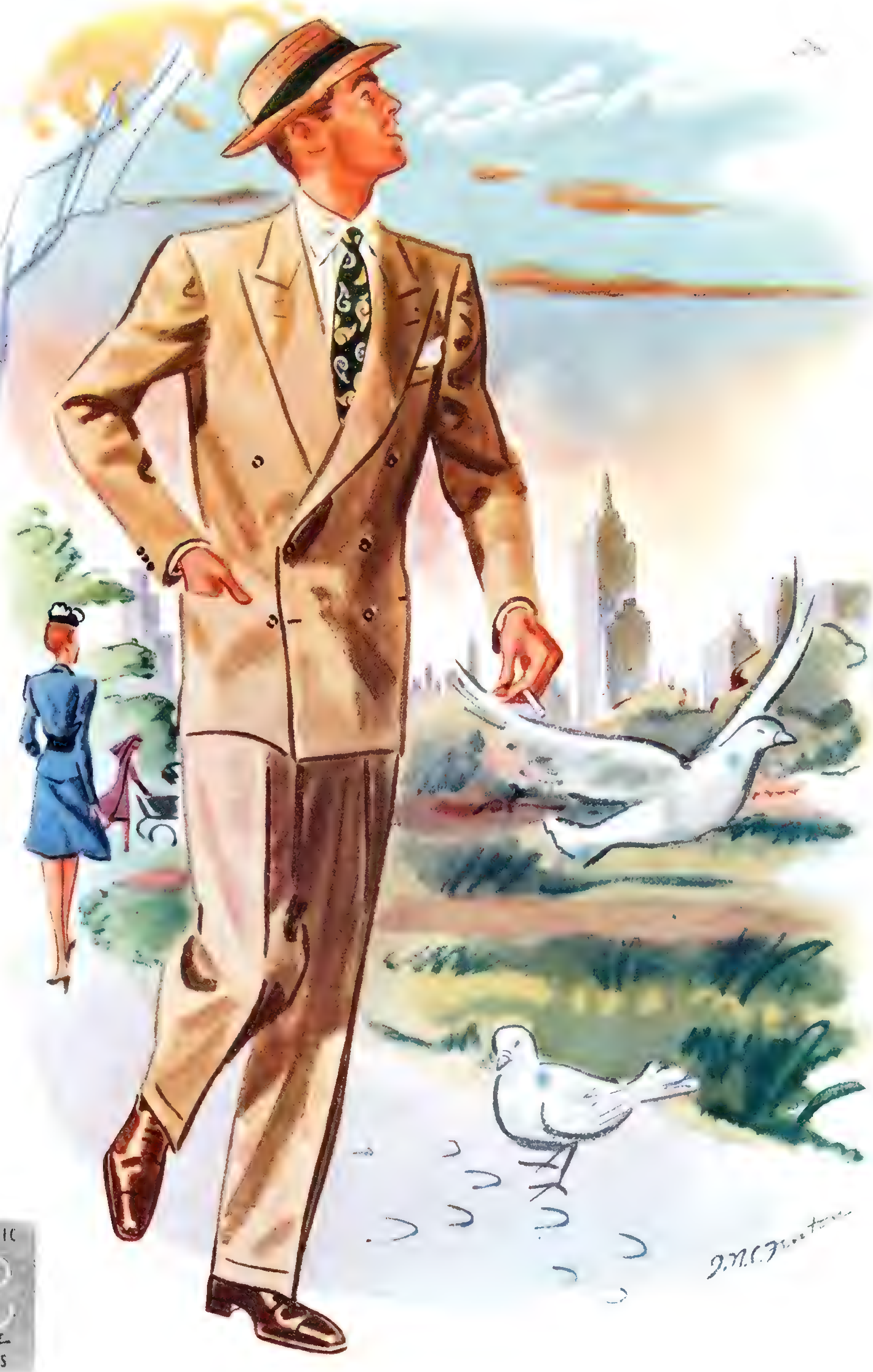
Blended Whiskey
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
PRE-WAR QUALITY



AUTHENTIC
Esquire
FASHIONS

SOMETHING IN THE AIR

Drawing by J. N. C. Fenton

Like the highways, even the sky is bearing a heavy traffic of billboard advertising as well as streams of airplanes. This stroller, on a par with the pigeons, looks up and takes a tip from the birdman (who "having writ, moves on"), and heads for the respite that revives at a soda fountain. He's pretty canny, himself, in advertising that he's cucumber cool in his lightweight Palm Beach suit, for it has a frosty grey overtone that gives eye relief on hot days. Since his double-breasted suit, with the jacket buttons set low, is in a plain fabric, he can have double stripes on his madras shirt as well as definite pattern in his printed rayon foulard tie. In the upper story he goes pork-pie with his light, airy mesh Panama hat which has a plain puggree.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAWLINGS

Why is this bag worth $300?

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$300 bag or 98¢ billfold, the Talon slide fastener adds extra value to each!

Talon
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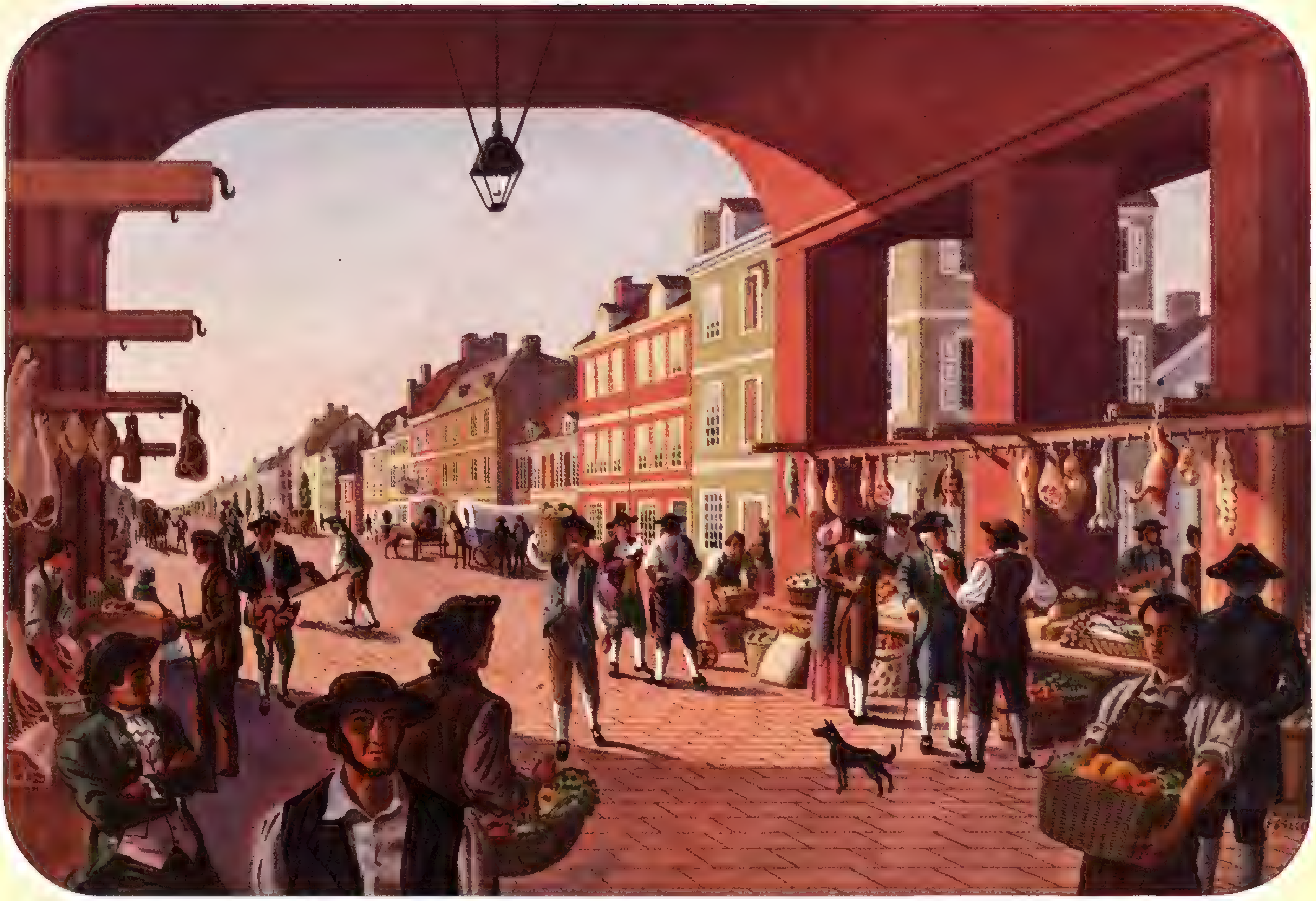

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> . . . ORIGINAL COUNCIL RESOLUTION AUTHORIZING MARKET

History attests the rich abundance Nature lavished on Colonial Philadelphia. Forest, field and stream gave bounteously, helping to set that high standard of hospitality for which our first Colonial capital was famed. A tradition worthily maintained today by Philadelphia Blend . . . "the heritage whisky." Rich yet mild and of superb flavor . . . you might justly reserve this noble whisky for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend . . . regularly and often.

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THE HERITAGE WHISKY
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
Continental Distilling Corporation

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILA.

*From a Series of Historic Prints Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

Foxy Ned's Orioles

Continued from page 68

against them. Their case looked hopeless. However, they managed to eke over two runs before a man was put out. Then Kelley and Brodie both flied out. With the score 15 to 10 in their favor, it looked as if the Phillies had finally broken the jinx. But before they knew it, the Orioles had sent across four more runs and had men on second and third.

Keeler came up. He gripped the bag as he had in the last inning of the preceding game and poked the ball into short right field again. Hulen tore in, threw himself at the ball, grabbed it, juggled it, and let it fall. Two runs scored and the Orioles won 16 to 15. "I try to hit 'em where they ain't," said Willie Keeler, greatest hitter on a team which the silver-thatched fans, who gather in neighborhood bars in Baltimore, will tell you was the greatest of all.

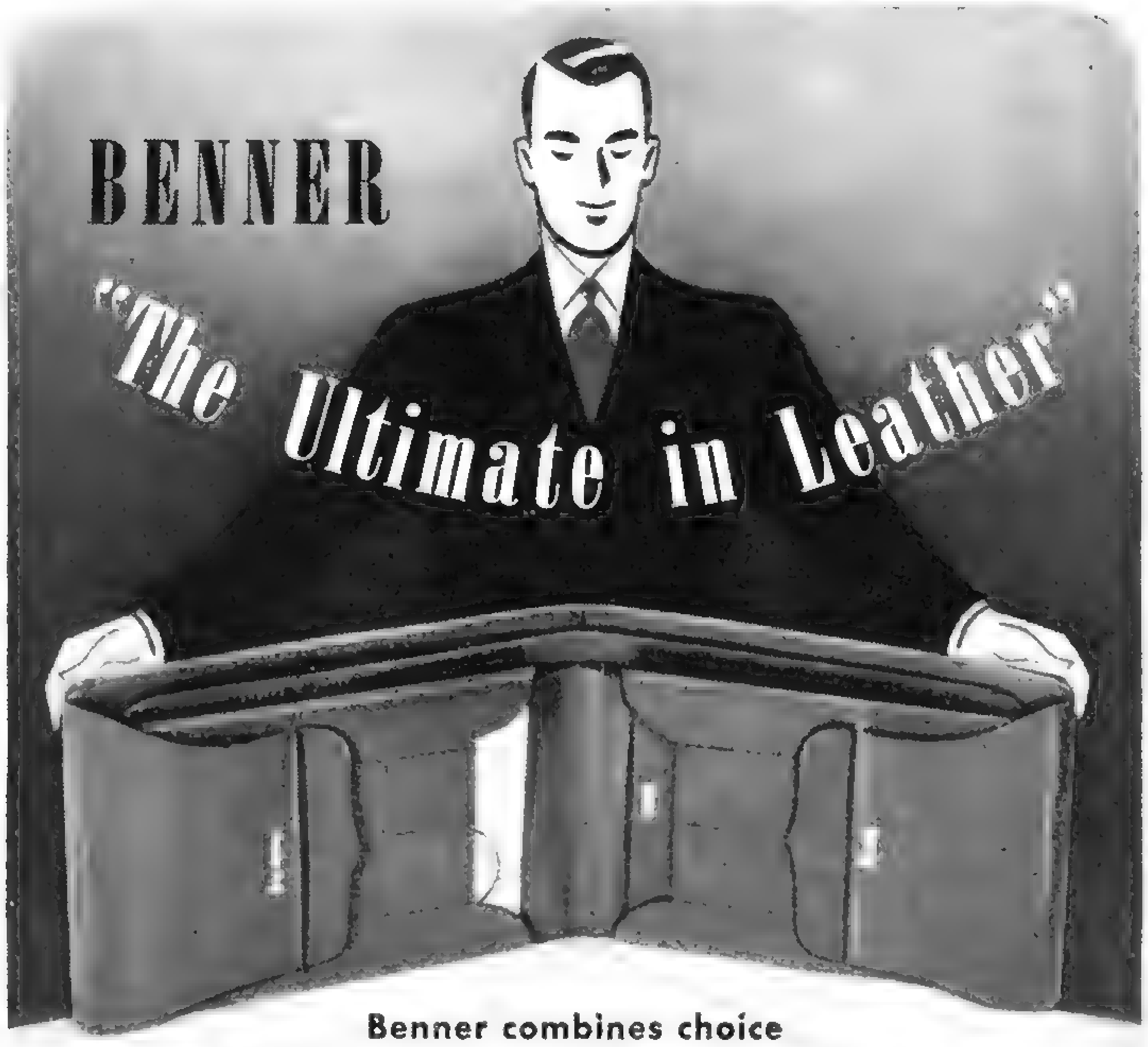
Putting that club together was Hanlon's work, for he was without peer as a dealer in baseball muscle and brain. In 1892, Baltimore's first year in the National League, the club won forty-six and lost 101, having aboard one pitcher with the dubious honor of losing thirty-nine games. The following year, Owner George Vonderhorst, who had delved into baseball as a splendid means of selling beer to patrons, replaced George Van Haltran with Hanlon.

The 1893 team came in eighth, winning sixty and losing seventy, but Hanlon, who had bought heavily into the Orioles, was looking ahead. A native of Montreville, Connecticut, he had starred for the Detroit Tigers in the '80s, had managed the Pittsburgh Club in 1887 and had toured the world with Al Spalding in 1888. When he went to the Orioles, Hanlon found only three players he liked —McGraw, still in his teens, Robinson and Pitcher McMahon.

Hanlon sniffed for talent and found Jennings, one of the greatest of all shortstops, whose rallying cry "E-e-eyah!" was to echo for years over baseball diamonds. He swapped Louisville two players for Jennings. Then he picked up Bill Clarke, the pitcher, and Reitz, a classy second sacker. He plucked Walter (Steve) Brodie from St. Louis, and had a man who hit over .300 for five seasons. Next he rounded up Willie Keeler and Dan Brouthers from Brooklyn. Keeler was to top .300 for thirteen seasons (including a fantastic .432 in 1897). From 1894 to 1901, he collected more than 200 hits and 100 runs each season.

The 1894 Orioles were picked to finish in the second division. The team brought the sarcasm of the baseball world down on it for its

Continued on page 186



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Spiral spokes, flexible in action, *counter-act* shocks, prevent damage to balance mechanism!

Externally Beautiful
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Rawhide Tanner Says: "If I hadn't been too ugly and ornery to catch a woman's eye, there might be a young 'un to give me somethin' like this—come Sunday, June 16."

TexTan billfold, calfskin throughout, carved by hand with saddle and floral design, durable laced edges with divided bill pocket, four card pockets, two cello envelopes. $9.00.

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MAKERS OF FAMOUS HEREFORD SADDLES

Foxy Ned's Orioles

Continued from page 185

southern training trip that year, but it was in the Deep South that Hanlon introduced some of the plays which were to revolutionize the game. One of the first of these was the hit-and-run play.

Far and wide, the training trip was branded as a "goofy venture." Yet when they opened in New York that year, the Orioles swept four straight from the Giants and turned in thirteen hit-and-run plays during the series. John M. Ward, the Giants' manager, was so disgruntled that he denounced Hanlon and threatened to bring him before the league moguls. "It's a new game," Ward howled, "and it's not baseball."

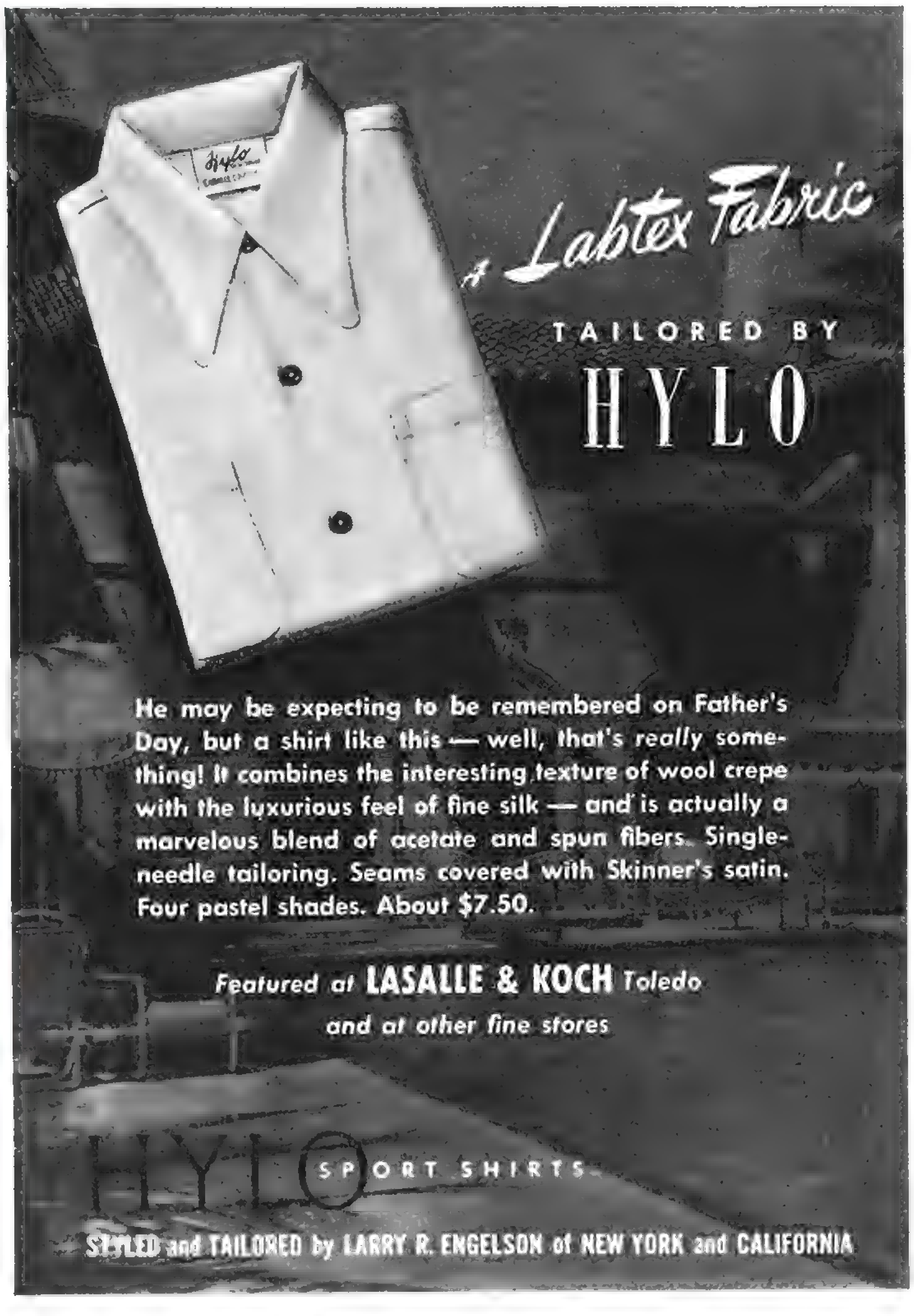
Nobody stopped Hanlon, however, and he thought so little of his opponents' ability to break up the play that he would take his team out to the park early and demonstrate to the fans how his men worked their tricks. Brodie would cavort while shagging flies, catching them behind his back. And McGraw and the others would jockey the other club in practice, until they had their rivals mad enough to eat the bats. That stunt worked over and over again.

The Orioles caused many a rule to be changed, and McGraw was responsible for more than his share. He and other Orioles would stand at the plate and foul off delivery after delivery, until the opposing pitcher blew up. So foul balls became strikes on all but the third strike. Coaching at third, McGraw was a menace. With a man on first, he'd often take off from his coaching spot, running like mad for the plate. The pitcher, rattled by the sudden delusion that a man had been on third, would toss wildly to the plate. The man on first thus easily stole second. To curb such tricks, coaching boxes were introduced, and the coach had to stay put.

Another McGraw maneuver brought about the use of more than one umpire. McGraw would hook his mitts onto the belt of a runner on third, preventing him from scoring, while the umpire was watching the ball's flight. So the league brought in two umpires.

In a game with Patsy Tebeau's Cleveland team in '95, McGraw gave the rule makers more to think about. Joe Kelley hit a grounder to the shortstop. McGraw, on second, waited for the throw to first and then scooted across the diamond from second to home without the formality of even approaching third base. Both umpires had missed the play. The arbiter at home said he would call McGraw safe if his brother ump would attest McGraw had touched third.

McGraw, meanwhile, stood po-



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TAILORED BY
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He may be expecting to be remembered on Father's Day, but a shirt like this — well, that's *really* something! It combines the interesting texture of wool crepe with the luxurious feel of fine silk — and is actually a marvelous blend of acetate and spun fibers. Single-needle tailoring. Seams covered with Skinner's satin. Four pastel shades. About $7.50.

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litely by the Oriole bench while the fans yelled "Muggsy" at him, a term he loathed. Finally, the umpires decided he was out. McGraw blew up. They tossed him out of the game, and Carey, the first baseman, was sent over to replace him at third. Tebeau claimed Carey's glove was too large. The argument was settled through use of a tape measure. As soon as the game got going, it was stopped again. The umpire was waving to the stands. There was McGraw, surrounded by a protective fortress of Baltimore fans. Tebeau said McGraw was stealing their signals. Hanlon was the only one who could get McGraw to leave the park so that the game could be resumed.

Under Hanlon, the Orioles perfected the hit and run, the bunt, the sacrifice hit, and the chop hit. The chop has been credited to Keeler and McGraw, but old-timers still insist Robinson fathered it. The batter smashed the ball down, forcing it to bounce many feet in the air. Men like the speedy Keeler would be almost to first base on such a high-bounding ball, while the infielder waited for it to come down. In addition, the ball was hard to catch, because it had a deadly spin. In Baltimore, there are those who still believe that the Orioles had hidden a block of marble close to the ground at Union Park, so that they would be assured of an honest shake when they attempted the chop.

Just as the Orioles were fighters afield, they were bitter-enders. Hanlon's maxim, "A game is never over until the last man's out," kept them hooting and trying until the final second. Any time it appeared they had a rise out of an opposing player, the Orioles tantalized and "tortured" him.

Baltimore, which in Civil War days was labeled "Mob Town" because the citizenry attacked the Massachusetts State Militia while it was changing trains, had its old name revived in a baseball sense. Such oldsters as Walter Cox, who often sat with the Cleveland team when his uncle, Packard Childs, was playing second for them, relate that Oriole fans and players alike howled on every play.

The town went completely off its collective nut that September night in '94 when a telegram came through, announcing laconically: Baltimore 14, Cleveland 9. Reduced to utter essentials, the news said that Baltimore had taken its first league title, nosing out New York and Boston. The lowly Orioles had parlayed fire and cleverness into a pennant.

In the closing days of July, after setting a stiff pace, Hanlon's team had lost seven straight games and dropped to third place. There they were when August rolled around, facing them with a tough road trip west. Post-mortems were held. The team had cracked,

Continued on page 188

LIGHT, COOL
COMFORT
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Wonderful for those relaxing hours at the end of a tiring day. Grand for leisure days away from town. That's when you most appreciate light, cool foot ease. Slip into a pair of Bass Weejuns. Indian moccasin construction, hand sewn seams, and hand craftsmanship that distinguishes the true Bass Weejuns . . . and best of all they're winging back into circulation. Designed for men and women, both.

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ROYAL BANQUET
BLENDED SCOTCH-TYPE WHISKY

In Royal Banquet Scotch-type whisky, you get the real, authentic aroma and flavor of imported brands. That's because American ingenuity has succeeded in faithfully applying the traditional methods of Scotland in distilling and blending this fine domestic product.

With infinite care for every detail, the makers of Royal Banquet imported and set up in Peoria, a complete Scotch pot-still under the supervision of an expert Scotch distiller. Here are produced the fine domestic malts which are combined in Royal Banquet with choice imported malts to give character and bouquet.

For their distinctive aroma, we use the famous Highland malts. And for pungent, smoky flavor, we use a small quantity of Islay malts—just as is done in many popular native Scotch brands. And we produce in America the equivalent of Lowland malts from barley dried over peat fires in the traditional Scotch manner.

The Scotch method used in most popular brands is to blend the malt whiskys with grain whiskys softened in casks. To give the desired lightness and mildness to Royal Banquet, our malt whiskys are blended with grain neutral spirits softened in casks.

We hope you'll try Royal Banquet because we think you'll like it and make it your whisky. Since it is fine in quality and genuine in flavor, this American product has gained remarkable acceptance in leading clubs, hotels and homes throughout the country.

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BLENDED SCOTCH-TYPE WHISKY
Family Selected
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Special
The Aristocrat of Blended Scotch Type Whisky

35% Malt Whisky: 17½% Imported, 17½% Domestic
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* Postwar bottle illustrated. Today, Royal Banquet is being packaged in the round Victory bottle.

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L.B. HAIR OIL'S effect on *your* hair and scalp (which is *animal* tissue) is amazing. *Note* how *instantly* lustrous and easier to groom your hair becomes... how comfortable and "fit" your scalp *feels.* See loose dandruff disappear before your eyes!

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L. B. Shampoo is grand, too! Rich suds that *really* clean, remove dandruff, need no special rinse.

L.B. HAIR OIL

If your barber, beautician, drug or department store does not carry L. B. Products, write to L. B. Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, California.

Foxy Ned's Orioles

Continued from page 187

everyone said. They didn't consider the amazing power of Hanlon's inspirational leadership. The Orioles piled up eighteen straight victories and won twenty-six of their last twenty-eight games.

To welcome her champions, Baltimore threw on her best dress. Bunting adorned the business houses. Pictures of the players went into the windows of all shops. On September 26, the day after the great news, employers let the baseball fans off for the day.

Trolley men clanged the bells of the horse cars. Horns and cowbells blasted and tolled. Clergy and medicos, office workers, store clerks, warehousemen, longshoremen, brewery employees—everyone joined in the din.

All along the route home from Cleveland, the Orioles captivated the countryside. A great banner, "Baltimore Baseball Team, Champions of 1894," bedecked the train. There were stops at Martinsburg, West Virginia; at Piedmont, West Virginia; and in Cumberland, Maryland, where thousands turned out to greet them. On Wednesday, October 3, 200,000 persons lined the downtown streets to cheer Hanlon and his men, swarming about the carriages which carried the manager and Captain Robinson.

Old-timers say that there was nothing like it in baseball before and there has been nothing since.

After repeating as champions in '95 and '96, the Orioles fell to second place in '97, though they again won the Temple Cup. They were second again in '98, and after Hanlon had gone on to manage Brooklyn, they finished fourth in '99, their last year in the league. By that time, after having made 50,000 dollars with his '94 team, 25,000 dollars with his '95 team and a good deal less in '96, '97 and '98 Hanlon felt the Orioles weren't drawing the paid attendance they should. For purely financial reasons he shifted over to the Brooklyn Superbas. Baltimore was dropped from the National League after the '99 season, going out with Louisville, Washington and Cleveland.

McGraw, Robinson, Kelley, Jennings, Keeler and others went on to further glory, leaving their marks as managers and great players, and using again and again the "inside" baseball they learned under Ned Hanlon. Ironically, as the Orioles were in their golden age and changing baseball radically, a Babe was born in Baltimore who was years later to introduce a new, thunderous science which again altered the national game. His name: George Herman Ruth. #

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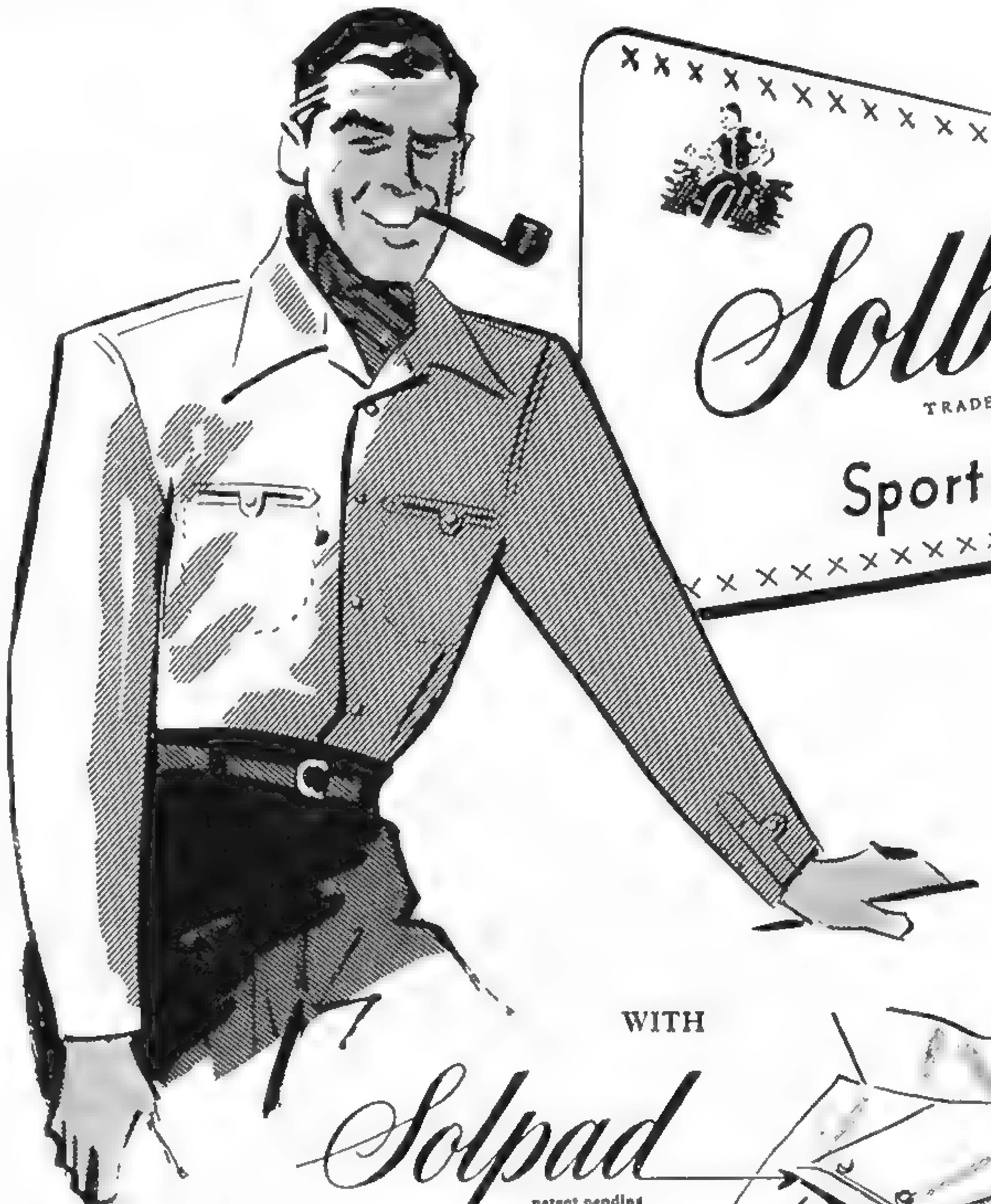

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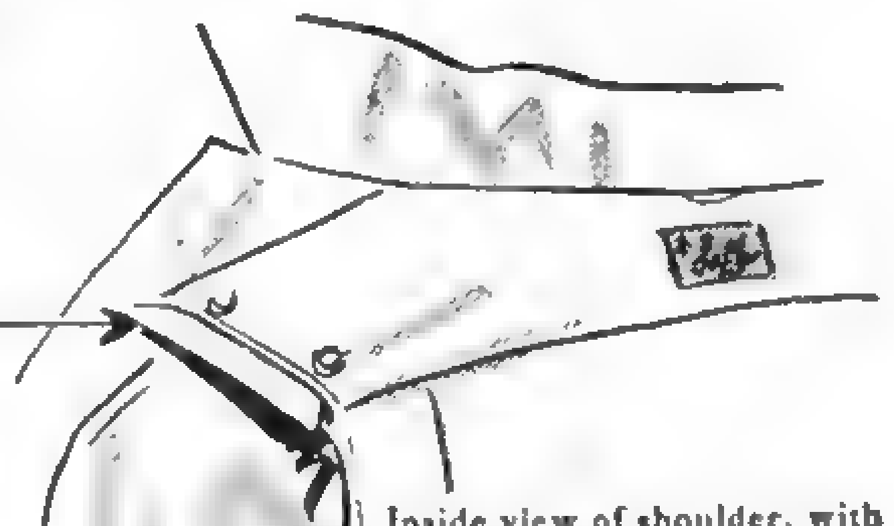

Inside view of shoulder, with "SOLPAD" buttoned in

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Gertrude, Alas, Alas

Continued from page 62

pied her province in the east of France, knowing the intimate reactions of the people of the region in which Stendhal found his characters for *The Red and the Black*, Miss Stein, approaching the biblical age, turns out an inconsequential, almost meaningless book which tells us next to nothing. I suppose that is Gertrude's own affair. Anyway, it is consistent with her personal philosophy.

EVERYTHING MUST GO MOVING UPTOWN
Eric Ericson

I have never met an intelligent person of either sex, or in any social or economic or artistic bracket, who did not enjoy talking with Gertrude Stein. It is not going too far to class her with Oscar Wilde or Mark Hanna as a conversationalist. She does not spark off wisecracks, like Groucho Marx, or play on words like James Joyce.

Whatever was said to her started an interesting train of associations on which she improvised in a masterful way. She had very few opinions, no zeal about politics, her scientific background was sound and modern but she seldom drew upon that. Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, Professor Robert A. Millikan, Josephine Baker, Harold Ickes, Paul Valéry, Doctor Coué, Picasso, Charles Steinmetz, Ponzi, Havelock Ellis, Dean Inge, Frank Harris, Leopold Stokowski, the Sitwells, George Gershwin, Hendrick Van Loon, Oscar Levant, the late Gen. Summerall, Madame Schiaparelli, Helena Rubinstein, Edward G. Robinson—the list is endless—sat at Miss Stein's feet and listened with pleasure. And seldom or never on the special subjects they knew as a trade. Gertrude had no theories about economic or social progress. She pretended not to care for music. The work of other writers held little interest for her, either the classical, the standard or her contemporaries. Her name was constantly being linked with that of James Joyce, as a rampant

Continued on page 190

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The World's Best is Jamaica Rum!
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Gertrude, Alas, Alas

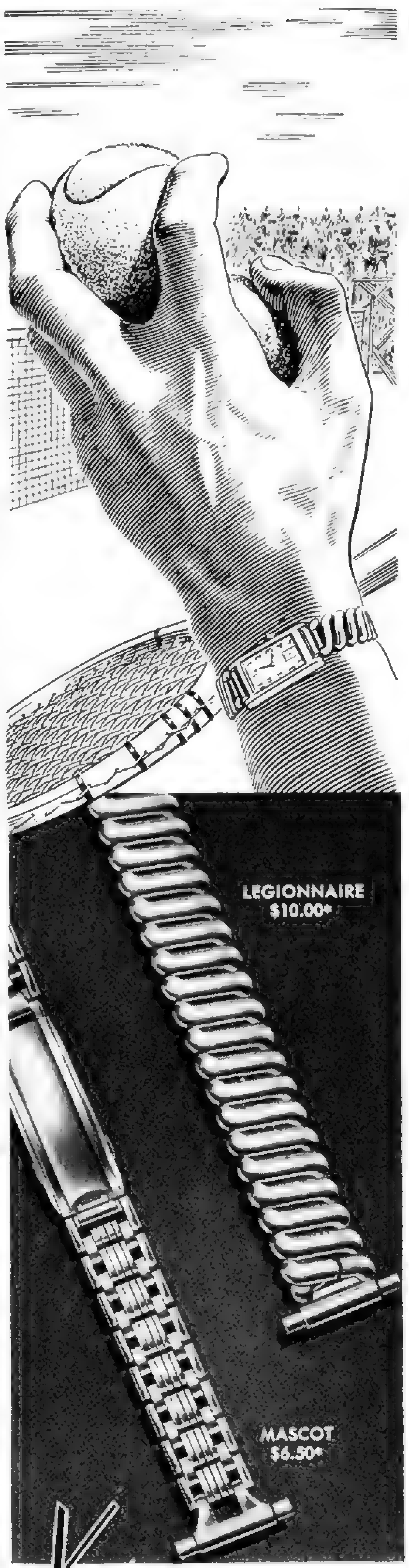
Continued from page 189

modernist. Actually, she had never read Joyce, and he told me quite frankly that he hadn't read Gertrude.

Gertrude was at home nearly every afternoon for "tea." It was in those tranquil hours, from four to dinnertime at seven, when the world's intelligentsia flowed through the Rue de Fleurus studio. On the walls were renowned Picassos, the Cézannes, and paintings by Gris, Renoir, Matisse, and Tchelitchev. The guests Gertrude favored were maneuvered by Alice into seats that afforded the best view of Picasso's portrait of Gertrude, and the Cézanne *Woman in the Arm Chair*. These were the No. 1 and No. 2 spots and the initiated knew well that they were to defer for the time being to those who occupied them. A very highranking place was one from which Picasso's *Rose Nude* and *Blue Boy* appeared to best advantage.

Alice, on these occasions, was magnificent. I have never seen such skill as she had in shifting guests for Gertrude's comfort and convenience. Somehow, just before any given person was about to weary Gertrude, Alice had him or her in tow and the seat near the throne was being occupied by someone Alice had chosen and propelled there. The refreshments consisted of tea made and poured by Alice, and the strongest liquor distilled in France and probably anywhere in the world, a special "Marc de Bourgogne," with a handwritten label, about eighty years old. This was a test Gertrude applied to anyone who preferred liquor to tea. The primary sensation, on taking a sip of it, was like swallowing a lighted kerosene lamp. I have seen many accomplished drinkers, and even pronounced alcoholics, gasp, blink, shudder and wipe their eyes. A second later, however, when the rare old flavor asserted itself, the most eloquent looks of appreciation would follow, but no remarks. The sight of Gertrude, placidly sipping hers as if nothing were more natural in the world, discouraged comment.

Somehow, the choice of beverages, the suave, slightly smoky souchong and the ruggedest strong spirits known to man, reveals much about Gertrude's personality. With her, there is no middle ground. The effect was well-calculated, as was everything else in the Stein household, to let Gertrude keep the floor and Alice control the disposition of the guests. I can never remember seeing anyone drunk at one of Gertrude's teas. If a guest arrived with a few too many under his belt, one shot of that phenomenal *Marc* straightened him out. If a guest arrived empty, one drink of Gertrude's potent liquor did not suggest another. Incidentally, Gertrude is a true connoisseur of



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food and wine. I have known her, while Mathilde, her famous cook, was busy in the kitchen and Alice was dutifully typing such gems as *Nearly All of it to be as a Wife Has a Cow, A Love Story*, to journey by bus all the way across Paris to a certain bakery near La Porte St. Denis to buy exactly the kind of Spanish pastry she wanted for dessert.

It is a legend among Gertrude's friends that Alice has never made an error in typing. I can only testify that in the years I was handling Gertrude's contributions to the magazine, *transition*, every page was letter-perfect. When the first number of *transition* was published, Gertrude complained that the text of her *An Elucidation* had been garbled. We found that a French printer had reversed typewritten pages two and three and none of us had noticed the difference. We were obliged to issue a supplement to *transition* No. 1, containing *An Elucidation* with pages two and three in their proper order. This was commented upon all over England, America, and France, and resulted in a landslide of free publicity. Many of my cynical acquaintances accused me then and still believe that the error was made purposely in order to stir up comment.

Part of Gertrude's tradition was to break off friendships from time to time purely, I think, for variety's sake. Hemingway was banished from Gertrude's presence in 1928 because he had achieved too much financial success by profiting from Gertrude's teachings. Tchelitchev, then a struggling young painter, became *persona non grata*, along with his companion, Allen Tanner, shortly after he had painted a portrait of Alice which accentuated a slight cast in her eye. One young poet who for a time was seen almost daily with Gertrude and Alice was abruptly dismissed when he returned from a two weeks' vacation with a bride of whom Gertrude did not approve. Of course, it always fell to Alice to pronounce these sentences of exile. She would call the disfavored one on the telephone and say sweetly, "I wanted to inquire how you are, because I suppose that Lovey and I will not be seeing you again."

Those who think that only workers should eat have long been indignant about Miss Stein. It is true that nearly half a century of writing has brought her very little money. However, if she had to, Gertrude could earn large sums in several ways. Her art collection, which she bought for a song at the time when others less discerning were ridiculing the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, is worth well over a million dollars today and is intact. Her lecture tour in the middle thirties in the United States was a financial success. In fact, she was the rage. Her opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts*, to which Virgil Thompson contributed the music, did not do badly. She has lectured and received respectful attention

Continued on page 192

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Gertrude, Alas, Alas

Continued from page 191

on the subject of English composition and literature at both Oxford and the Sorbonne. I have already said that she reads no fiction except her own, but she has always been an omnivorous reader of autobiographies, biographies, and letters. She insists that only this form of literature is helpful in understanding life, history, and her own "art for art's sake."

Her first book, *Three Lives*, is stark, unadorned, unpretentious realism, and no one should forget that it antedates Dreiser's *American Tragedy*. It appeared, unheralded, when American literary taste was Victorian and "icky" to a degree that now seems nothing short of comical. *Three Lives* won instant praise from the brave and discerning critics who must have long realized that the prevailing brand of corn some day would have to be supplanted by something reflecting modern trends. A fair sample of what readers of books and magazines relished in the period that preceded Miss Stein's little, down-to-earth gem about three servant girls is this quotation, taken from *Barriers Burned Away* by E. P. Roe.

"Dennis was no faint shadow of a man who had frittered away in numberless flirtations what little heart he originally had. He belonged to the male species, with something of the pristine vigor of the first man, who said of the one woman in the world, 'This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh;' and one whom he had first seen but a few short months since now seemed to belong to him by the highest and divinest right. But could he ever claim his own?"

Picture the devotees of E. P. Roe suddenly confronted with the following, from Miss Stein's *Tender Buttons*.

"Chicken is a dirty word
Chicken is a dirty third.
Chicken is a dirty bird."

Naturally, the public yelled murder. The bulk of it is still yelling, and Miss Stein is going serenely on. About once every five years, lately, she has put out a book advertised by her publisher as "intelligible." Examples are *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* and *Wars I Have Seen*.

Her best-known story is entitled *Miss Furr and Miss Skeene* and in it she manages to convey a lot about the futile goings-on of a couple of American women abroad by using, repeating, inverting and varying the phrase: "They were gay there."

In her longest book, *The Making of Americans*, which dates back to 1920, she elaborates on a pet idea of hers, namely, that only the middle-class is important. That infuriates the champions of the proletariat, and the aristocrats as well. Also, in this book Miss Stein insists that there are only twenty-six kinds of human faces, and that any face may

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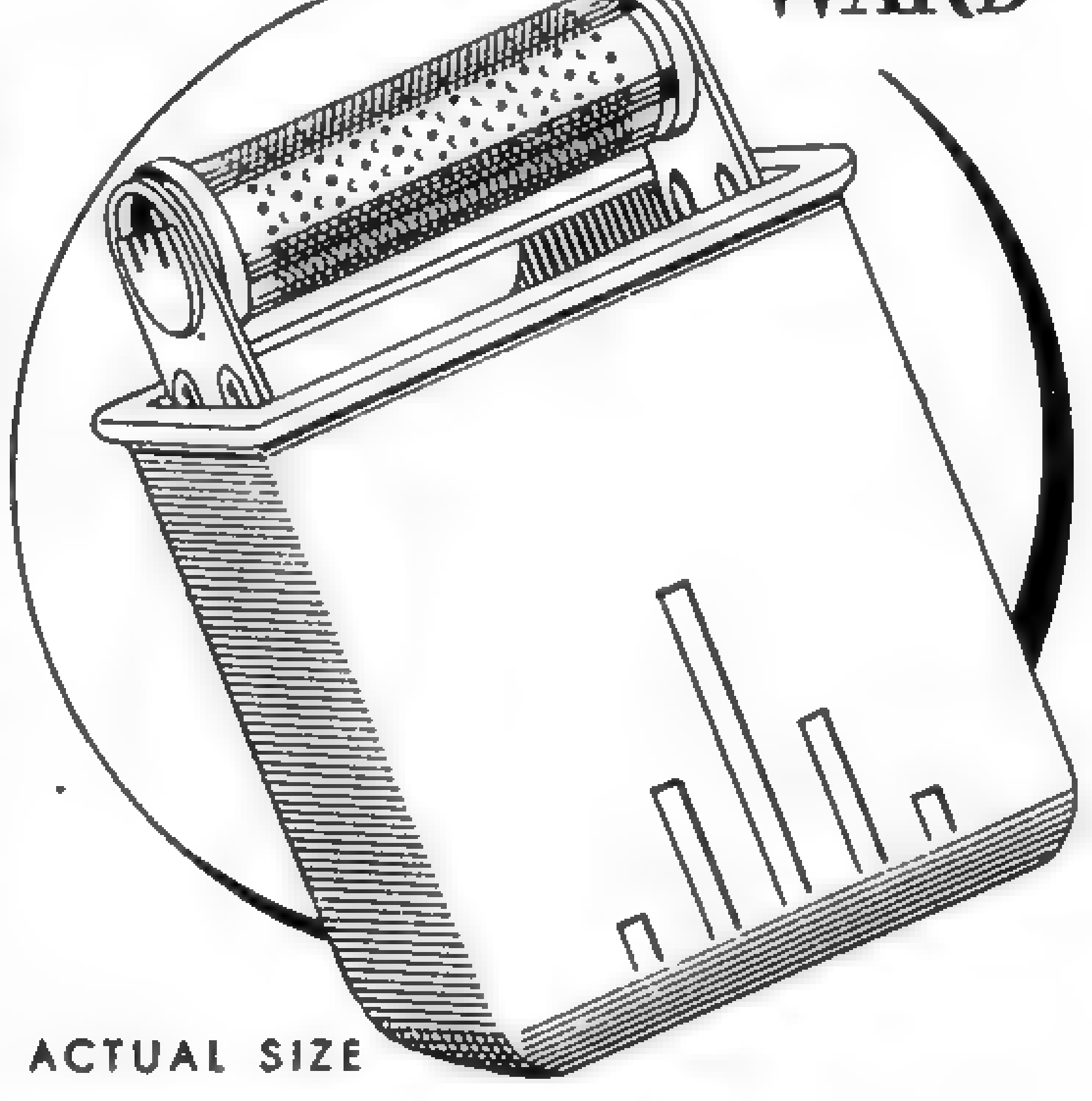

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be definitely classified. When asked to explain a Picasso exhibition of ultra-Cubist paintings she calmly remarked, "There are no feet in nature," as if that settled the whole thing.

Miss Stein is a preposterous woman, the reader will say. She is conceited, overbearing, frivolous, selfish, egotistical, pretentious, exotic, eccentric, unimportant. Her friends will add that she is stimulating, full of common sense, that she has a zest for life and lives it well. Anyone will have to admit that she has held more than her share of the public attention nearly half a century and is still going strong. And whenever a reader is willing to throw away her entire product, he is likely to reconsider when he finds a passage like this, from *Wars I Have Seen.*

"Of course there are a good many times when there is no war just as there are a good many times when there is a war. To be sure when there is a war the years are longer that is to say the days are longer the months are longer are much longer but the weeks are shorter that is what makes a war."

Miss Stein's book for children, entitled *The World Is Round*, contains gems like this.

"Here I am.
When I wish a dish
I wish a dish of ham.
When I wish a little wish
I wish that I was where I am."

In *Geography and Plays* one finds lines like: "Toasted Suzie is my ice cream."

From *Studies in Conversation*: "A god-mother to her god-mother. A god-father to him, his god-father. A god-father, a god-mother, her god-mother, his god-father, his god-mother, her god-father, her god-mother his god-father. So and so. So and so is his god-father. And so her god-mother, as god-mother. God-mother to whom and when."

She likes oil paintings because "there is no air in them." The motto on her stationery is "A rose is a rose is a rose."

After the fall of Paris, it was a common G.I. experience to encounter Gertrude strolling along a boulevard. The boys could usually recognize her by the queer, dunce-shaped hat she wore. In any event, she was likely to introduce herself, for an American uniform was an open invitation to drop in for a visit at a Gertrude soiree, where Picasso was usually an added attraction. Many a soldier left a Stein session bewildered by an experience that was moving and impressive, yet somehow as confusing as one of Gertrude's more abstruse passages.

Now that World War II is over, she is back in Paris, giving sage advice to American veterans. "Boys," she said, recently, "if one of you wants to be a plumber, he doesn't have to be the best plumber. To be a good plumber is enough."

Well. Lots of the boys get plenty of advice that makes less sense than that. ⵌ

Continued from page 62

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The Fighting Muskie of Boulder

Continued from page 89

some dense aquatic vegetation.

Muskies are abnormal gourmands and will eat almost anything that lives. I have found in their stomachs crayfish, frogs, field mice, small mud turtles, chipmunks and young ducks.

Some readers may have concluded that the muskie can only be caught on a hook and line when live bait is used. Not so. Most of these great game fish are taken on artificial lures.

However, with the advent of October, when the waters turn cold and the winds bite, the appetite and the fighting propensities of *Esox nobilior* undergo a decided change. No longer will he strike artificials. He must have a juicy sucker. When one is shown him he will grab it without hesitation. Then the angler must know his business. Rather than striking back immediately to set the hooks, as is necessary when using artificial lures, slack line must be given the attacker. His first demonstration usually will be a plunge to the bottom of the lake. There he will toy with the bait for fifteen minutes to an hour.

When, after what seems years, the muskie is ready to gorge the sucker, he will do it quickly and simultaneously shoot to the surface with lightning-like speed, often leaping a yard or more into the air. That is the time for the angler, jittery though he may be, to drive the hooks home, and drive them *hard*, several times. And then not always do they become impaled, for the roof of a muskie's mouth is as hard as dried bone and absolutely impenetrable. But when the hooks do engage in other parts of his jaws there follows a battle for supremacy. It is an important battle in a big sense, because never again can the angler catch other species with the same degree of satisfaction.

Muskies are fickle and capricious. Their actions when hooked differ widely. At times, even though one may have swallowed a big meal, he will hit a shiny piece of tinware or a bucktail with the gusto of a hungry animal. Again, though he may not have taken food for twenty-four hours, he will scorn the most attractive lure.

On calm days muskies not infrequently follow a lure to a boat, remain there in plain sight of the fisherman for quite some time, scanning him nonchalantly with baleful eyes and no indication of fear, and then sink slowly out of sight. Or they may swirl about savagely in close proximity and a moment later speedily depart.

To cope successfully with this powerful brute, your rod should be stiff and strong, but not necessarily heavy. Its length should be not over six feet. With a limber rod it is not only difficult to set the hooks when a lure is taken, but also next to impossible to prevent a big specimen from wind-

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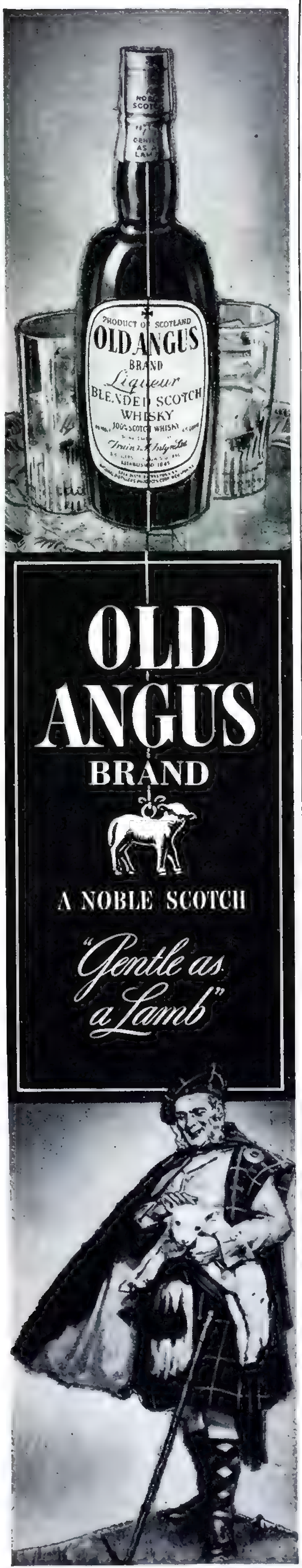
ing the line about the nearest sunken snag. One need not use a clothesline when fishing for muskies, powerful as those fish are. For use in lakes which are free from obstructions the line should test from twenty to twenty-four pounds. However, in waters where stumps, partly-submerged logs and sunken brush piles are prevalent, a thirty-pound line is advisable. The only leader that is practical in muskie fishing is a metal one, at least ten inches long. One of gut or similar material would be severed by the first touch of the fish's long, needle-sharp teeth. Almost any reel, except an automatic one, will be satisfactory. Its chief function is to carry the line.

Let's say you've raised a big one. At the splash of your plug or spoon, the door will fly open and the warrior will come forth with blood in his eye. He will smash your offering with a ferocity possessed by no other freshwater fish. If his vicious attack does not cause you to lose your head, as inexperienced anglers often do, you will set the hooks instantly. Hesitate a second and your opportunity is gone. The old tiger will not come back, at least not that day.

More often than not at the first prick of the hooks, *Esox* will leap about the surface, not from fear—he doesn't know the meaning of the word—but because something unusual has happened on the outside and he wants to see what it was. In the air he will shake the lure angrily and silvery spray will fly.

Following his first leap the angered muskie will dive to the bottom and there sulk until you "pump" him into further action. Comes a dash to the surface and then a swing into a wide circle. During those maneuvers you will, if you are smart, keep a tight line on your adversary. Time and again he will leap, dive and actually roll his body in the line on the surface if you let him. Finding that these efforts are of no avail, he will shoot straight for your boat. He may dive beneath your drifting craft, or stop suddenly within a yard or two of it and look you over. Then, another swift run. Your reel will sing a siren's lament. Its handles may skin your knuckles until blood drips from your finger tips. It's tough going all the way.

However, even a muskie cannot keep up the terrific pace forever. You will know you have won the bout when he comes to the surface and rolls sullenly, showing the white of his belly. The rest will be easy, even though you, too, may be badly spent. You bring your victim to the boat and deliver the knockout blow—either a bullet between the glazed eyes, or a stab from beneath with a gaff. You lift your prize into the boat. The fight is over. That is muskie fishing without any exaggeration. You have conquered the water tiger of the north, which will bear plenty of boasting. #



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God's Close Friend

Continued from page 77

church, communion or confession for more than twenty years. It would be too late now, of course, to try to get back in step with the parade of the faithful. The old man has long since convinced her that the priest would chase her away if she should dare, after all this time, to try to show up around the church.

In this, too, then, she is entirely dependent upon her old master. He is her one link with God. Her one hope, in this direction, lies in whatever indulgence may be gained for her by her faithful service to her helpless old employer.

She gives a contrite glance toward the black metal crucifix hanging above the bed. The sight of it is enough to remind her of what the old man has often pointed out to her before; that in his own suffering, under this affliction of these past twenty years, he has been expiating not only his own sins, but also those that Catherine herself committed in her youth. And maybe that's right, she reflects, for while they did indeed sin together, her body has remained whole, while the paralysis has seized his. Of course, the old man had plenty of other sins that might have helped to account for the visitation of this suffering upon him, but still....

"Is dinner ready, Catherine?"

"Right away," she answers, but in a tone considerably modified by her own reflections. She takes the pot off the stove, holding it in the corner of her apron, while she replaces the lid over the hole in the top of the stove. Removing the pot causes the fire to burn brightly. She pours the soup into a plate which she brings to him, posing it on a tray placed across the arms of his wheelchair. "There, eat it while it's hot."

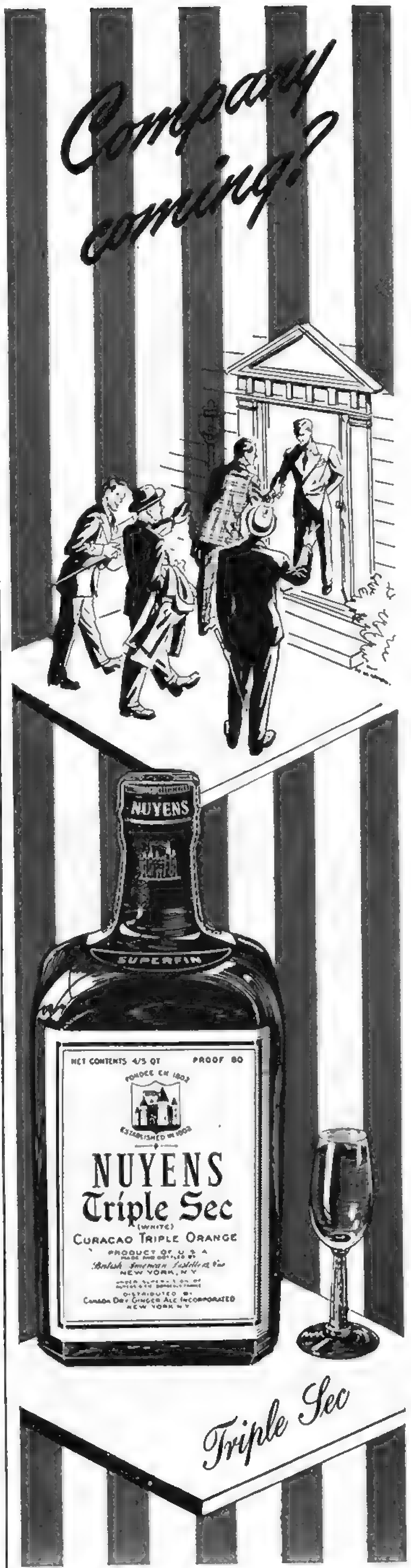
"But how about you, Catherine? Is there enough left for you?"

"Never mind about me."

"And why shouldn't I mind about you? I'm not one of those who are mindful only of themselves. According to our agreement, you're supposed to eat exactly what I eat; isn't that right? All my life I've lived up to all my agreements. You can't deny that, can you? Serve yourself some soup, now, and let's eat."

"I'm not hungry." The old woman shrugs her shoulders angrily—all her good intentions of a minute back suddenly fled. She won't eat. She wouldn't eat even if she were hungry. Whose business is that? The old man has offended her, so now let his conscience speak to him, for a change. Besides, it is more pleasant to make him insist, than to eat. Maybe she would eat, if it were anything worth eating, but this soup is nothing more than hot water with a spoonful of flour and a few scrubby hunks of carrots. It isn't worth a touch of indigestion.

"One does not eat for one's own



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pleasure, Catherine, but simply because one has need of his strength. He who deprives himself of the nourishment necessary to sustain himself is just as guilty in the eyes of God as he who commits suicide!"

"Oh can't you ever shut up and leave me alone? I just told you, I don't feel a bit hungry!"

"So, then it's only yourself you're thinking of? You don't trouble yourself to think of what might happen to me if you were to fall sick? I could just starve, eh? Is that the consideration I get after forty-six years, Catherine?"

"Listen, if you got the consideration you deserve . . ." but a gesture suffices to finish the phrase for the old woman. With a dragging step she returns to the stove, lifts the cover off the pot, and leans over it as if to hide her head in it. The steam wreathes her old head like an evil aureole. She's as wizened and yellow as he is; in fact, she bears an uncanny resemblance to him, even though his head is bald and hers has a scrawny grey knot of wispy strands. But perhaps the resemblance is just that shared by all ramshackle old things in common, people and objects for rummage sales alike.

The old man starts to spoon the soup, but his hand shakes so much that half of every spoonful spills on the lapel of his tobacco-colored jacket. Although he leans far forward, the result is still the same. He watches her as he eats and, seeing that she is not observing the process, he makes a derisive grimace.

"Nothing but dishwater," he grumbles to himself, but as she pays no attention he changes tactics and begins noisily slupfing as if he had found it so delicious that every last drop must be greedily consumed.

"What else is there?" he asks after tipping his plate to assure that no trace of the soup remains. "What good thing have you cooked tonight, Catherine?"

"What should I have cooked tonight? The same thing as last night, and the night before, and the night before that—and every night: boiled potatoes!"

"Can't you ever think of anything else? Can't you ever be bothered to think of something else for a change . . ."

"Boiled potatoes," says the old woman, artfully imitating her master's unctuous manner of pontificating. "Boiled potatoes are the most healthful form of nourishment; they do not lie heavily on the stomach. Besides"—and her tone changes—"what'd you expect me to cook with the few miserable sous you give me for the marketing? What would you like—a nice omelet, with a snowy soufflé of egg whites? Or rice pudding in cream with apricot jam?"

"That's it, that's it exactly!" The old man's eyes glint involuntarily and his mouth waters. He knows full well that she is only baiting him, but he can't help

Continued on page 198

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God's Close Friend

Continued from page 197

lunging at the bait. "Yes, you might well try that for a change."

"Fine," she snaps, "the day you give me money enough we'll have it. But they don't give eggs away; nor cream, nor rice, nor apricot jam. Here there's nothing but a few mealy potatoes and a little flour that's half dust. You even economize the air you breathe! If water cost money you'd be dead of thirst."

The old man blinks and for a moment is seriously tempted to give Catherine some money . . . he is dazzled by the vision, room-high, of a mountain of rice in cream, with golden rivulets of apricot jam; his palate palpitates at the thought of the taste of melting sugar and rich cream . . . but the temptation vanishes as fast as it comes.

"Providence," he says with oily grace, "has conferred upon us the wise stewardship of our wordly goods. Providence keeps careful count and demands a strict accounting. Woe unto him who wastes his fortune or his substance."

"If that's the way it is, you must have a wonderful stand-in with Providence!"

"I do all, and only, what I can to keep a clean conscience before the accounting of the Last Judgment. Let us resign ourselves to God's will."

"And what if God's will were that you should stop counting your pennies? Aren't you ever ashamed of being so stingy? You've got money enough to eat chicken and turkey every day—yes, enough to eat only the selected slices of white meat and throw the rest away—but you won't spend enough for decent, ordinary nourishment."

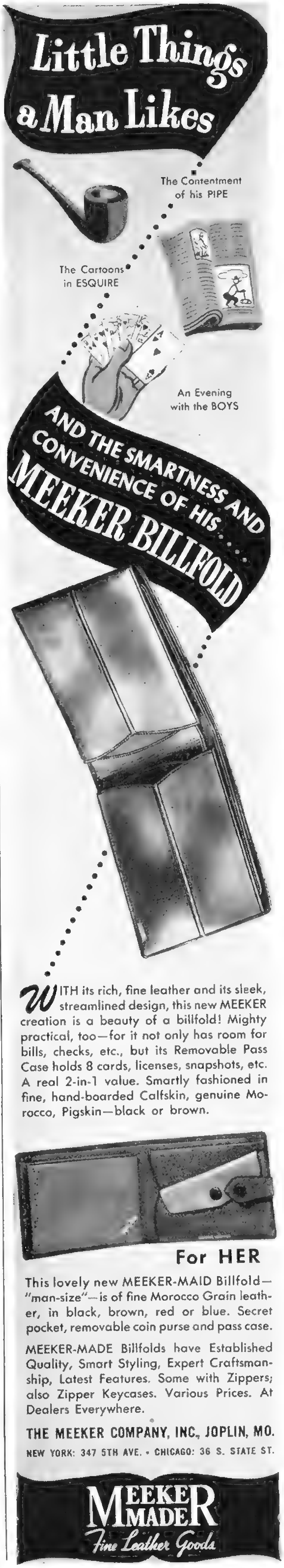
"That's enough, Catherine. I don't want to hear any more. Besides, my stomach is too delicate for meat."

"How do you know, when you won't ever let me have enough money to give you any? I remember when heart of chicken was your favorite dish . . ."

"Gluttony is a sin." He fixes her with a penetrating glance. "You always have been too concerned with considerations of worldly pleasure."

"And you with spiritual pleasure," she retorts, "only because it costs less!"

The old woman turns away, sick with the contrast between his pious speech of today and his deeds of other days. His whole fortune came from fraud and every related form of skulduggery. Yet he talks as if he had really practiced what he now preaches. She curbs her indignation, however, secure in the realization that she is, at least at mealtime, the stronger of the two. If he irritates her too much at such times, she can simply refuse to give him anything to eat at all. So she puts some boiled potatoes on his plate, and takes two for herself. Sitting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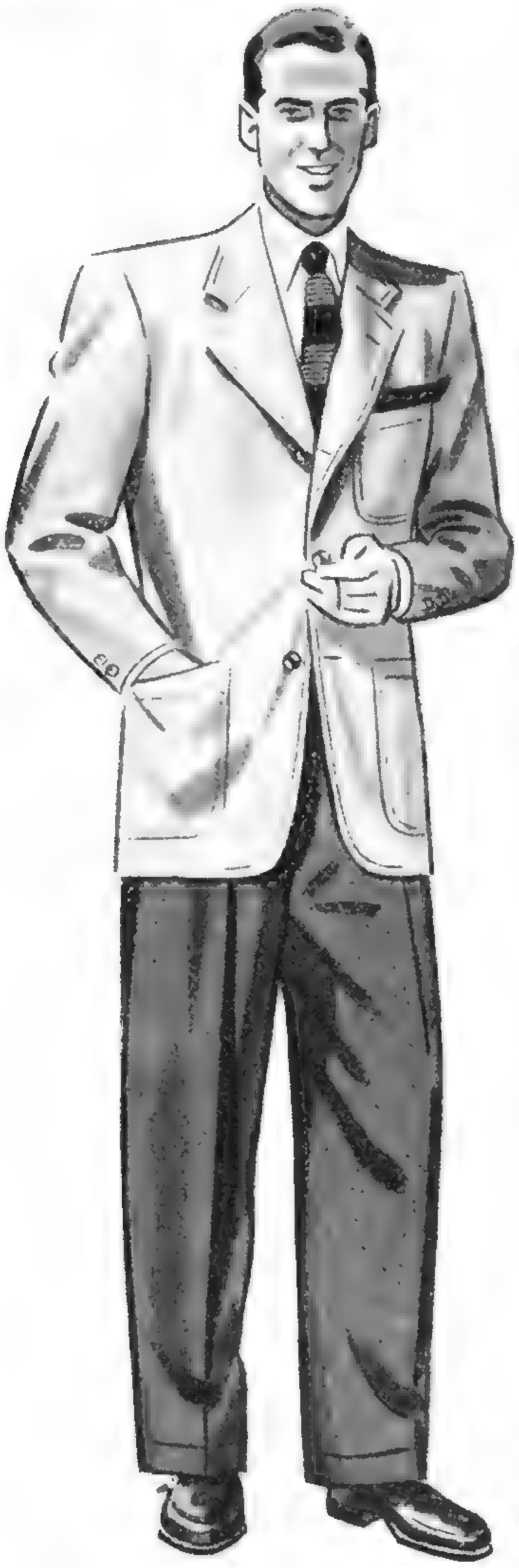

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on her stool with the plate on her knees, she breaks the potatoes into small morsels, for her few remaining teeth are more bother than help in eating. It occurs to her that if by some miracle they should ever have meat she probably couldn't chew it, anyway. But why even think about that? There isn't any meat and there won't be, ever. She seems to recall that somebody once told her at the market that they have meat in the poorhouse once a week. . . .

The old man listens with impatience to the interminable munching as the old woman eats. He finishes with his plate, but she goes on as if forever. He tries to raise himself enough to see what's on her plate, but can't manage it. What can she be eating, that should take her so much longer? More than she has a right to, without a doubt. He wouldn't put it past her to have prepared something special just for herself. Without his tight check on her, she would be both greedy and extravagant. But if she is cheating, then it amuses him to realize that it is only herself that she is cheating, after all. For ten years ago they made an agreement by which she was to receive no more wages—only lodging and food, the same food as himself—with the consideration that if he were to predecease her she was to inherit his fortune; including the house, cash on hand, and all securities. Luckily, it would be extremely unlikely that such a thing should happen. Catherine is only four years younger, and is always complaining of some ache or pain, whereas his own organism, aside from the paralysis, functions irreproachably. In fact, the paralysis might even prove in the long run to have been an advantage, for it has kept him for the past twenty years from ever budging from his chair and ever spending any energy at all, whereas it has made the old woman run her legs off from morning till night all this time, tending to his every need. As with a tank of gasoline, it runs out much faster with the accelerator wide open. . . .

"Aren't you ever going to be finished?" he asks her at last. "It's almost eight o'clock, and time for our prayers. Bring me the Bible, and you can finish eating afterwards."

The old woman docilely puts her plate down, takes the Bible from its place in the top drawer of the commode, wipes it off with her apron, then stands before the wheel chair—eyes closed, head bent, and arms crossed—in an attitude of prayer.

The old man reads rapidly and only half-aloud, as if he regretted the time spent. His voice resembles that of a child reciting a piece against his will, at the insistence of his elders. But, after all, this book from which he is reading is the Bible, and however read it's as good as any prayer that would be offered by any priest in any church. Catherine follows the

Continued on page 200

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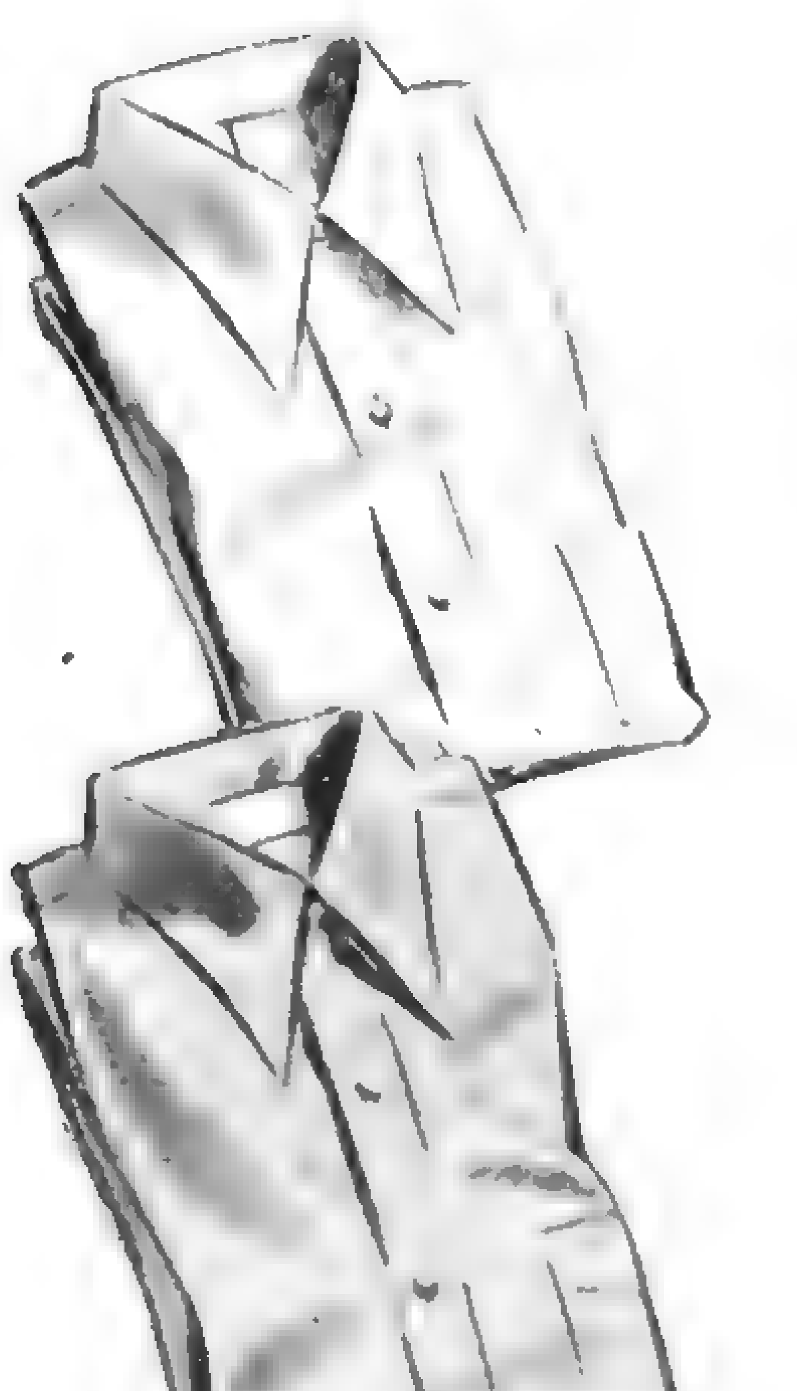

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God's Close Friend

Continued from page 199

mumbling with approving nods of her head. Sometimes, when the passage comes upon familiar words, she mumbles in accompaniment. The ceremony is soon over, and the old man snaps the covers of the book shut.

"And now," he says severely, "come here, Catherine. Right close to me. I want to hear every word you repeat after me."

The old woman takes a few reluctant steps closer. After the real prayer from the Bible, always hurried through, every night they have this second ceremony, which the old man calls "our own private prayers." This second half of their evening service always fills Catherine with a vague sense of blasphemous guilt—almost as if she were a party to some incantation of the Devil. Her master has explained to her, often enough, that this second prayer is a real prayer, just like any other. So she participates in it, though most reluctantly, because he orders her to, and because through him and his hurried Bible-reading she has maintained her last link, however tenuous, with God. She has the uneasy feeling that hers is the difficult choice between obedience and damnation.

This second half of the ceremony is a prayer for securities. They pray for the stocks and bonds which the old man keeps rolled up in a round metal tube in the drawer of the commode, next to the Bible—the very securities which, in the event of his death, will belong to Catherine, although she suspects that somehow the old skinflint will still find a way to keep a grip on them from beyond the grave.

"Come on," says the old man as if he could read her mind, "why should you always hold back from praying for these things which are after all your own in the long run? Why shouldn't you want to pray for yourself?"

Although he has explained it to her again and again, Catherine still can't quite understand what stocks are. She knows they have some relation to money. That is clear from the fact that he is as jittery over their safekeeping as he is over his cash which is kept in the next drawer below. But that is no more than a general indication at best, for the old miser is as solicitous as a clucking hen over every last and least thing that belongs to him. He even saves flour sacks, nails and pieces of string. Before she throws the garbage out, he always makes her show it to him, particularly so he can see just how thin the peelings of the potatoes are.

And now, as the second part of their evening service begins, the old man closes his eyes, as if to focus better on the inner blackboard of his memory where all his stocks and bonds are listed in minute detail. He could recite the list in his sleep. He literally does, nights when the fluctuations

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on the financial page of the newspaper have disturbed him.

"Grant, dear God," he intones in a resounding voice, as if underlining each word in turn, "that the shares of Associated Power and Light this year pay a dividend of not less than seven per cent!"

". . . less than seven per cent," the old lady repeats after him like an echo, and with no more comprehension. She has her hands clasped and is kneeling, as her master has ordered. But just the same she has her gaze turned away. Not for anything would she risk a glance at the crucifix while this prayer is in progress.

She speaks the words after him, because he makes her do so, but they mean less to her than the Latin intoned in a Mass.

The old man listens attentively to every syllable she utters; he knows that she will skip whole words and deform others, as if she didn't understand them. For a long time she always said Associated Bower of Night, instead of Associated Power and Light. But he articulates each word so distinctly that a deaf mute could hardly escape comprehension. He can't understand why Catherine should so stubbornly refrain from joining wholeheartedly in these prayers. What is more natural than that each should pray for the thing in which he has the most direct interest?

After Power and Light come all the other names in the long list. Enumerating them takes a long time, for the wise man varies the portfolio of his holdings of stocks and bonds as much as possible. Nothing is certain in this vale of tears, and the old man has seen even the seemingly most certain securities go wrong.

"Associated Steam Mills, Maritime Transports Incorporated, Minerva Printing and Engraving, Mortgages Amalgamated, Paris Municipal Loans, Pierrepont Investment Trust, Small Holders Society," the various names are spelled off like the beads of a rosary, each preceded with the name of God and each followed with a specific request—a stated rate of dividend, an augmentation of capital, a successful merger, a desired refinancing plan, or just a simple wish for increased business.

"And lastly, dear God,"—now the old man's voice achieves sepulchral solemnity—"grant that I live until the day when the shares of the East African Copper Mines attain the value at which they were issued. You see, God, that I am not greedy. Others might pray for a profit. All I ask is to get my money back."

He fixes a searching glance upon Catherine at this point. Of all the prayers, this last is by far the most important, for it serves a double purpose. The discovery of the worthlessness of the East African Copper Mines stock was by all odds the most disastrous event of his whole life. He was convinced that his paralysis itself was no more than a mere token

Continued on page 202

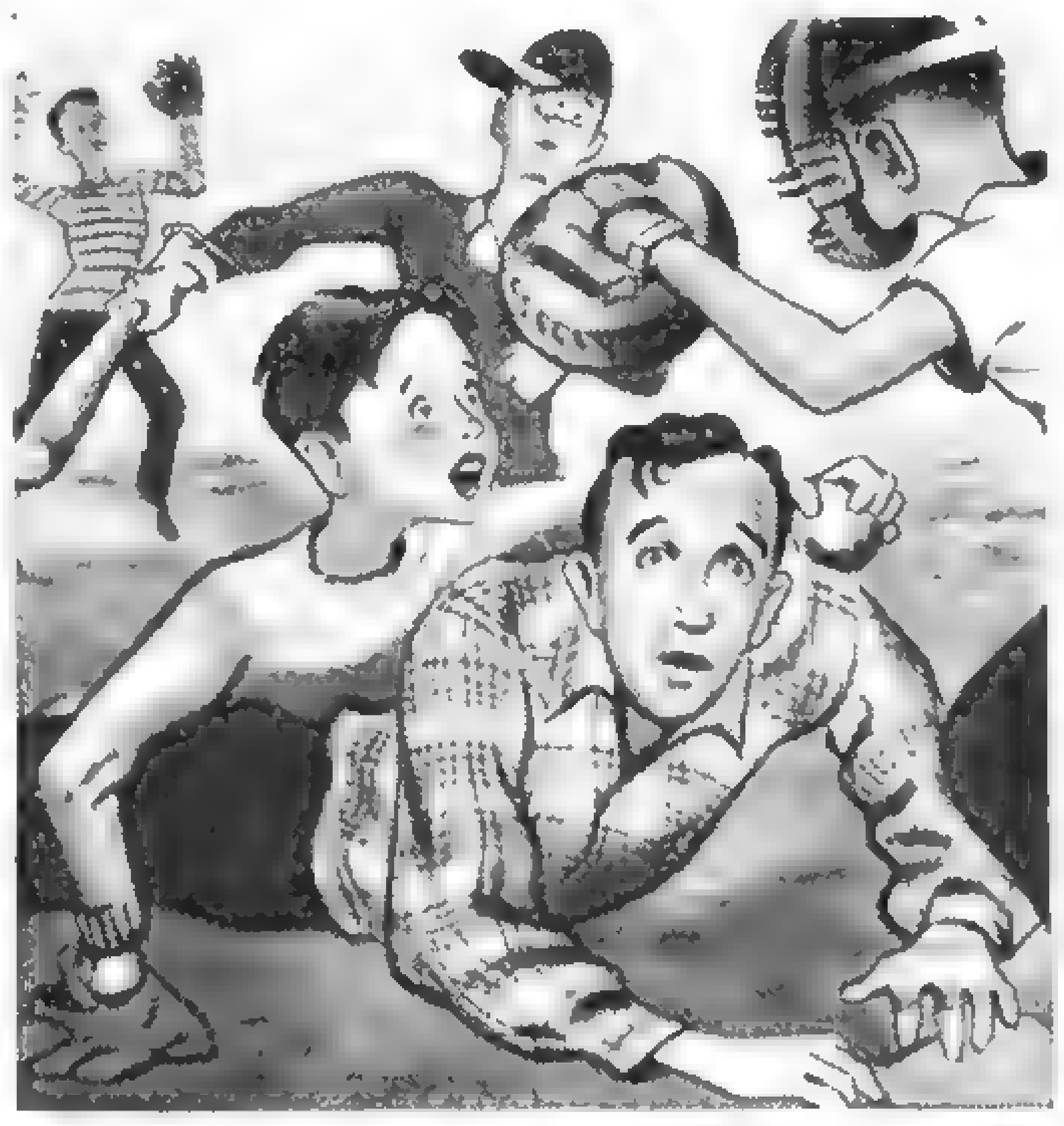
How to make a Dad Glad

by

BING CROSBY

starring in
"ROAD TO UTOPIA"
A Paramount Picture

Father's Day
JUNE
16TH



"Most of the year, our four little tykes are gang-busters at heart. But on Father's Day, they soften up long enough to come across with a present for Pop. Being smart little shavers, they can recognize a first-class hint when they get one. So on June 16 . . .

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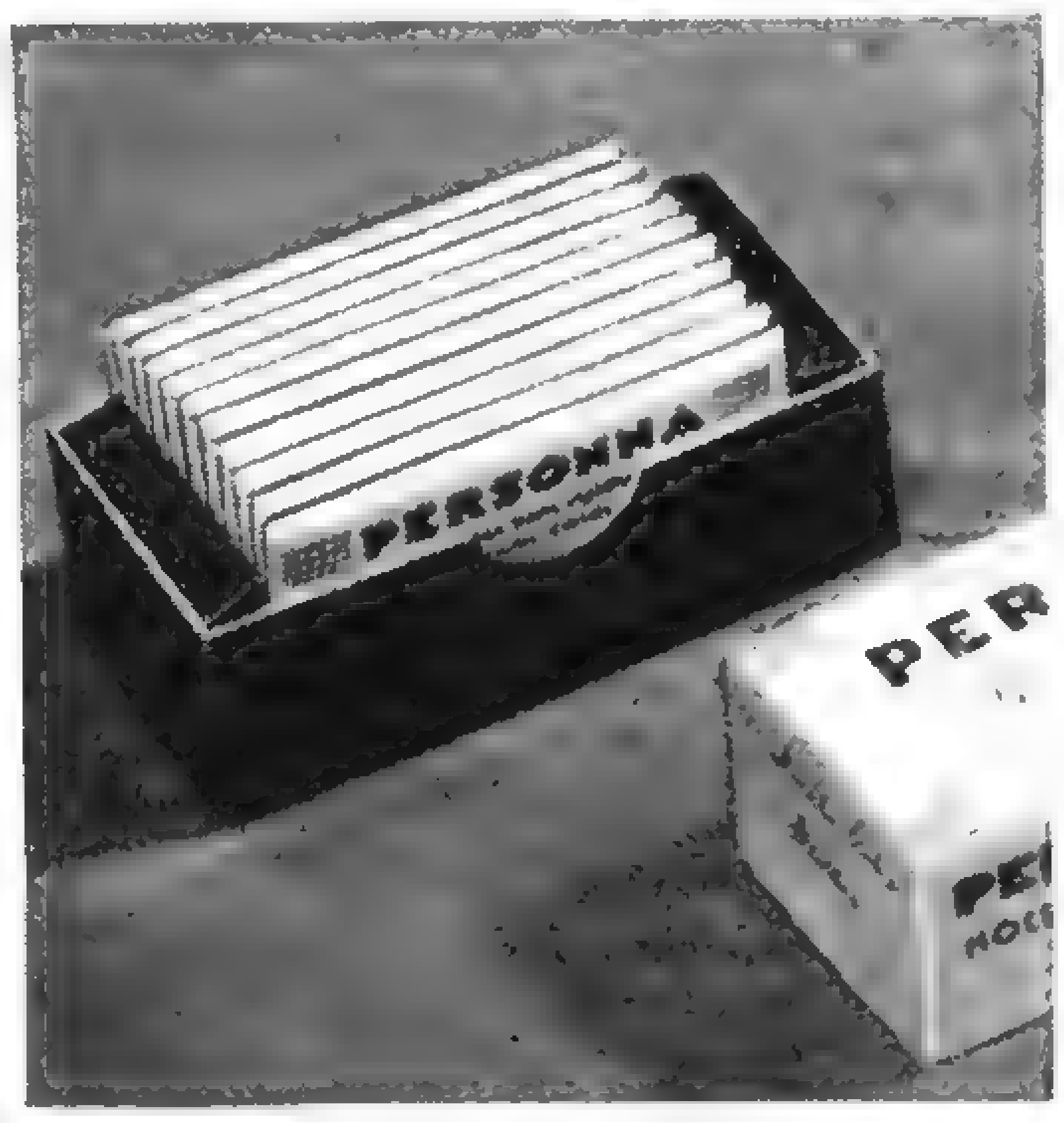

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God's Close Friend

Continued from page 201

reflex of the shock to his system when he realized that these mines never had, and never would produce, so much as one single gram of copper. The original prospectus, with its smooth sales talk speaking glibly of dividends of two and three hundred per cent upon the initial investment, was obviously the work of conscienceless crooks. He realized himself, when it was too late, that he had been naïve in the extreme to take any stock in such a tall tale. If just half of what had been promised had been within the bounds of possibility, there would have been no need to seek capital from strangers for such a splendid enterprise.

The second point of the prayer is less readily apparent. Simple souls like Catherine would never get it. She would never suspect that in docilely echoing this last prayer she is really praying against herself. For the shares of East African Copper Mines aren't worth a lead cent, and will never be worth any more than they are today. That's a fact that God Himself couldn't change at this late date. On the site of the supposed East African Copper Mines stretches nothing more than an arid waste of the sands of the East African desert. Consequently, when he prays to live to see the day when these stocks regain their issue price, he is asking for a life so long as to be practically eternal. And poor Catherine joins in this outrageous demand.

It is possible that the good Lord Himself is too kind to see through such tricking as that in this last prayer. For if, in His infinite wisdom, He should decide to grant this particular prayer, a miracle would be involved, one way or another. Miracles are not beyond Him, of course, and even if God should see through the catch in this prayer, one could hardly suspect Him of welching just because somebody had been smart enough to drive a sharp bargain with Him.

At the time when the old man was himself still active in the business world, he often managed to slip into contracts phrases that concealed a double-edged significance, and more than once such things had even been slipped over on him by the other side. He had paid off, when he had exhausted all possibilities, including the law, of avoiding that consequence of his own bargaining. What he had himself done, under duress, surely God would do, being both good and tolerant as He is known to be, without recrimination, and probably with an understanding smile behind His beard.

"We have finished, Catherine. Put the Bible back and bring me the paper."

The old woman heaves a sigh of intense relief. Each time that the conclusion of this pagan ceremony is achieved without the tumbling of the walls and the appearance of the Devil himself wreathed

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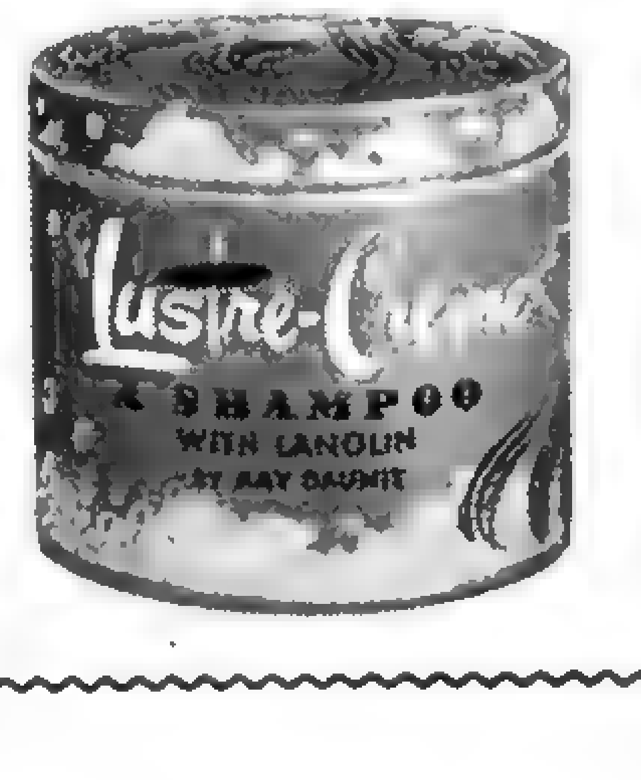

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HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR BLADES

in sulphurous fire, she feels that she has had another lucky, but doubtless narrow, escape. As she turns her back to go for the paper, she hastily crosses herself and risks an imploring glance at the crucifix.

The reading of the paper does not properly belong to the ceremony itself, but is simply the annex, the supplement, that complementary after-piece without which the ceremony itself would not be complete.

The newspaper subscription is costly, and each quarter its renewal causes a terrible inner tumult before the old man can bring himself to the point of parting with that much money. It hurts because, once read, the paper loses all its value. The best that can be had out of it is its slight use in helping to start the fire in the stove.

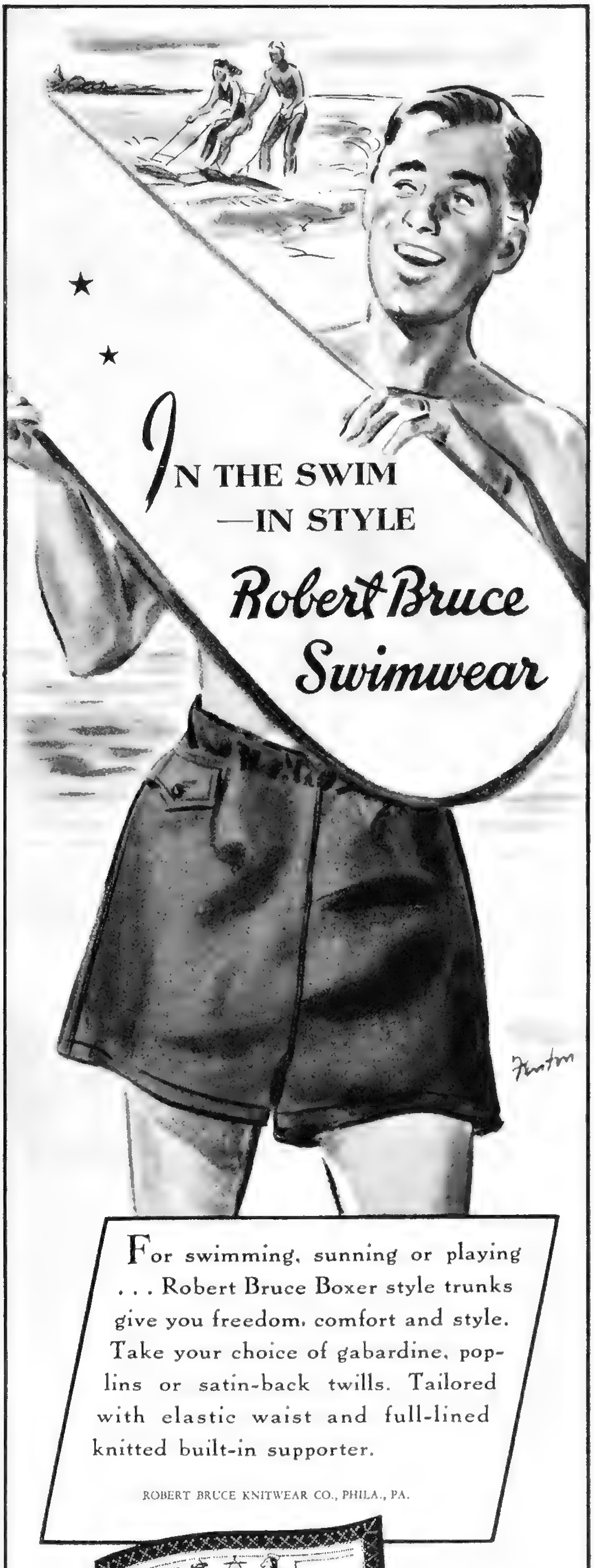
Not, of course, that the reading of the newspaper is a simple and non-purposive pleasure. It is a necessity, tantamount to that of nourishment, or air to breathe. For as long as he was able to get about by himself, he went to the bank every day to see the daily fluctuations of the exchanges. But now, of course, that has long since been out of the question. Catherine couldn't even be sent to do that for him, for she always came back with hopelessly mixed up answers to his simplest requests for information about just this or that one stock. He simply couldn't live without knowing which stocks were up or down; hence the ultimate conclusion, reluctantly reached, that there was no way to avoid the costly subscription to the daily newspaper. With it, he can calculate, in a little notebook, each day's increase in his fortune or—much less frequently, thank God—its diminution.

On the basis of these daily calculations of the consequences of the market's movements, he determines how much or how little money to give Catherine for her household expenditures. If, for instance, his prayer for the reestablishment of the original price of East African Copper Mines should one day be miraculously answered, he might possibly give her money enough to prepare the rice pudding with cream and apricot jam. He would do it, of course, only on the off-chance that God might be too busy to carry out promptly the rest of the bargain and take him off the earth the next day.

The newspaper is printed in smaller characters than those of the Bible, with the unhappy result that its reading must be left to Catherine. She reads very slowly, and with an exasperating habit of stopping and starting over again, as often as three times running, on all foreign names. This after fifteen years of reading these same names of commercial interests in the financial columns. She has long ago learned not to bother reading anything but the financial page.

She reads in a low, whistling mumble, far less easy to follow

Continued on page 204



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God's Close Friend

Continued from page 203

than her strident tones when she is complaining of her master's stinginess. She holds the paper on her knees, and follows each line with her finger, for fear of skipping the report of the movements of one single stock. She knows that if she were to skip one he would shriek its name at her, for he knows the list by heart.

The old man listens, motionless, with lowered eyelids. Occasionally, when some treasured stock has achieved some praiseworthy upward movement, he nods his head approvingly. He adds and multiplies mentally as he hears each action. Later, when Catherine has finished the list, he will repeat calculations on the paper's margins, and enter the results in his little notebook.

East African Copper Mines seems not to be listed tonight. Each time Catherine mumbles out the name of a mining stock his old heart skips a beat. After all, there have been occasions when new management has revived an apparently dead enterprise and sent the stock soaring. If such a thing had happened with East African Copper Mines, the paper could hardly overlook it. But no, the list has passed the place where the name would have appeared, and now, indeed, it has ended, with no mention of it.

"Nothing on East African Copper Mines?"

"If there had been anything, I would have read it."

"Did you look carefully? It comes between Early Motors and East Anglican Mills."

"I've already told you there wasn't anything. I never skip. Do you think I can't read?"

"All right. Don't be insolent. If you've finished, give me the paper and be about your work."

The old woman returns to her pots and pans with a dragging step. The old man takes the paper but for the moment doesn't look at it. The ceremony has exhausted him, even though the bulk of its burden has been borne by Catherine. But he is content, and, indeed, thankful. The market has shown an upward tendency and East African Copper Mines wasn't even listed. He can go to sleep tonight feeling absolute security until tomorrow evening at this same time. And there's no indication that this perfect setup is susceptible to any early change. This little daily deal with God is better than the world's best insurance policy. No baron of big business could have engineered a deal more astutely!

"Thanks again, God," he whispers in a low conspiratorial tone, for fear that Catherine might overhear. That envious old hag had better not find out that she hasn't a chance of coming into her heritage. Not at least as long as he and God have such a sweet little side bet as this, and seem to understand each other so perfectly! ✠

Continued from page 77

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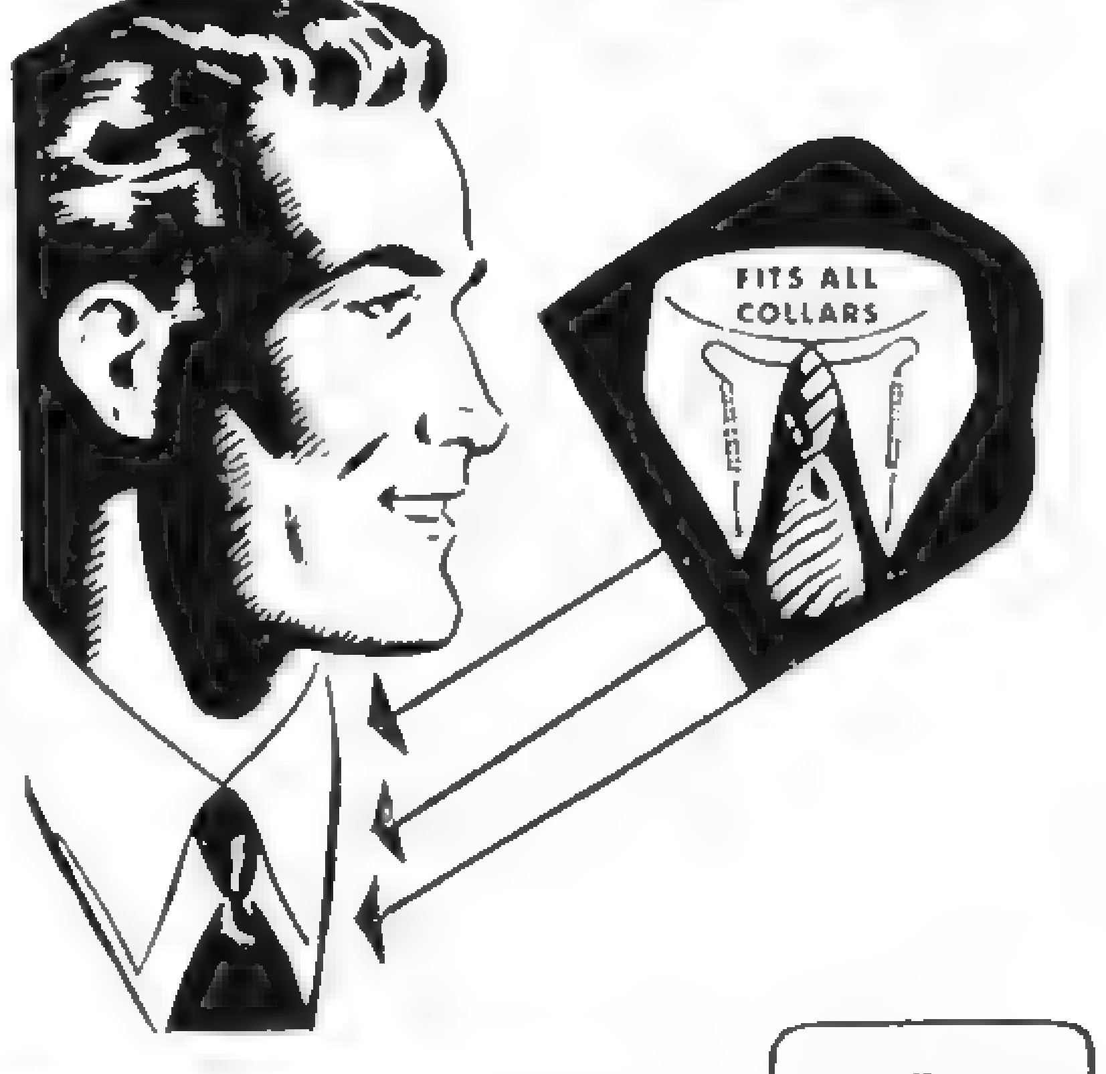

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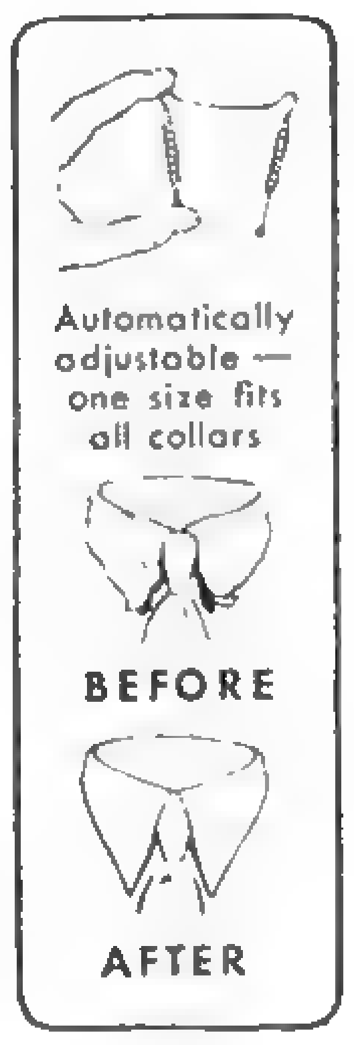
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5 dashes Angostura Bitters, 1 oz. fresh Lime juice, 2 teaspoonfuls fine granulated Sugar, 3 oz. Heavy Bodied Rum, such as Jamaica, or Gold Label, shaved ice sufficient. Place ingredients in mixing glass and shake vigorously Pour unstrained into a 10-oz. Collins glass, fill with chilled carbonated water, stir slightly. Garnish with a slice of Lemon and dust with Nutmeg. Serve with straws.

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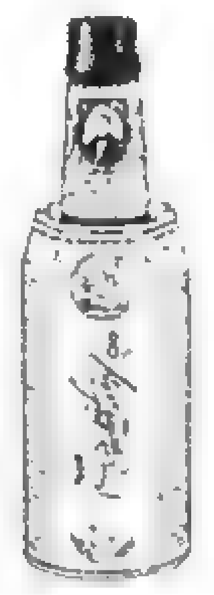

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How Many Zeds in Jazz

Continued from page 104

for American music, having much in common professionally, also shared the opinion that Paris, up until the day Herr Hitler smirked up the *Champs Élysées*, had been the hope of modern jazz in Europe.

To be sure, they talked about jazz in London. And here and there a band beat out a pale carbon copy of the Real Thing. There was, for instance, Ambrose. But with all his orchestral furbelows and echo chamber overtones, Ambrose hadn't quite made the Thames a tributary of the Mississippi. Lower Regent Street hadn't quite become Lower Basin Street. And the BBC hadn't heard, perhaps, that Ambrose was a resident of Brooklyn!

But Paris had its Hot Club. Paris had Django Reinhardt, with fingers that were paralyzed but years ahead of their time. As Yancey's had once been in America.

Paris had rhythm. Paris showed promise. Had the promise been kept, or had the New Order buried the baby stillborn, in the same shroud as the Frenchman's liberty and dignity?

This is not the place to relate precisely how a British major and an American enlisted man managed to enter Paris in advance of *La Grande Armée*. Suffice it to say that we did; that we recorded quite successfully the shooting episode in *Place de la Concorde*, the shots that sneak-previewed General De Gaulle's eventual exit. We completed our mission and there are a stack of acetate recordings in London to prove it (unless perhaps the BBC destroyed them, in order to reclaim the metal in the disks, as they later did with the entire recorded library of Major Glenn Miller's AEF Band, estimated to be valued at more than a million dollars).

Anyway, here we were in Paris, our official Army project was comfortably ahead of schedule, and now we were to discover at long last what had happened to jazz in France during the occupation.

Peter and I were among the very first to learn that an American cigarette was the key to any door in France. And lest you point your pretty pinky and shout "*J'accuse!*" let us make it clear posthaste that Major Blair and I carried on no traffic in PX goods. It so happens that I had once been producer of certain cigarette-bankrolled radio shows. A small character in a red suit who appeared on said shows mailed me a carton of samples every week. These were our barter. These and a few cartons of a British brand, the name of which I can't remember but the taste of which I'll never forget.

With our cellophane-wrapped currency, we invested in a steak. *Marché noir*, to be sure. But good.

We drank cognac. We drank champagne. We drank *vin rouge*. We drank Dubonnet, Vermouth

Continued on page 206

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DISTINGUISHED REQUISITES FOR MEN

How Many Zeds in Jazz

Continued from page 205

and Calvados. I mention Calvados last because nothing can follow it. Early one morning, Peter referred to Calvados as "the ideal chaser for suicide." We used the stuff in our cigarette lighters and it produced the most gorgeous flame of blue you ever saw.

Our objective was the Montmartre and we reached it in mid-evening. There, we were to experience our first contact with rationed rhythm.

In retrospect, I am awed by our audacity in barging about Paris in a weapons carrier with a large Allied white star on its hood, or "bonnet" as Peter called it. At one time, somewhere in between the champagne and *vin rouge*, we considered painting the star red and posing as Russians. "But what," challenged Peter, "if they should ask us to kazatska?"

At several points along the route, we encountered shooting. In one instance, on Rue Pigalle, Peter honked his horn with great authority and both sides held fire until we had passed. The Germans had withdrawn, Paris was relatively free, and Frenchmen had resumed shooting at each other—where they had left off when the war started.

Our search for music was not immediately fruitful. With shortages ranging from food to fuel, what had the clubs to offer? We parked our truck, first immobilizing it and taking every other precaution against theft short of chaining it to a building.

We began to walk. It rather amazed us to pass a cinema house in which the feature attraction starred the Japanese actor Sessue Hayakawa! Later, we were to be confounded to note that a long street flanking the Seine was still called "Avenue de Tokyo." This was perhaps forgivable at a time when freedom was so new. But, for the record, V-E Day came before officials of The City of Light changed the name of that street to "Avenue de New York."

At length, through the door of a small ground-floor club, we heard the tinkle of a piano. Inside we met a man named Coudert, who spoke English with a French accent. Or maybe it was French with an English accent. In any case, he and we promptly found a linguistic common denominator. We made known our wants, and Coudert agreed to act as our guide. His first official act was to engage a character to watch over our car. Coudert explained in great detail that Paris under German domination had found theft a sort of insurance against starvation; that the average weight loss per adult had been forty pounds; that even honest people had stolen, for stealing from the Germans was commendable. Coudert rather felt that the habit wouldn't be quickly broken. Seine section military police, who later carried on their

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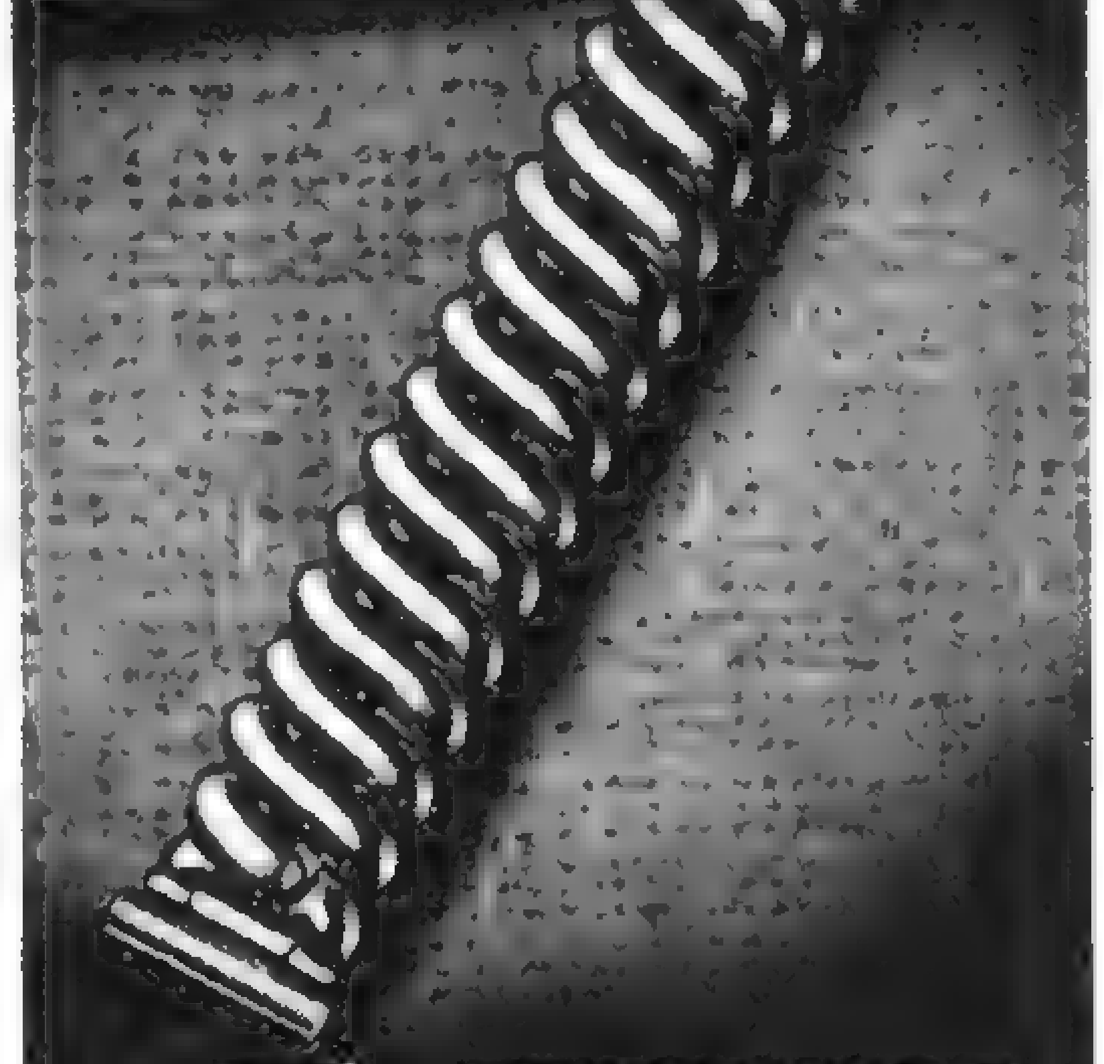

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books as many as eleven hundred missing jeeps and other vehicles in the Paris area alone, would most likely agree.

Our guide suggested that our first stop be a bistro just around the corner. That means about thirty blocks in French.

Subsequent musical experiences on Continental Europe were to lead us to such curious phenomena as discovering a Benny Goodman record in the library of Joseph Göebbels' castle, in München-Gladbach; as combing an entire French village without being able to find one child who could sing *Frère Jacques*, generally supposed to be the most familiar of all French nursery songs.

But that night, with Coudert, we heard and saw the most notable musical event I ever expect to encounter.

On the bandstand, a scrawny mademoiselle in a tight, white dress and blue beanie was singing *Sweet Sue*, to the dubious accompaniment of a piano that obviously hadn't been tuned since Eisenhower was a lieutenant. But it was not her singing that floored us. Nor the piano. As she chanted the lyrics in that inevitable wail of the native chanteuse, the gal staggered and hiccuped!

"Why," I asked Coudert, "does she—?"

Coudert chuckled, knowingly. "Wait till Mademoiselle is finish," he advised. "Then, Coudert will tell you something."

We waited. At length, the last note of the song trailed off into whatever purgatory bad music is assigned. Then Coudert spoke.

"When the Nazi puppet Minister of Education announce to the people of Paree that so-called barbarous rhythms of America are *verboten*, *Sweet Sue* is very beeg song here. It is not easy to stop it in a day, or a week. Stop *le viande*, stop *le beurre*, *oui*. Stop the *Métropolitan*, *oui*. But stop *Sweet Sue*—not so easy!"

Both Peter and I knew that *Sweet Sue* was a good old reliable standard. But it wasn't clear to either of us why such a fuss should be made over such an unprovocative tune, however melodic.

"So one night in a club a man is singing *Sweet Sue* when into the club comes two Gestapo agents. The singer is caught—how you say?—flat feet. So, *voila*! The singer pretends he is drunk!"

"You mean," queried Peter, "the singer wanted to leave the impression that he was too inebriated to know what he was doing and therefore should be forgiven?"

"No! The singer is smart man. He continue to sing *Sweet Sue*. Soon, everybody is laughing. The Gestapo agents, they laugh too. And why, you ask, does everybody laugh? Because the singer is not saying the words *Sweet Sue*. He is saying '*Je Suis Soûl.*' In French, this is sounding just the same as *Sweet Sue*, but it is meaning 'I am drunk!'

"Ever since then, all during occupation of *le Boche*, all French

Continued on page 208

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Toiletries for Gentlemen

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BULLOCK'S *Store for Men* . . . Los Angeles

How Many Zeds in Jazz

Continued from page 207

singers have sing the song same way. You see, *we* know. And the singers, *they* know. But Gestapo . . . he *don't* know!"

So all right. This was something very amusing. Cute. But wasn't it also an American musical idiom, fighting to live? Wasn't there somewhere in this joke a breeze from Beale Street? A breath from Bix Beiderbecke's long-muted horn? An echo of some nobody playing *Royal Garden Blues*?

It wasn't just *Sweet Sue*. This was the straw, clutched by the man who refused to be drowned.

Major Blair and I were to see a lot of things liberated between there and Berlin, as I handled the microphone and he the recording turntables for our contributions to Combat Diary, Duffle Bag and other programs presented by BBC and the American Forces Network. But now, with the perspective only memory can provide, we realize that American music fought for its life in France. And it won a glorious victory.

Each passing day from then on was to reveal to us another link or two in the invisible but powerful chain that held American music together in France during the German occupation.

Had Hitler's representatives exercised a little more tact, their swift campaign to obliterate that which they termed "Jew Music From America" might have succeeded.

Psychology tells us the proper way to render an influence impotent is to divert the subject's attention elsewhere. But Germany, fighting a lightning war with words as well as weapons, chose summarily to say "No more of this barbarous noise." With that, a form of human expression that had fought its way from backrooms in New Orleans to New York's Carnegie Hall, was assumed to be dead.

Enforcement of the order appeared to be quite simple. First, the Minister of Education prepared a list of *verboten* compositions and performers. I found one of my own songs, *Melancholy Mood*, in the office of Chappell and Co., in Paris. Another name appeared in place of mine, because I was assertedly "An Englishman." However, the name of my co-writer Walt Schumann, was left intact. Walt passed muster because his name sounded German. In point of fact, it's Russian, and Walt's faith is Jewish.

Gershwin, Raymond Scott, Ellington and dozens of other ASCAP writers were blacklisted because of their race or religion. In this respect, it rather amazed us that Irving Berlin's compositions were frequently heard, despite the fact that his name was on the forbidden list. Always, the offending French radio announcer would shrug his shoulders and say "Berlin? That is Germany's larg-

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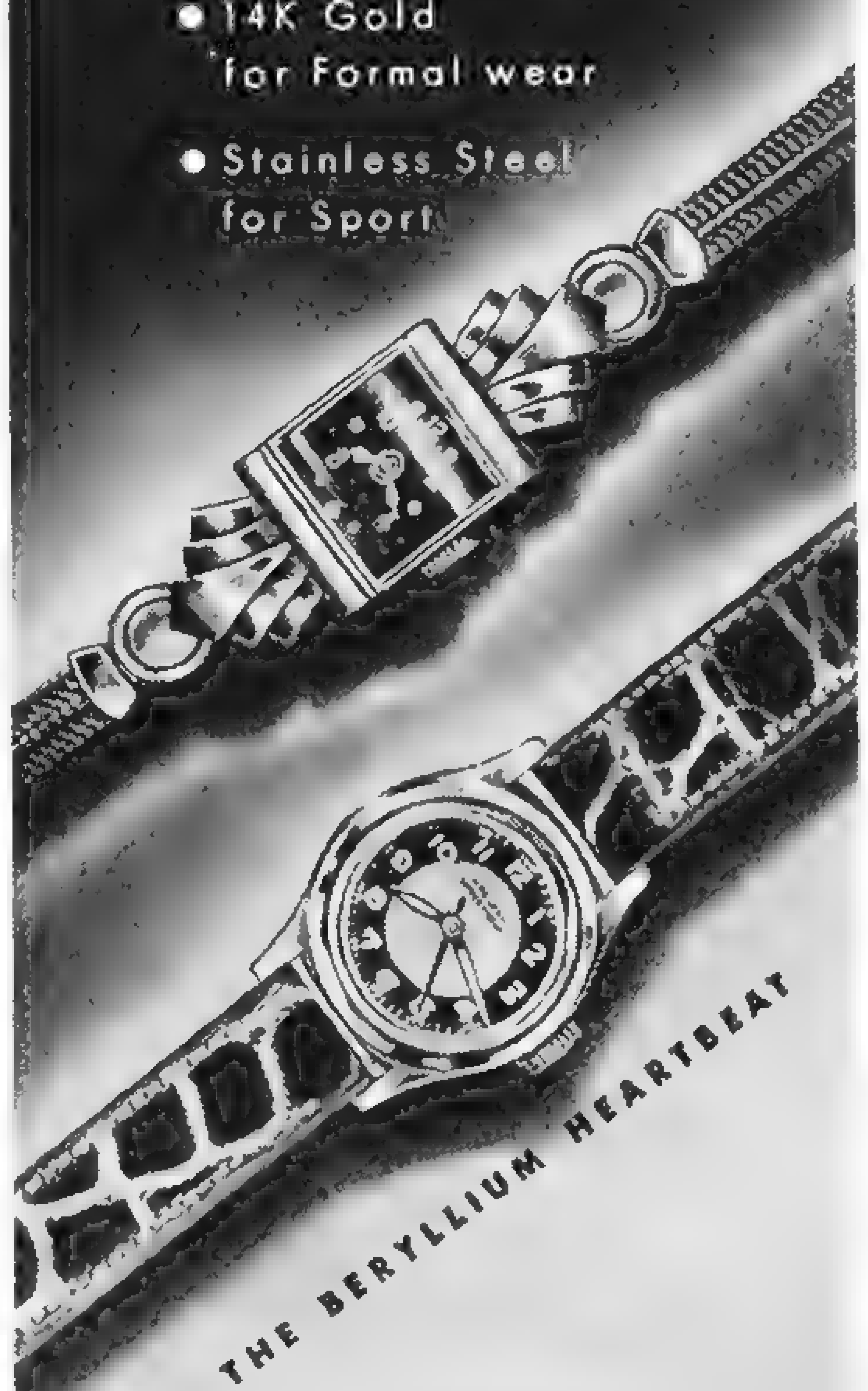

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est city. How can it be a Jewish name?"

Perhaps the biggest laugh of all among the jazz authorities in France was the barring of records featuring the colored bass player, Israel Crosby. That first name did it.

Withal, Paris record shops had done a prodigious black market business with German soldiers. New releases were frequently smuggled in from Switzerland, new masters made by dubbing, pressings turned out in a Paris plant. Sometimes names and titles were altered in order to make the records suitable for radio use. Several people told me of a Benny Goodman platter on which Benny's name appeared as "B. Bon Homme," a most accurate and frank translation. I was never able to lay hands on one of these, although I did see a copy of Spike Jones' *Der Führer's Face* in the library of Radio Paris, one of the German-controlled networks in Paris.

Best-selling black market disk among Kraut soldiers was Dorothy Lamour's *Moonlight and Shadows*. At its peak, this one brought 1,500 francs (approximately thirty dollars) per platter. Another favorite was the Andrews Sisters' pressing of *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*. One of the record shops on *Champs Élysées* was once officially commended for stocking this one because of "its effort to project the German language to the people of France as their true national tongue." The man delivering this compliment was a Nazi general. He added that the accent wasn't of the best, since "schoen" had been pronounced "shane" instead of "shern" . . . but he said the intentions were highly commendable. Too bad the general had to leave Paris before he learned that the tune was written by Sholom Secunda for a lower east side Yiddish musical, adapted for Hit Parade possibilities by Cahn and Chaplin, then juke-boxed to fame by Lou Levy's Andrews Sisters!

American jazz records were actually pressed in Paris during the German rule. In a suburb (St. Cloud, I think it was) a factory was set up to press certain records either smuggled in or taken off the air from short-wave broadcasts. The Gestapo was tipped off on this operation, though, and took the plant over. Their plan was to make German recordings there, particularly those of a very talented, medium-hair, coloratura fräulein named Erna Sack. But somehow, in their hasty exit, the Frenchmen accidentally bumped into a ton of sand and it fell into the shellac vats. At best, records manufactured with this mixture would have turned out lumpy.

Perhaps the bravest exponent of contemporary American music in occupied Paris was a young lady named Sylvaine Pécheral. She is now top feature writer for *France Soir*, a Paris daily, but at that time Sylvaine was a sort of female Martin Block, a disque cavalier, with a tremendous fol-

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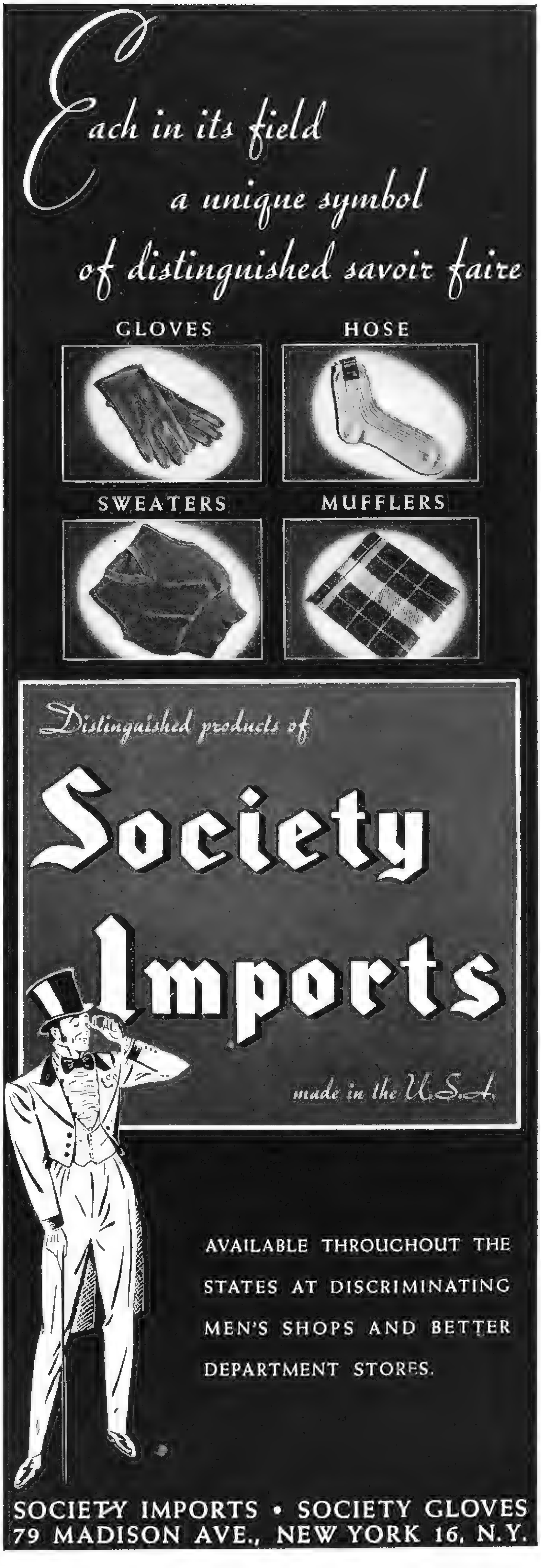

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HENRI COMPANY . . . 1935-37 West 47th Street, Chicago 9, Illinois

How Many Zeds in Jazz

Continued from page 209

lowing. Suppressed by the Germans in the beginning, she later was urged to return to the microphone with her *Jazz en Jazz* programme. Someone in the Gestapo was smart enough to observe that she had a large audience and it shouldn't be wasted.

Sylvaine spun the disks for an hour a day, and to her everlasting credit it should be observed that she successfully perpetrated the most remarkable musical hoax of World War II. Her theme song, played at the opening of each daily session, was a recording featuring Nat Gonella, a pretty fair country player of the trumpet, from England. (French jazz connoisseurs, particularly the teenagers, rated Gonella number-one man on his instrument.) In the opus under discussion, Nat takes a break fill-in at the end of the first eight bars, with notes from the pen of an obscure American composer named Sousa.

Thus, the German-controlled French radio unwittingly managed to play the title line of the *Stars and Stripes Forever* every day, Sundays excepted, during the entire occupation!

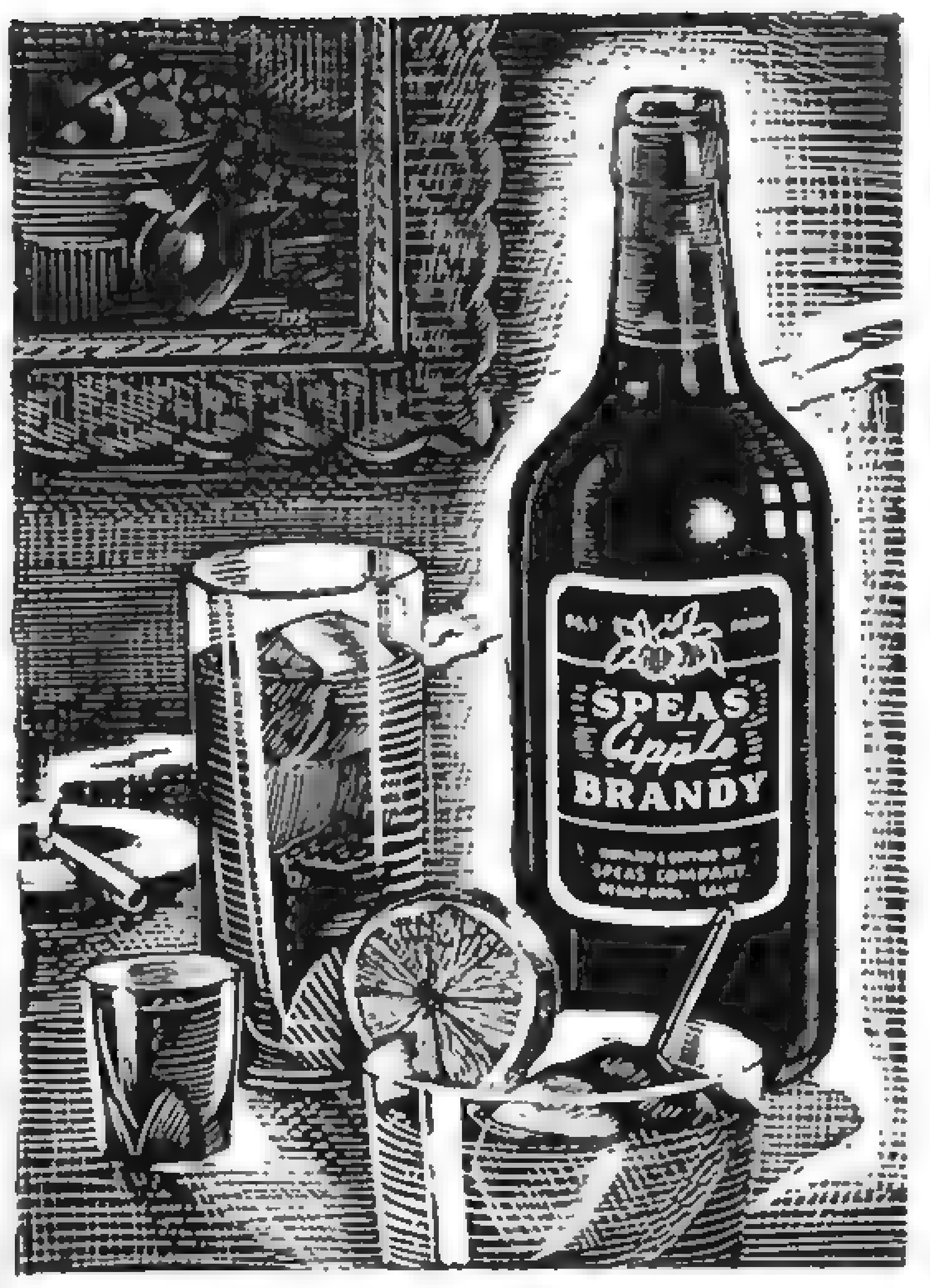
Not long before the liberation, Mlle. Pécheral was relieved of her radio duties. There were two charges against her: (a) playing a *verboten* Gershwin selection; (b) being too liberal in translating the title. Presenting *The Best Things in Life are Free*, she translated the word "free" as *libre*, instead of *gratuit*. This connotation didn't set well with the Minister of Education.

There was some talk of prosecuting Sylvaine, but charges were hushed. Too many German officers to whom she and her mother had sold black market American recordings feared having such testimony brought out at a hearing.

One of the mysteries of Paris music was, to me, the notably large number of pianists who had learned comparatively recent boogie-woogie bass patterns.

At the time they turned off the lights in the Eiffel Tower, boogie had not yet reached its peak, even in America. It was largely collectors' item stuff; a boogie song had never even reached The Hit Parade. How, then, could it be so familiar in France?

My investigation of this subject led me to a young engineer named Jacques Daubois. M. Daubois had organized in Paris what was known as The Underground Boogie Society. Jacques, who is not a professional musician and plays only for "keeks," as he actually put it, set up a shortwave set in his basement. Quietly, with earphones, he dialed New York and Boston, later the American Forces Network from London by long-wave. He followed the boogie experts, copied down the patterns, then once a week taught what he had learned to a



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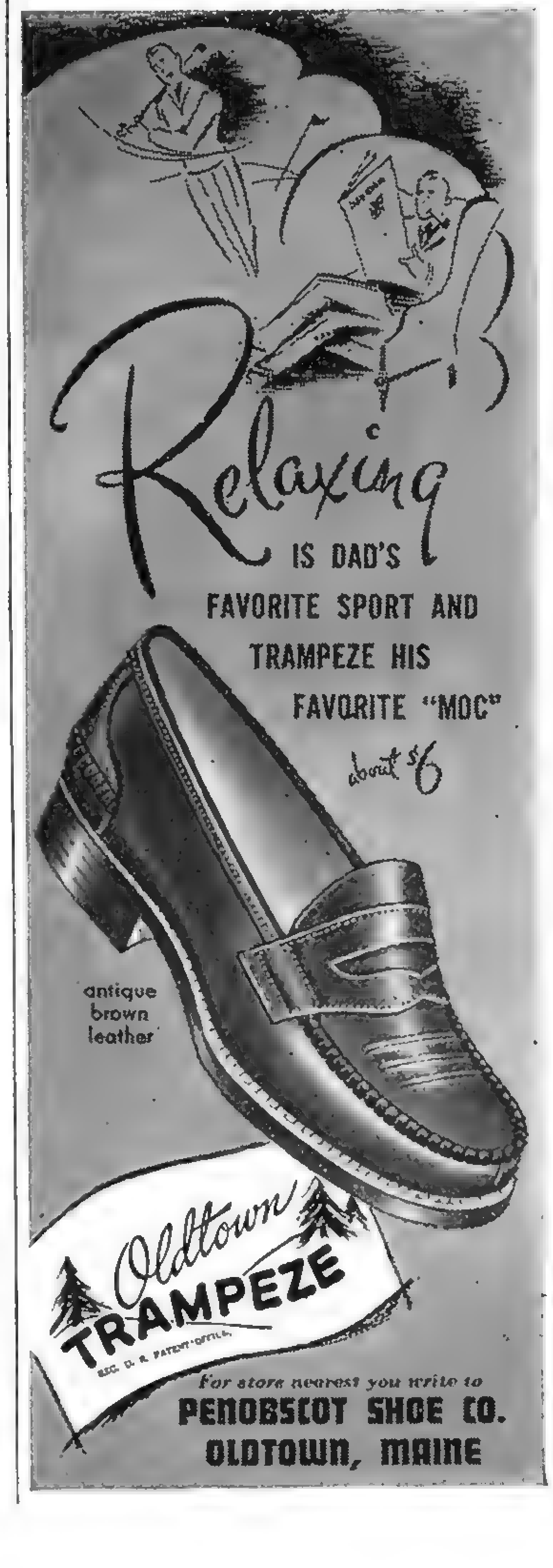

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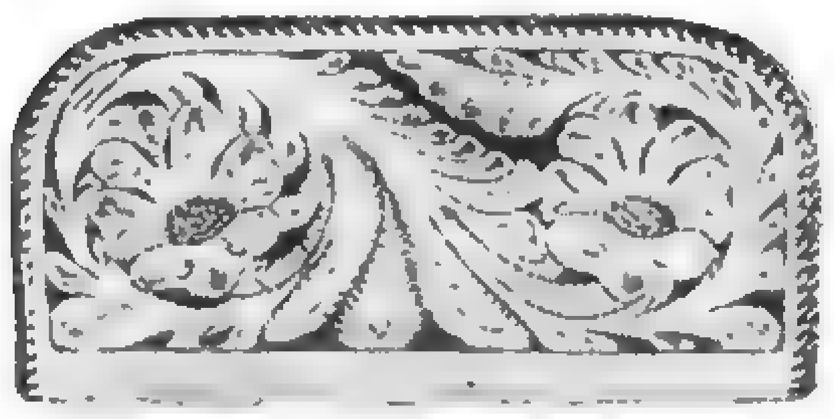

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group of his friends. The boys from Local 802 would be surprised how much Ammons and Lewis has found its way into the left hands of Parisian pianists. Jacques Daubois was largely responsible. And it's conceivable that the effort might have cost him his neck.

Jazz on an organized basis didn't make its comeback until mid-October, when a gigantic *Jazz Symphonique* concert was held at Theatre National du Palais de Chaillot, on the Trocadero. With eighty musicians participating, the program ran the entire clavier of selections which had been barred during the occupation. Gershwin was most highly honored, having five compositions performed. Raymond Scott ran second with three.

Together with Captain Franklyn Engelmann of the Royal Engineers (now chief announcer for television, BBC) Peter and I attended the concert rehearsal in the afternoon. This was more or less a scouting proposition since the captain was not to do his commentary for the British Forces, or I for the Americans, until the actual performance in the evening.

During the course of the *répétition*, the execution of the musicians began to lag at one point. They interpreted the notes, yes. But they didn't phrase. They didn't play with whatever is the French word for Schmaltz.

Robert Bergmann, the young conductor, raised his hand in resignation, rapped his baton sharply on the conductor's stand and said, pleadingly, "Garçons . . . donnez!" —(Boys . . . give!)

How many times I had heard a leader back in the States deliver that precise phrase! And Engelmann . . . he had heard it often in England. Inevitably, we laughed. To this day, I don't believe Bergmann has forgiven us. We didn't savvy each other very well anyway. I distinctly recall that Bergmann's introductory greeting to us was "Good-bye," and when we parted, he said, "Hello."

On the program were a number of jazz compositions completed *sub rosa* during the occupation. None of these was important enough to warrant space here. Included were originals by Bergmann plus several by Jacques Le Roy, who also conducted a portion of the concert. In the strictest sense, these were not jazz. They savored more of the Morton Gould sort of creation, though they weren't nearly so inventive.

Progress of jazz under the German heel in France was not great insofar as composition was concerned, unless, of course, there are worthy sleepers yet to come down from the garrets. But in performance, genuine headway was made. Virtuosity had come into its own. No new Reinhardts, perhaps, but innumerable small groups cropping up hither and yon with a Memphis Five feel. Now France was learning to recognize the riff and the ride. In overall structure it was lacklustre,

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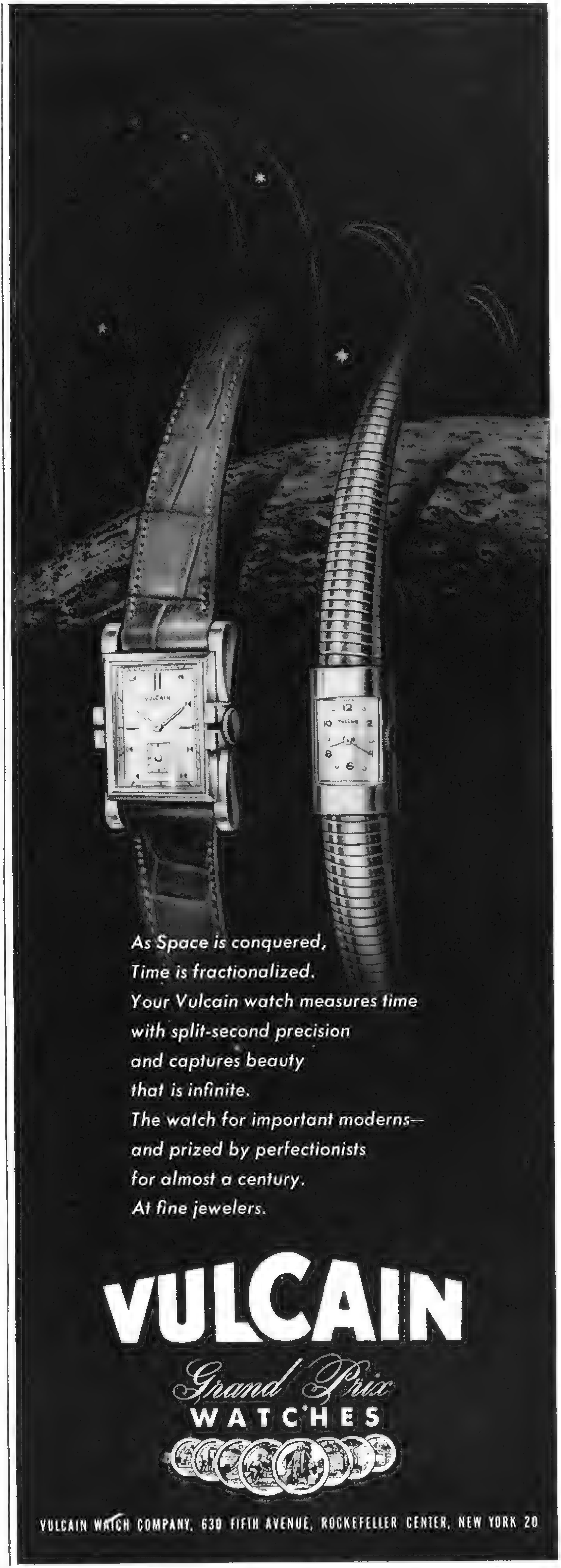
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How Many Zeds in Jazz

Continued from page 211

crude. Yet, it was all very reminiscent of America circa 1920.

It is perhaps safe to say that jazz didn't return to Paris with a crescendo until the arrival of Major Glenn Miller's supreme band of the Allied command, in December, 1944. Not that other Army musical aggregations hadn't already been there, with *beaucoup* talent. The dance combination of the United States Army Band, for instance, showed to great advantage, forming an excellent backdrop to the trumpet of Henry "Hot Lips" Levine and the piano of Freddie Woolston. The Miller group, though, carried a name the French recognized.

Glenn, of course, was not in front of his band. Jerry Gray and Ray McKinley shared that burden and a burden it was. Every man on that platform knew the boss was missing. The audience didn't know and couldn't be told, because there is an Army rule that such facts cannot be released until such a time as nearest of kin has been notified.

One might say that opening night at the Palais de Glace presented several facets of theatre. On the stage there was the drama of a Millerless Glenn Miller Band. In the audience there was the uncontrollable enthusiasm of two thousand or so muddy soldiers fresh from foxholes, seeing something great, something as American as the Fourth of July. And there was hidden drama, too. Scattered through the orchestra seats were several hundred French soldiers who weren't soldiers at all, but jazz musicians who had paid handsome sums to borrow the army uniforms of legitimate *soldats* in order to see and hear the Glenn Miller Band!

It was thrilling to watch their eyes glow, their feet tap out the beat as they were moved by Mel Powell at the keyboard, or old Eight-beat Mac Ray McKinley cooing to his drums. And it was equally pitiful to watch them wait around until the house had spilled, so they could gather up the cigarette butts from the floor.

Civilians, of course, were not officially permitted to attend these concerts. Entrance was limited to Allied soldiers. I never actually counted them, but I'm certain France had a bigger Army attending the Miller shows at the Olympic than in the field.

Biggest triumph for the Miller organization came when they performed at l'Opéra, in February, 1945. Sgt. Bobby Nichols virtually stopped the show with his fluid trumpet in *Juke Box Saturday Night.* Powell and Phil Mareno on the fiddle had their backers, too. But it remained for Sgt. Trigger Alpert on the bass and McKinley to steal the show—and it was grand larceny—with *Down the Road a Piece.*

When the Bulge came, Peter

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and I were dispatched to the front to operate for a few weeks with XIX Corps. Stymied overnight by motor trouble in Brussels, we attended a contest for jazz arrangers. Each competing arranger had his work played by a large and fairly competent band.

The winner of this contest contributed an excellent arrangement of *Begin the Beguine.* I say it was excellent because it was an obvious plagiarism from the famous Artie Shaw treatment of the same tune.

Upon our return to Paris we were urged to listen to a young French lad named Claude Bolling, who, we were advised, could milk more jump out of a piano than anybody in all France. He did precisely that. Claude knew his boogie. Also, he had mastered a sort of Eddie Duchin-Edgar Fairchild style on the sweet stuff, revealing an extremely fine knack for improvisation, projected against a solid background of basic piano knowledge.

After Claude had unveiled what seemed to be sufficient repertoire for a musician several times his age, I tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Claude . . . how about *Honeysuckle Rose?*"

He squinted his eyes into a smirk and replied, almost pedantically, "*Monsieur . . . s'il vous plait. . .* too commercial!"

That came from a twelve-year-old boy who had spent more than a third of his life under the swastika, in Paris, where jazz had been *verboten.* If French lads aged twelve possess the thinking processes to do nothing more than ponder what music is commercial and what is not, need we worry about what's happened to our music under the chestnut blossoms?

American music stands further advanced in France today than it would had there been no war. Hitler disarmed France, yes. But can you disarm a melody singing in a person's heart, thumping the rhythm in his pulse? When you say "That's forbidden," doesn't it only serve to make the heart sing louder—and longer?

And what about French musicians? Didn't they have a glorious opportunity to learn the latest when the American Forces Network sent them eighteen hours of America's best every day? And what about Dinah Shore, Bing Crosby, the Miller Band, Spike Jones? Would they have gone to visit France had there been no war?

Long before V-E Day, Peter and I had reached concurrence in the conviction that jazz has become firmly entrenched in France. It has also made considerable progress in Belgium, Great Britain and Germany.

And, considering what we'd been through, I wasn't at all surprised when Peter and I sat down one night to write the story of our experiences home to our wives, and Peter turned to me to say: "Vick, old boy . . . how many zeds in jazz?" ##

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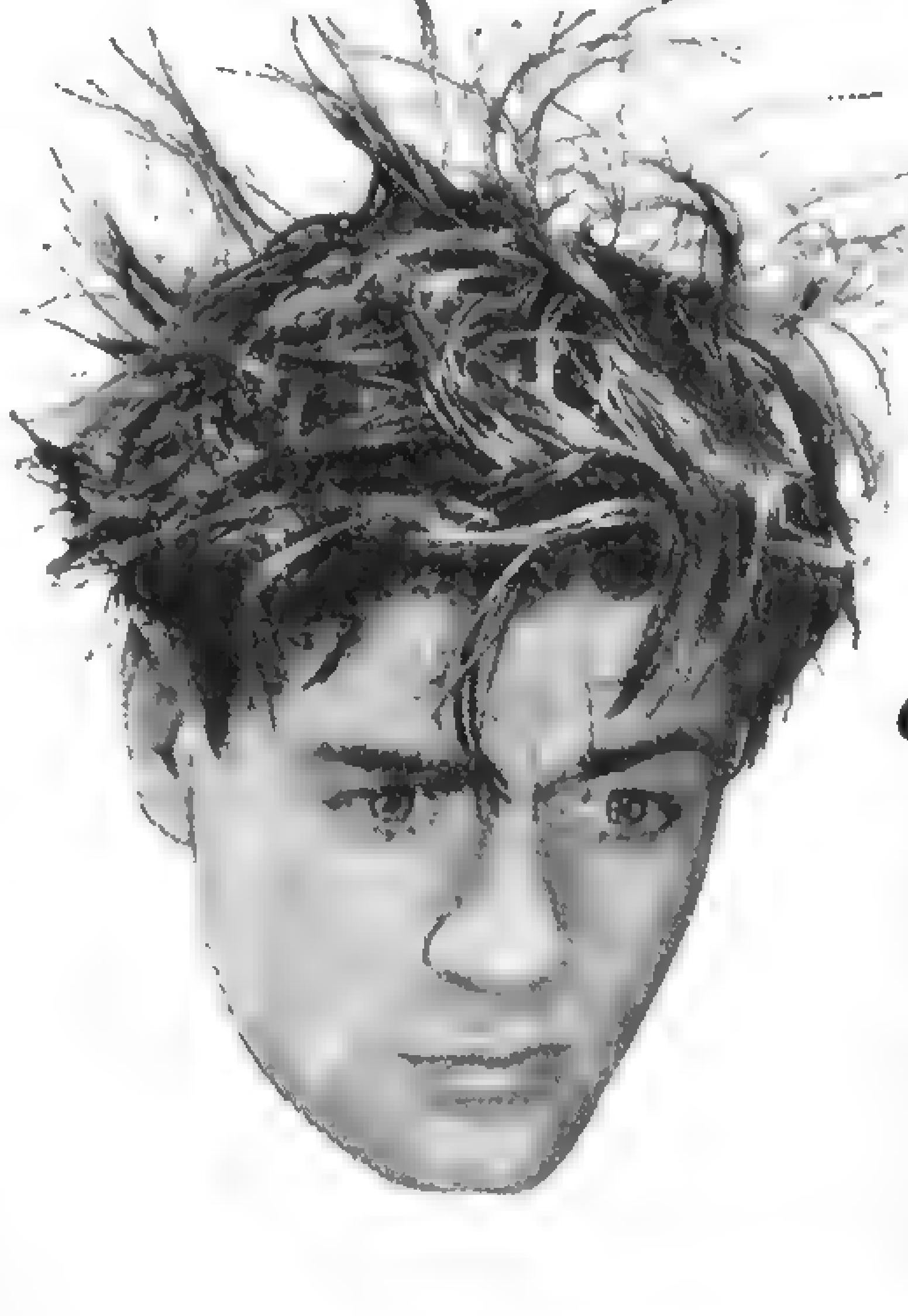

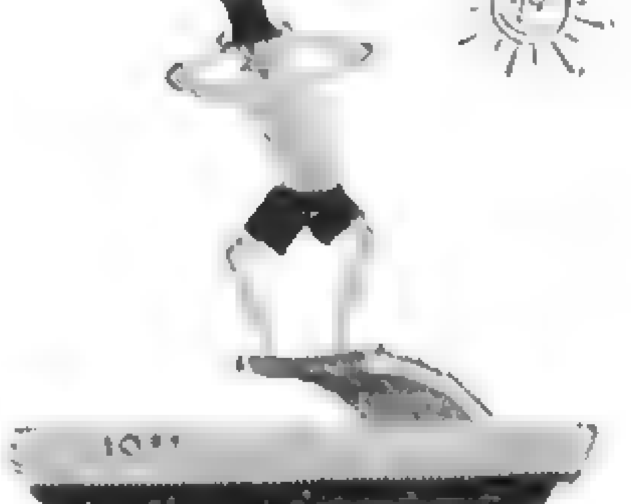

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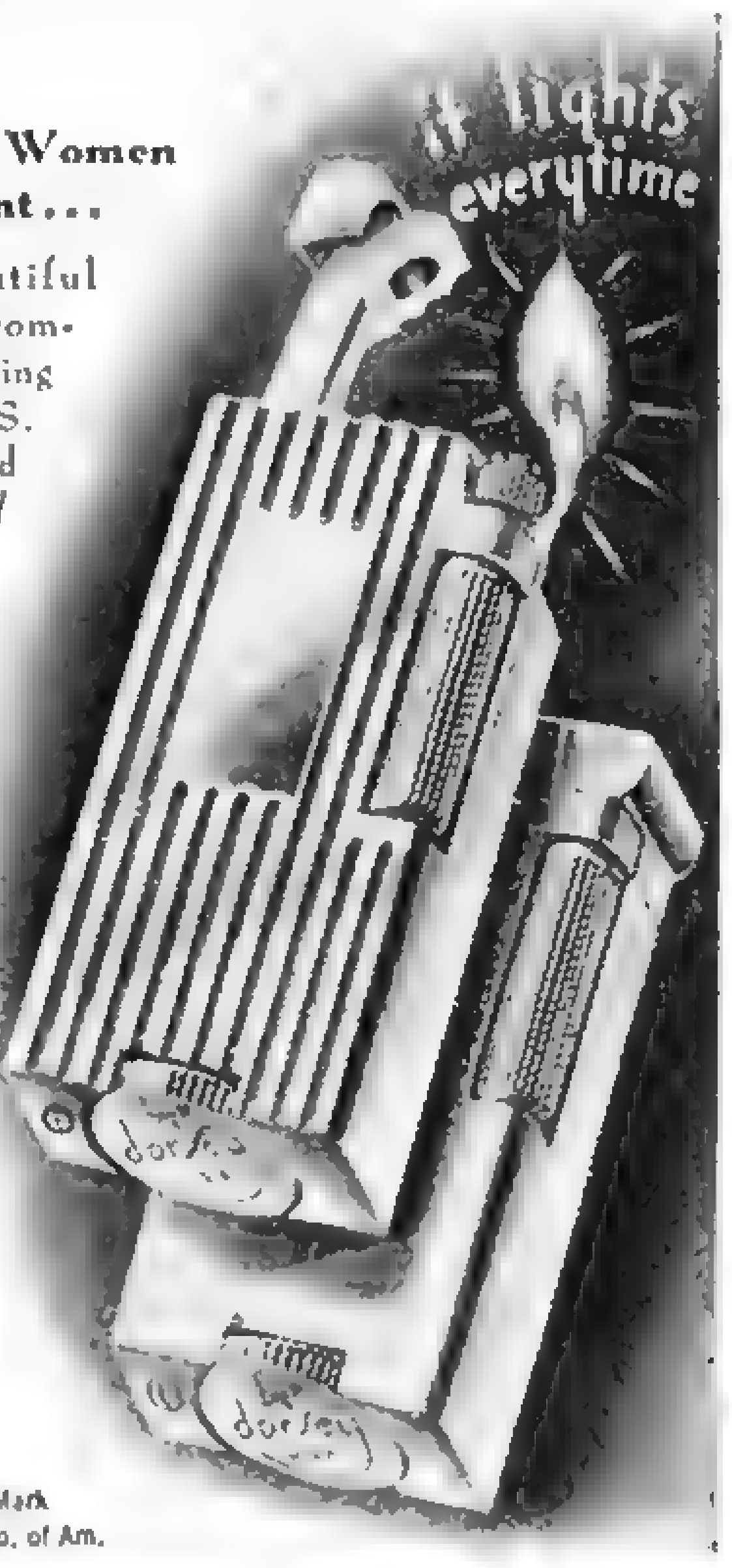

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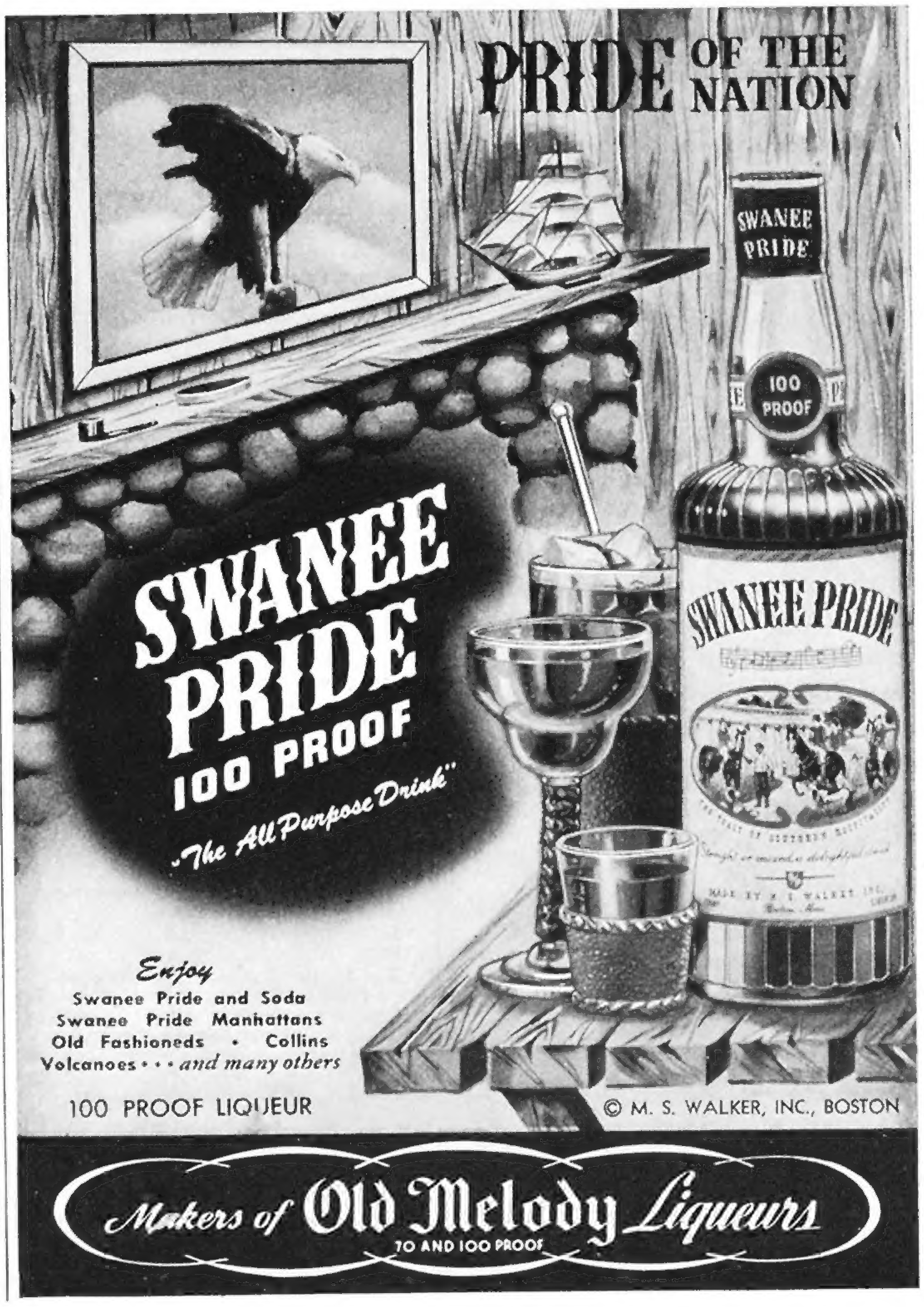
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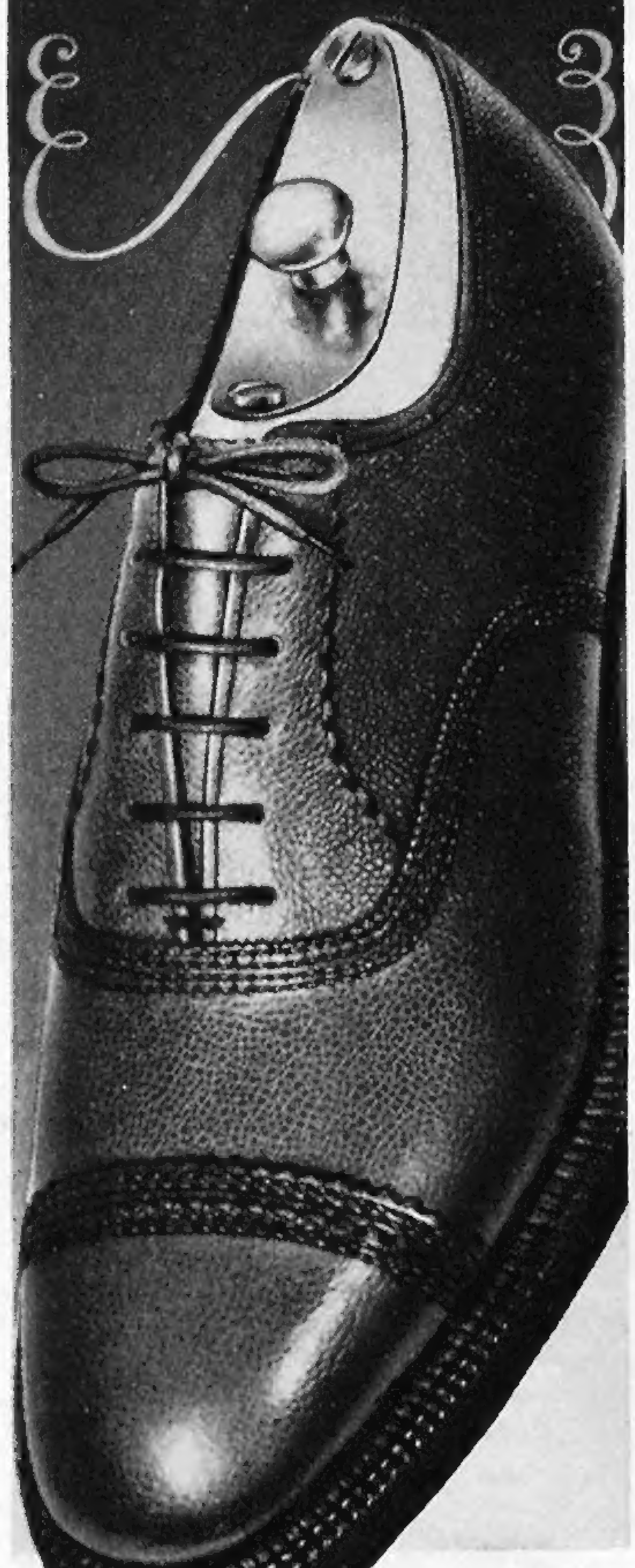

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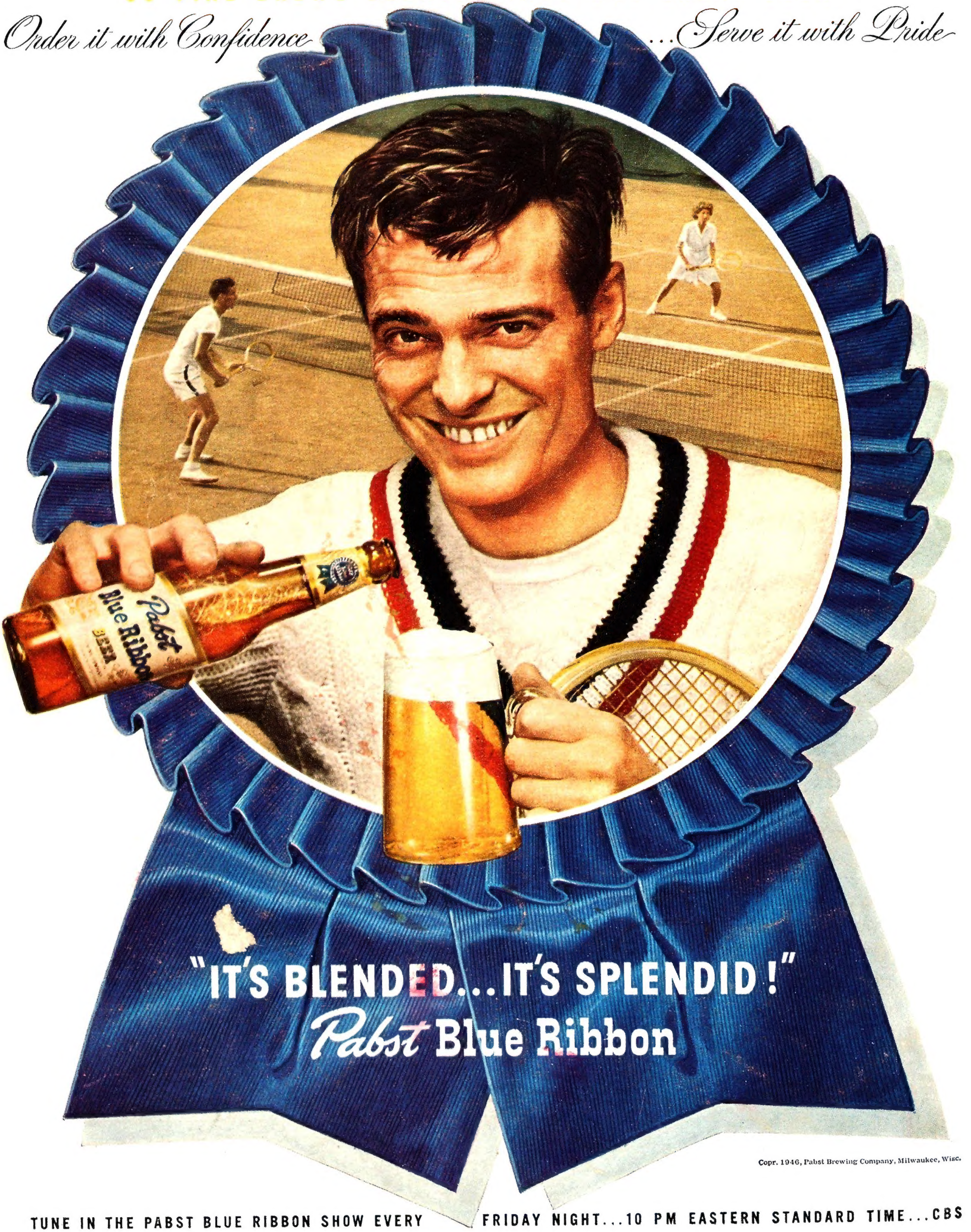

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